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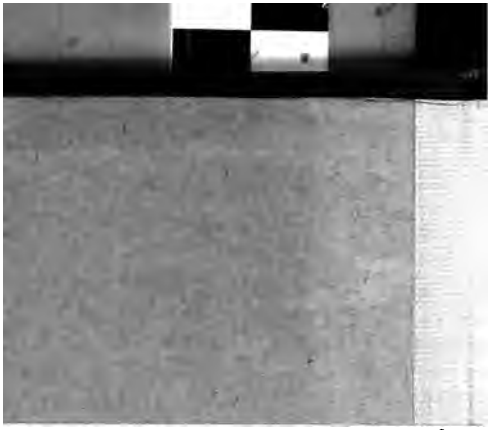

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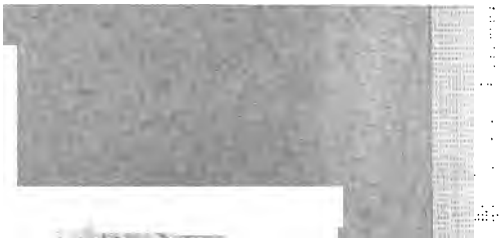

THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

VOLUME VIII.

BEING THE

FIRST of his LETTERS.

LONDON,

Printed for A. MILLAR; J. and R. TONSON; H. LINTOT; and C. BATHURST.

MDCCLVII.

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PREFACE

Of the Publiſher of the Surreptitious Edition, 1735.

WE preſume we want no apology to the reader for this publication, but ſome may be thought needful to Mr. Pope: however he cannot think our offence ſo great as theirs, who firſt ſeparately publiſhed what we have here but collected in a better form and order. As for the letters we have procured to be added, they ſerve but to compleat, explain, and ſometimes ſet in a true light, thoſe others, which it was not in the writer's, or our power to recall.

This collection hath been owing to ſeveral cabinets: ſome drawn from thence by accidents, and others (even of thoſe to ladies) voluntarily given. It is to one of that ſex we are beholden for the whole correſpondence with H. C. eſq; which letters being lent her by that gentleman, ſhe took the liberty to print; as appears by the following, which we ſhall give at length, both as it is ſomething curious, and as it may ſerve for an apology for ourſelves.

To HENRY CROMWELL, Eſq;

June 27, 1727.

AFTER ſo long a ſilence as the many and great oppreſſions I have ſighed under have occaſioned, one is at a loſs how to begin a letter to ſo kind a friend as yourſelf. But as it was always my reſolution, if I muſt ſink, to do it as decently (that is, as ſilently) as I could; ſo when I found myſelf plunged into unforeſeen, and unavoidable ruin, I retreated from the world, and in a manner buried myſelf in a diſmal place, where I knew none, and none knew me. In this dull unthinking way, I have protracted a lingering death (for life it cannot be called) ever ſince you ſaw me, ſequeſtered from company, deprived of my books, and nothing left to converſe with, but the letters of my dead or abſent friends; among which latter I always placed yours, and Mr. Pope's in the firſt rank. I lent ſome of them indeed to an ingenious perſon, who was ſo delighted with the ſpecimen, that he importuned me for a ſight of the reſt, which having obtained, he conveyed them to the preſs, I muſt not ſay, altogether with my conſent, nor wholly without it. I thought them too good to be loſt in oblivion, and had no cauſe to apprehend the diſobliging of any. The public, viz. all perſons of taſte and judgment, would be pleaſed with ſo agreeable an amuſement; Mr. Cromwell could not be angry, ſince it was but

juſtice to his merit, to publiſh the ſolemn and private profeſſions of love, gratitude, and veneration, made him by ſo celebrated an author; and ſincerely Mr. Pope ought not to reſent the publication, ſince the early pregnancy of his genius was no diſhonour to his character. And yet had either of you been aſked, common modeſty would have obliged you to refuſe, what you would not be diſpleaſed with, if done without your knowledge. And beſides, to end all diſpute, you had been pleaſed to make me a free gift of them, to do what I pleaſed with them; and every one knows, that the perſon to whom a letter is addreſſed, has the ſame right to diſpoſe of it, as he has of goods purchaſed with his money. I doubt not but your generoſity and honour will do me the right, of owning by a line that I came honeſtly by them. I flatter myſelf, in a few months I ſhall again be viſible to the world; and whenever thro' good providence that turn ſhall happen, I ſhall joyfully acquaint you with it, there being none more truly your obliged ſervant, than, Sir,

Your faithful, and
moſt humble Servant,

E. THOMAS.

P. S. A Letter, Sir, directed to Mrs. Thomas, to be left at my houſe, will be ſafely tranſmitted to her, by

Yours, &c.

E. CURLL.

To Mr. POPE.

Epſom, July 6, 172

WHEN theſe letters were firſt printed, I wo dered how Curll could come by them, a could not but laugh at the pompous title; fi whatever you wrote to me was humour, and fai liar raillery. As ſoon as I came from Epſom heard you had been to ſee me, and I writ you ſhort letter from Will's, that I longed to ſee y Mr. D——s, about that time charged me with giv them to a miſtreſs, which I poſitively den'ed: in the leaſt, at that time, thinking of it; but ſo time after, finding in the News papers Letters fi Lady Packington, Lady Chudleigh, and Mr. No to the ſame Sappho or E. T. I began to fear I guilty. I have never ſeen theſe Letters of Cu nor would go to his ſhop about them; I have ſeen this Sappho alias E. T. theſe ſeven years.— writing, *That I gave her 'em, to do what ſhe wi with 'em*, is ſtraining the point too far. I thou not of it, nor do I think ſhe did then; but ſe neceſſity which catches hold of a twig, has prod all this; which has lain hid, and forgot, by m many years. Curll ſent me a letter laſt week, firing a poſitive anſwer about this matter, but fin I would give him none, he went to E. T. and w poſtſcript in her long romantick letter, to direct anſwer to his houſe; but they not expecting an ſwer, ſent a young man to me, whoſe nam

ſeems, is Pattiſon. I told him I ſhould not write any thing, but I believed it might be as ſhe writ in her letter. I am extremely concerned that my former indiſcretion in putting them into the hands of this *Pretieuſe*, ſhould have given you ſo much diſturbance; for the laſt thing I ſhould do would be to diſoblige you, for whom I have ever preſerved the greateſt eſteem, and ſhall ever be, Sir,

Your faithful Friend, and
moſt humble Servant,

HENRY CROMWELL.

To Mr. POPE.

Aug. 1, 1727.

THO' I writ my long narrative from Epſom 'till I was tired, yet was I not ſatisfied; leſt any doubt ſhould reſt upon your mind. I could not make proteſtations of my innocence of a grievous crime; but I was impatient till I came to town, that I might ſend you thoſe Letters as a clear evidence that I was a perfect ſtranger to all their proceeding. Should I have proteſted againſt it, after the printing, it might have been taken for an attempt to decry his purchaſe; and as the little exception you have taken has ſerved him to play his game upon us for theſe two years, a new incident from me might enable him to play it on for two more.—The great value ſhe expreſſes for all you write, and her paſſion for having them, I believe was what prevailed upon me to let her keep them. By the interval of twelve

years at leaſt, from her poſſeſſion to the time of pri
ing them, 'tis manifeſt, that I had not the le
ground to apprehend ſuch a deſign: but as peo
in great ſtraits, bring forth their hoards of old g
and moſt valued jewels; ſo Sappho had recourſe
her hid treaſure of Letters, and play'd off not o
your's to me, but all thoſe to herſelf (as the lad
laſt ſtake) into the preſs—As for me, I hope, wh
you ſhall coolly conſider the many thouſand inſtan
of our being deluded by the females, ſince that gr
Original of Adam by Eve, you will have a more
vourable thought of the undeſigning error of

Your faithful Friend,
and humble Servant,

HENRY CROMWEI

Now ſhould our apology for this publication be as received, as the lady's ſeems to have been by the g tlemen concerned; we ſhall at leaſt have Her Comf *of being thanked by the reſt of the world. Nor Mr. P. himſelf any great cauſe to think it much offe to his modeſty, or reflection on his judgment; when take care to inform the public, that there are few l ters of his in this collection, which were not writ under twenty years of age: on the other hand, we do not the reader will be much more ſurprized to find that early period, ſo much variety of ſtyle, affecting timent, and juſtneſs of criticiſm, in pieces which have been writ in haſte, very few perhaps ever viewed, and none intended for the eye of the public.*

A

CATALOGUE

OF THE

Surreptitious and Incorrect Editions of Mr. POPE'S LETTERS.

I. FAMILIAR LETTERS to Henry Cromwell, Eſq; by Mr. Pope, 12mo. Printed for Edmund Curll, 1727.

[In this are *Verſes*, &c. aſcribed to Mr. P. which were *not his*.]

II. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence for thirty years: from 1704 to 1734. Being a Collection of Letters which paſſed between him and ſeveral eminent perſons. Printed for E. Curll, 8°, 1735, Two editions.

——The ſame in duodecimo, with cuts. The third edition.

[Theſe contain ſeveral Letters *not genuine*.]

III. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence, Vol. II. Printed for the ſame, 8°, 1735. [In this volume are *no* Letters of Mr. Pope's, but a few of thoſe to Mr. Cromwell *reprinted*; nor any to

him, but one ſaid to be Biſhop Atterbury's, another in that Biſhop's name, certainly no One or two Letters from St. Omer's, adve of Mr. Pope, but which proved to be only *cerning* him; ſome ſcandalous Reflections of Le Neve on the Legiſlature, Courts of Ju and Church of England, pag. 116, 117. an Divinity of Chriſt expreſly denied, in pag. 124. With ſome ſcandalous Anecdotes, a Narrative.]

——The ſame in duodecimo.

IV. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence, Vol Printed for E. Curll, 8°, 1735. [In this i *one Letter* by Mr. Pope to the Ducheſs of E ingham, which the publiſher ſome way proc and printed againſt her order. It alſo con four Letters, entitled, Mr. Pope's to Miſs El which are literally taken from an old tranſl of Voiture's to Mad. Rambouillet.]

——The ſame in duodecimo.

V. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence, Vol. Printed by the ſame, contains *not one Lett* this Author.

——The ſame in duodecimo.

VI. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence, Vo containing *only one* Letter of Mr. P and anc of the Lord B. with a ſcandalous prefac

Curll's, how he could come at more of their Letters, 8°, printed for the ſame, 1736.

VII. Letters of Mr. Pope and ſeveral Eminent Perſons, Vol. I. from 1705 to 1711. Printed and ſold by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter, 8°, 1735.

——The ſame Vol. II. from 1711, &c. Printed and ſold by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter, 8°, 1735.—The ſame in 12mo, with a Narrative.

VIII. Letters of Mr. Pope and ſeveral Eminent Perſons. From 1705 to 1735. Printed and ſold by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter, 12mo, 1735.

[This edition is ſaid in the title to contain *more Letters* than any other, but contains only *Two*, ſaid to be the Biſhop of Rocheſter's, and printed before by Curll.]

IX. Letters of Mr. Pope and ſeveral Eminent Perſons. From the year 1705 to 1735. Vol. I. and Vol. II. Printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe in Pater-noſter Row, 1735, 12mo.

[In this was inſerted the *Forged Letter* from the Biſhop of Rocheſter, and ſome other things, unknown to Mr. Pope.]

R E F A C E.

fixed to the Firſt Genuine Edition in quarto, 1737.

what is here offered the reader, ſhould happen
ı any degree to pleaſe him, the thanks are not
o the author, but partly to his friends, and
/ to his enemies: it was wholly owing to the
ion of the former, that ſo many Letters, of
ı he never kept copies, were preſerv'd; and to
ıalice of the latter, that they were produced in
ıanner.

: had been very diſagreeably uſed, in the publi-
ı of ſome Letters written in his youth, which
nto the hands of a woman who printed them,
ıut his or his correſpondent's conſent, in 1727.
treatment, and the apprehenſion of more of
ıme kind, put him upon recalling as many as
ıuld from thoſe who he imagined had kept any.
as ſorry to find the number ſo great, but imme-
ly leſſened it by burning three parts in four of
: the reſt he ſpared, not in any preference of
ſtyle or writing, but merely as they preſerv'd
ıemory of ſome friendſhips which will ever be
to him, or ſet in a true light ſome matters of

fact, from which the ſcriblers of the times had taken occaſion to aſperſe either his friends or himſelf. He therefore lay'd by the Originals, together with thoſe of his correſpondents, and cauſed a copy to be taken to depoſite in the library of a noble friend; that in caſe either of the revival of ſlanders, or the publication of ſurreptitious Letters, during his life or after, a proper uſe might be made of them.

The next year, the poſthumous works of Mr. Wycherly were printed, in a way diſreputable enough to his memory. It was thought a juſtice due to him, to ſhew the world his better judgment; and that it was his laſt reſolution to have ſuppreſſed thoſe poems. As ſome of the Letters which had paſſed between him and our author cleared that point, they were publiſhed in 1729, with a few marginal notes added by a friend.

If in theſe Letters, and in thoſe which were printed without his conſent, there appear too much of a juvenile ambition of wit, or affectation of gaiety, he may reaſonably hope it will be conſidered to *whom*, and at *what age*, he was guilty of it, as well as how ſoon it was over. The reſt, every judge of writing will ſee, were by no means efforts of the genius, but emanations of the heart: and this alone may induce any candid reader to believe their publication an act of neceſſity, rather than of vanity.

It is notorious how many volumes have been publiſhed under the title of his correſpondence, with promiſes ſtill of more, and open and repeated offers

of encouragement to all perſons who ſhould ſend any letters of his for the preſs. It is as notorious what methods were taken to procure them, even from the publiſher's own accounts in his prefaces, viz. by tranſacting with people in neceſſities, * or of abandoned † characters, or ſuch as dealt without names in the ‡ dark. Upon a quarrel with one of theſe laſt, he betrayed himſelf ſo far, as to appeal to the public in Narratives and Advertiſements: like that Iriſh highway-man a few years before, who preferr'd a bill againſt his companion, for not ſharing equally in the money, rings and watches, they had traded for in partnerſhip upon Hounſlow-heath.

Several have been printed in his name which he never writ, and addreſſed to perſons to whom they never were written §; counterfeited as from biſhop Atterbury to him, which neither that biſhop nor he ever ſaw ‖; and advertiſed even after that period when it was made felony to correſpond with him.

I know not how it has been this author's fate, whom both his ſituation and his temper have all his life excluded from rivalling any man, in any pre-

* See the Preface to vol. i. of a Book called Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence.

† Poſtſcript to the Preface to vol. iv.

‡ Narrative and Anecdotes before vol. ii.

§ In Vol. iii. Letters from Mr. Pope to Mrs. Blount, &c.

‖ Vol. ii. of the ſame, 8vo. pag. 20. and at the end of the Edition of his Letters in 12mo, by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter; and of the laſt Edition in 12mo, printed for T. Cooper, 1725.

tenſion, (except that of pleaſing by poetry) to have been as much aſperſed and written at, as any Firſt Miniſter of his time: pamphlets and news-papers have been full of him, nor was it *there only* that a private man, who never troubled either the world or common converſation, with his opinions of Religion or Government, has been repreſented as a dangerous member of Society, a bigotted Papiſt, and an enemy to the Eſtabliſhment. The unwarrantable publication of his Letters hath at leaſt done him this ſervice, to ſhew he has conſtantly enjoyed the friendſhip of worthy men; and that if a catalogue were to be taken of his friends and his enemies, he needs not to bluſh at either. Many of them having been written on the moſt trying occurrences, and all in the openneſs of friendſhip, are a proof what were his real ſentiments, as they flowed warm from the heart, and freſh from the occaſion; without the leaſt thought that ever the world ſhould be witneſs to them. Had he ſat down with a deſign to draw his own picture, he could not have done it ſo truly; for whoever ſits for it (whether to himſelf or another) will inevitably find the features more compoſed, than his appear in theſe letters. But if an author's hand, like a painter's, be more diſtinguiſhable in a ſlight ſketch than in a finiſhed picture, this very careleſſneſs will make them the better known from ſuch counterfeits, as have been, and may be imputed to him, either through a mercenary or a *malicious deſign.*

We hope it is needleſs to ſay, he is not account-ible for ſeveral paſſages in the ſurreptitious editions of thoſe Letters, which are ſuch as no man of com-non ſenſe would have publiſhed himſelf. The errors of the preſs were almoſt innumerable, and could not but be extremely multiplied in ſo many repeated edi-ions, by the avarice and negligence of piratical printers, to not one of whom he ever gave the leaſt title, or any other encouragement than that of not proſecuting them.

For the *Chaſms* in the correſpondence, we had not the means to ſupply them, the Author having de-troyed too many Letters to preſerve any Series. Nor would he go about to amend them, except by the omiſſion of ſome paſſages, improper, or at leaſt impertinent, to be divulged to the public: or of ſuch entire Letters, as were either not his, or not approved of by him.

He has been very ſparing of thoſe of his Friends, and thought it a reſpect ſhown to their memory, to ſuppreſs in particular ſuch as were moſt in his fa-vour. As it is not to *Vanity* but to *Friendſhip* that he intends this Monument, he would ſave his enemies the mortification of ſhowing any further how well their Betters have thought of him: and at the ſame time ſecure from their cenſure his living Friends, who (he promiſes them) ſhall never be put to the bluſh, this way at leaſt, for their partiality to him.

But however this Collection may be received, we cannot but lament the *Cauſe*, and the *Neceſſity* of

ſuch a publication, and heartily wiſh no honeſt man may be reduced to the ſame. To ſtate the caſe fairly in the preſent ſituation. A Bookſeller advertiſes his intention to publiſh your Letters: he openly promiſes encouragement, or even pecuniary rewards, to thoſe who will help him to any; and ingages to inſert whatever they ſhall ſend. Any ſcandal is ſure of a reception, and any enemy who ſends it ſcreened from a diſcovery. Any domeſtic or ſervant who can ſnatch a letter from your pocket or cabinet, is encouraged to that vile practice. If the quantity falls ſhort of a volume, any thing elſe ſhall be joined with it (more eſpecially ſcandal) which the collector can think for his intereſt, all recommended under your Name: you have not only Theft to fear, but Forgery. Any Bookſeller, tho' conſcious in what manner they were obtained, not caring what may be the conſequence to your Fame or Quiet, will ſell and diſperſe them in town and country. The better your Reputation is, the more your name will cauſe them to be demanded, and conſequently the more you will be injured. The injury is of ſuch a nature, as the Law (which does not puniſh for *Intentions)* cannot prevent; and when done, may puniſh, but not redreſs. You are therefore reduced, either to enter into a perſonal treaty with ſuch a man (which tho' the readieſt, is the meaneſt of all methods) or to take ſuch other meaſures to ſuppreſs them, as are contrary to your

Inclination, or to publiſh them, as are contrary to your Modeſty. Otherwiſe your Fame and your Property ſuffer alike; you are at once expoſed and plundered. As an *Author*, you are deprived of that Power, which above all others conſtitutes a good one, the power of rejecting, and the right of judging for yourſelf, what pieces it may be moſt uſeful, entertaining, or reputable to publiſh, at the time and in the manner you think beſt. As a *Man*, you are deprived of the right even over your own Sentiments, of the privilege of every human creature to divulge or conceal them; of the advantage of your Second thoughts; and of all the benefit of your Prudence, your Candour, or your Modeſty. As a *Member of Society*, you are yet more injured; your private conduct, your domeſtic concerns, your family ſecrets, your paſſions, your tenderneſſes, your weakneſſes, are expoſed to the Miſconſtruction or Reſentment of ſome, to the Cenſure or Impertinence of the whole world. The printing private letters in ſuch a manner, is the worſt ſort of *betraying Converſation*, as it has evidently the moſt extenſive, and the moſt laſting, ill conſequences. Is is the higheſt offence againſt *Society*, as it renders the moſt dear and intimate intercourſe of friend with friend, and the moſt neceſſary commerce of man with man, unſafe and to be dreaded. To open Letters is eſteemed the greateſt breach of honour; even to look into them already opened or accidentally dropt, is held

an ungenerous, if not an immoral act. W
can be thought of the procuring them m
Fraud, and the printing them merely for Lu
cannot but conclude every honeſt man will v
if the Laws have as yet provided no ade
medy, one at leaſt may be found, to preven
and growing an evil.

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IV. *From Mr. Wycherley; Anſwer to the former.*

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LETTERS

OF

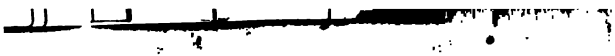
Mr. POPE,

AND

Several of his FRIENDS.

Quo Defiderio veteres revocamus Amores.
Atque olim amiſſas flemus Amicitias!

CATULL.



LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Mr. WYCHERLEY*.

From the Year 1704 to 1710.

LETTER I.

Binfield in Windſor Foreſt, Dec. 26, 1704†.

IT was certainly a great ſatisfaction to me to ſee and converſe with a man, whom in his writings I had ſo long known with pleaſure; but it was a high addition to it, to hear you, at our very firſt meeting, doing juſtice to your dead friend Mr. Dry-

* If one were to judge of this ſet of Letters by the manner of thinking and turn of expreſſion, one ſhould conclude they had been all miſtitled; and that the letters given to the boy of ſixteen, were written by the man of ſeventy, and ſo on the contrary: ſuch ſober ſenſe, ſuch gravity of manners, and ſo much judgment, and knowledge of compoſition, enlivened with the ſprightlineſs of manly wit, diſtinguiſh thoſe of Mr. Pope: while, on the other hand, a childiſh jealouſy, a puerile affectation, an attention and lying at catch for *turns* and *points*, together with a total ignorance and contempt of order, of method, and of all relation of the parts to one another to compoſe a reaſonable whole, make up the character of thoſe of Mr. Wycherley.

† The Author's Age then ſixteen.

den. I was not ſo happy as to know him: *Virgilium tantum vidi.* Had I been born early enough, I muſt have known and lov'd him: For I have been aſſured, not only by yourſelf, but by Mr. Congreve and Sir William Trumbul, that his perſonal qualities were as amiable as his Poetical, notwithſtanding the many libellous miſrepreſentations of them, againſt which the former of theſe Gentlemen has told me he will one day vindicate him *. I ſuppoſe thoſe injuries were begun by the violence of Party, but 'tis no doubt they were continued by envy at his ſucceſs and fame. And thoſe Scriblers who attacked him in his latter times, were only like gnats in a ſummer's evening, which are never very troubleſome but in the fineſt and moſt glorious ſeaſon; for his fire, like the ſun's, ſhined cleareſt towards its ſetting.

You muſt not therefore imagine, that when you told me my own performances were above thoſe Critics, I was ſo vain as to believe it; and yet I may not be ſo humble as to think myſelf quite below their notice. For critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever a natural inclination to carrion: and tho' ſuch poor writers as I are but beggars, no beggar is ſo poor but he can keep a cur, and no author is ſo beggarly but he can keep a critic. I am far from thinking the attacks of ſuch people either any honour or diſhonour even to me, much leſs to Mr. Dryden. I

* *He ſince did ſo, in his dedication to the Duke of Newcaſtle prefix'd to the duodecimo Edition of Dryden's Plays, 1717.*

agree with you, that whatever leſſer Wits have riſen ſince his death, are but like ſtars appearing when the ſun is ſet, that twinkle only in his abſence, and with the rays they have borrowed from him. Our wit (as you call it) is but reflection or imitation, therefore ſcarce to be called ours. True Wit, I believe, may be defined a juſtneſs of thought, and a facility of expreſſion; or (in the midwives phraſe) a perfect conception, with an eaſy delivery. However, this is far from a complete definition; pray, help me to a better, as, I doubt not, you can,

I am, &c.

LETTER II.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Jan. 25, 1704-5.

I Have been ſo buſy of late in correcting and tranſcribing ſome of my madrigals for a great man or two who deſired to ſee them, that I have (with your pardon) omitted to return you an anſwer to your moſt ingenious letter: ſo ſcriblers to the public, like bankers to the public, are profuſe in their voluntary loans to it, whilſt they forget to pay their more private and particular, as more juſt debts, to their beſt and neareſt friends. However, I hope, you who have as much good nature as good ſenſe (ſince they generally are companions) will have patience with a

debtor who has an inclination to pay you his obligations, if he had wherewithal ready about him; and in the mean time ſhould conſider, when you have obliged me beyond my preſent power of returning the favour, that a debtor may be an honeſt man, if he but intends to be juſt when he is able, tho' late. But I ſhould be leſs juſt to you, the more I thought I could make a return to ſo much profuſeneſs of Wit and Humanity together; which tho' they ſeldom accompany each other in other men, are in you ſo equally met, I know not in which you moſt abound. But ſo much for my opinion of you, which is, that your Wit and Ingenuity is equalled by nothing but your Judgment, or Modeſty, which (though it be to pleaſe myſelf) I muſt no more offend, than I can do either right

Therefore I will ſay no more now of them, than that your good wit never forfeited your good judgment, but in your partiality to me and mine; ſo that if it were poſſible for a hardened ſcribler to be vainer than he is what you write of me would make me more conceited than what I ſcribble myſelf: yet, I muſt confeſs, I ought to be more humbled by your praiſe than exalted, which commends my little ſenſe with ſo much more of yours, that I am diſparaged and diſheartened by your commendations; who give me an example of your wit in the firſt part of your letter, and a definition of it in the laſt; to make writing well (that is, like you) more difficult to me than ever it was before. Thus the more great and

juſt your example and definition of wit are, the leſs I am capable to follow them. Then the beſt way of ſhewing my judgment, after having ſeen how you write, is to leave off writing; and the beſt way to ſhew my friendſhip to you, is to put an end to your trouble, and to conclude

Yours, &c.

LETTER III.

March 25, 1705.

WHEN I write to you, I foreſee a long letter, and ought to beg your patience before hand; for if it proves the longeſt, it will be of courſe the worſt I have troubled you with. Yet to expreſs my gratitude at large for your obliging letter, is not more my duty than my intereſt; as ſome people will abundantly thank you for one piece of kindneſs, to put you in mind of beſtowing another. The more favourable you are to me, the more diſtinctly I ſee my faults: Spots and blemiſhes, you know, are never ſo plainly diſcovered as in the brighteſt ſunſhine. Thus I am mortified by thoſe commendations which were deſigned to encourage me: for praiſe to a young wit, is like rain to a tender flower; if it be moderately beſtowed, it cheers and revives; but if too laviſhly, overcharges and depreſſes him. Moſt men in years, as they are generally diſcouragers of youth, are like old trees, that, being paſt bearing themſelves, will ſuffer no

young plants to flouriſh beneath them: but a
were not enough to have out-done all your c
in wit, you will excell them in good-nature tc
for * my green eſſays, if you find any pleal
them, it muſt be ſuch as a man naturally ta
obſerving the firſt ſhoots and buddings of
which he has raiſed himſelf: and 'tis impoſſibl
ſhould be eſteemed any otherwiſe, than as we
fruits for being early, which nevertheleſs a
moſt inſipid, and the worſt of the year. In a
I muſt blame you for treating me with ſo mucl
pliment, which is at beſt but the ſmoke of
ſhip. I neither write, nor converſe with y
gain your praiſe, but your Affection. Be ſo
my friend as to appear my enemy, and tell
faults, if not as a young Man, at leaſt as an
perienced Writer.

I am,

LETTER IV.
From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

March 29, 1

YOUR letter of the twenty-fifth of M
have received, which was more welc
me than any thing could be out of the countr
it were one's rent due that day; and I can
fault with it, but that it charges me with

* His Paſtorals, written at ſixteen years of age.

ſincerity, or juſtice, for giving you your due: who ſhould not let your modeſty be ſo unjuſt to your merit, as to reject what is due to it, and call that compliment, which is ſo ſhort of your deſert, that it is rather degrading than exalting you. But if compliment be the ſmoke only of friendſhip (as you ſay) however, you muſt allow there is no ſmoke but there is ſome fire; and as the ſacrifice of incenſe offered to the Gods would not have been half ſo ſweet to others, if it had not been for its ſmoke; ſo friendſhip, like love, cannot be without ſome incenſe, to perfume the name it would praiſe and immortalize. But ſince you ſay you do not write to gain my praiſe, but my affection, pray how is it poſſible to have the one without the other? we muſt admire before we love. You affirm, you would have me ſo much your friend as to appear your enemy, and find out your faults rather than your perfections; but (my friend) that would be ſo hard to do, that I, who love no difficulties, can't be perſuaded to it. Beſides, the vanity of a ſcribler is ſuch, that he will never part with his own judgment to gratify another's; eſpecially when he muſt take pains to do it: and though I am proud to be of your opinion, when you talk of any thing or man but yourſelf, I cannot ſuffer you to murder your fame with your own hand, without oppoſing you; eſpecially when you ſay your laſt letter is the worſt (ſince the longeſt) you have favoured me with; which I therefore think the beſt, as the longeſt life (if a good one) is the

beſt; as it yields the more variety, and is the n
exemplary; as a chearful ſummer's day, tho' lo
than a dull one in the winter, is leſs tedious
more entertaining. Therefore let but your fri
ſhip be like your letter, as laſting as it is agree
and it can never be tedious, but more acceptable
obliging to

Your, &c

LETTER V.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

April 7, 170

I Have received yours of the fifth, wherein modeſty refuſes the juſt praiſes I give you which you lay claim to more, as a biſhop gai biſhopric by ſaying he will not epiſcopate; I muſt confeſs, whilſt I diſpleaſe you by commer you, I pleaſe myſelf: juſt as incenſe is ſwee the offerer than the deity to whom 'tis offere his being ſo much above it: For indeed every partakes of the praiſe he gives, when it is ſo given.

As to my enquiry after your intrigues wit Muſes, you may allow me to make it, ſince n man can give ſo young, ſo great, and able vourite of theirs, jealouſy. I am, in my enc like old Sir Bernard Gaſcoign, who uſed to ſay

when he was grown too old to have his viſits admitted alone by the ladies, he always took along with him a young man to enſure his welcome to them; for had he come alone he had been rejected, only becauſe his viſits were not ſcandalous to them. So I am (like an old rook, who is ruined by gaming) forced to live on the good fortune of the puſhing young men, whoſe fancies are ſo vigorous that they enſure their ſucceſs in their adventures with the Muſes, by their ſtrength of imagination.

Your papers are ſafe in my cuſtody (you may be ſure) from any one's theft but my own; for 'tis as dangerous to truſt a ſcribler with your wit, as a gameſter with the cuſtody of your money.—If you happen to come to town, you will make it more difficult for me to leave it, who am

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

April 30, 1705.

I Cannot contend with you: You muſt give me leave at once to wave all your compliments, and to collect only this in general from them, that your deſign is to encourage me. But I ſeparate from all the reſt that paragraph or two, in which you make me ſo warm an offer of your friendſhip. Were I poſſeſſed of that, it would put an end to all thoſe ſpeeches with which you now make me bluſh; and

change them to wholeſome advices, and free ſentiments, which might make me wiſer and happier. I know 'tis the general opinion, that friendſhip is beſt contracted betwixt perſons of equal age; but I have ſo much intereſt to be of another mind, that you muſt pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few notions of mine, in oppoſition to that opinion.

In the firſt place 'tis obſervable, that the love we bear to our friends, is generally cauſed by our finding the ſame diſpoſitions in them, which we feel in ourſelves. This is but ſelf-love at the bottom: whereas the affection betwixt people of different ages cannot well be ſo, the inclinations of ſuch being commonly various. The friendſhip of two young men is often occaſioned by love of pleaſure or voluptuouſneſs, each being deſirous for his own ſake of one to aſſiſt or encourage him in the courſes he purſues; as that of two old men is frequently on the ſcore of ſome profit, lucre, or deſign upon others. Now, as a young man, who is leſs acquainted with the ways of the world, has in all probability leſs of intereſt; and an old man, who may be weary of himſelf, has, or ſhould have leſs of ſelf-love; ſo the friendſhip between them is the more likely to be true, and unmixed with too much ſelf-regard. One may add to this, that ſuch a friendſhip is of greater uſe and advantage to both; for the old man will grow gay and agreeable to pleaſe the young one; *and the* young man more diſcreet and prudent by the *help of the* old one; ſo it may prove a cure of thoſe

epidemical diſeaſes of age and youth, ſourneſs and madneſs. I hope you will not need many arguments to convince you of the poſſibility of this; one alone abundantly ſatisfies me, and convinces to the heart; which is, that * young as I am, and old as you are, I am your entirely affectionate, &c.

LETTER VII.

June 23, 1705.

I Should believe myſelf happy in your good opinion, but that you treat me ſo much in a ſtyle of compliment. It hath been obſerved of women, that they are more ſubject in their youth to be touched with vanity than men, on account of their being generally treated this way; but the weakeſt women are not more weak than that claſs of men, who are thought to pique themſelves upon their Wit. The world is never wanting, when a coxcomb is accompliſhing himſelf, to help to give him the finiſhing ſtroke.

Every man is apt to think his neighbour overſtock'd with vanity, yet, I cannot but fancy there are certain times, when moſt people are in a diſpoſition of being informed; and 'tis incredible what a vaſt good a little truth might do, ſpoken in ſuch ſeaſons.

* Mr. Wycherley was at this time about ſeventy years old, Mr. Pope under ſeventeen.

A ſmall alms will do a great kindneſs, to people in extreme neceſſity.

I could name an acquaintance of yours, who would at this time think himſelf more obliged to you for the information of his faults, than the confirmation of his follies. If you would make thoſe the ſubject of a letter, it might be as long as I could wiſh your letters always were.

I do not wonder you have hitherto found ſome difficulty (as you are pleaſed to ſay) in writing to me, ſince you have always choſen the taſk of commending me: take but the other way, and, I dare engage, you will find none at all.

As for my verſes, which you praiſe ſo much, I may truly ſay they have never been the cauſe of any vanity in me, except what they gave me when they firſt occaſioned my acquaintance with you. But I have ſeveral times ſince been in danger of this vice as often, I mean, as I received any letters from you 'Tis certain, the greateſt magnifying glaſſes in the world are a man's own eyes when they look upon his own perſon; yet even in thoſe, I cannot fancy myſelf ſo extremely like Alexander the great, as you would perſuade me. If I muſt be like him, 'tis you will make me ſo by complimenting me into a better opinion of myſelf than I deſerve: They made him think he was the ſon of Jupiter, and you aſſure me I am a man of parts. But is this all you can ſay to my honour? you ſaid ten times as much before when you call'd me your friend. After having made

me believe I poſſeſs'd a ſhare in your affection, to treat me with compliments and ſweet ſayings, is like the proceeding with poor Sancho Panca: they perſuaded him that he enjoy'd a great dominion, and then gave him nothing to ſubſiſt upon but wafers and marmalade. In our days the greateſt obligation you can lay upon a Wit, is to make a fool of him. For as when madmen are found incurable, wiſe men give them their way, and pleaſe them as well as they can; ſo when thoſe incorrigible things, Poets, are once irrecoverably be-mus'd, the beſt way both to quiet them, and ſecure yourſelf from the effects of their frenzy, is to feed their vanity; which indeed, for the moſt part, is all that is fed in a poet.

You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you ſay were as true, applied to me, as it would be to yourſelf, for ſeveral weighty reaſons; but for none ſo much at that I might be to you what you deſerve; whereas I can now be no more than is conſiſtent with the ſmall tho' utmoſt capacity of, &c.

LETTER VIII.

Oct. 26, 1705.

I Have now changed the ſcene from the town to the country; from Will's-coffee houſe to Windſor-foreſt. I find no other difference than this, betwixt the common town-wits, and the downright country fools; that the firſt are pertly in the wrong,

with a little more flouriſh and gayety; and the laſt neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirm'd in a ſtupid ſettled medium betwixt both. However, methinks, theſe are moſt in the right, who quietly and eaſily reſign themſelves over to the gentle reign of dulneſs, which the Wits muſt do at laſt, tho' after a great deal of noiſe and reſiſtance. Ours are a ſort of modeſt inoffenſive people, who neither have ſenſe, nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial ſort of dulneſs: They are commonly known in the world by the name of honeſt, civil gentlemen: They live, much as they ride, at random; a kind of hunting life, purſuing with earneſtneſs and hazard ſomething not worth the catching; never in the way, nor out of it. I can't but prefer ſolitude to the company of all theſe; for tho' a man's ſelf may poſſibly be the worſt fellow to converſe with in the world, yet one would think the company of a perſon whom we have the greateſt regard to and affection for, could not be very unpleaſant. As a man in love with a miſtreſs, deſires no converſation but hers, ſo a man in love with himſelf (as moſt men are) may be beſt pleaſed with his own. Beſides, if the trueſt and moſt uſeful knowledge be the knowledge of our ſelves, ſolitude, conducing moſt to make us look in to ourſelves, ſhould be the moſt inſtructive ſtate of life. We ſee nothing more commonly, than men, who for the ſake of the circumſtantial part and mere outſide of life, have been half their days *rambling* out of their nature, and ought to be ſo

nto ſolitude to ſtudy themſelves over again. People re uſually ſpoiled, inſtead of being taught, at their oming into the world; whereas, by being more conerſant with Obſcurity, without any pains, they would aturally follow what they were meant for. In a vord, if a man be a coxcomb, Solitude is his beſt ſchool; and if he be a fool, it is his beſt Sanctuary.

Theſe are good reaſons for my own ſtay here, but wiſh I could give you any for your coming hither, xcept that I earneſtly invite you. And yet I can't elp ſaying I have ſuffered a great deal of diſconent that you do not come, tho' I ſo little merit that ou ſhould.

I muſt complain of the ſhortneſs of your laſt. Thoſe who have moſt wit, like thoſe who have moſt noney, are generally moſt ſparing of either.

LETTER IX.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 5, 1705.

YOurs of the 26th of October I have received, as I have always done yours, with no little ſaisfaction, and am proud to diſcover by it, that you ind fault with the ſhortneſs of mine, which I think he beſt excuſe for it: And tho' they (as you ſay) who have moſt wit or money are moſt ſparing of either; there are ſome who appear poor to be

thought rich, and are poor, which is my caſe
cannot but rejoice, that you have undergon
much diſcontent for want of my company; bu
you have a mind to puniſh me for my fault (wi
I could not help) defer your coming to town,
you will do it effectually. But I know your cha
always exceeds your revenge, ſo that I will not def
of ſeeing you, and, in return to your inviting m
your foreſt, invite you to my foreſt, the town; wh
the beaſts that inhabit, tame or wild, of long ear
horns, purſue one another either out of love or hat
You may have the pleaſure to ſee one pack of blo
hounds purſue another herd of brutes, to bring e
other to their fall, which is their whole ſport: C
you affect a leſs bloody chace, you may ſee a pac
ſpaniels, called Lovers, in a hot purſuit of a t
legged vixen, who only flies the whole loud pac
be ſingled out by one dog, who runs mute to ca
her up the ſooner from the reſt, as they are mak
a noiſe to the loſs of their game. In fine, this is
time for all ſorts of ſport in the town, when thoſ
the country ceaſe; therefore leave your foreſt
beaſts for ours of brutes, called men, who nov
full cry (pack'd by the court or country) run do
in the houſe of commons a deſerted horned b
of the Court, to the ſatisfaction of their ſpectato
Beſides (more for your diverſion) you may ſee
only the two great play-houſes of the nation, thoſ
the lords and commons, in diſpute with one
other; but the other two play-houſes in high c

teſt, becauſe the members of one houſe are remov'd up to t'other, as it is often done by the court for reaſons of ſtate. Inſomuch that the lower houſes, I mean the play-houſes, are going to act tragedies on one another without doors, and the Sovereign is put to it (as it often happens in the other two houſes) to ſilence one or both, to keep peace between them. Now I have told you all the news of the town.

I am, &c.

LETTER X.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Feb. 5, 1705-6.

I Have receiv'd your kind Letter, with my paper* to Mr. Dryden corrected. I own you have made more of it by making it leſs, as the Dutch are ſaid to burn half the ſpices they bring home, to inhance the price of the remainder, ſo to be greater gainers by their loſs (which is indeed my caſe now.) You have prun'd my fading lawrels of ſome ſuperfluous, ſapleſs, and dead branches, to make the remainder live the longer; thus, like your maſter Apollo, you are at once a poet and a phyſician.

* The ſame which was printed in the year 1717, in a miſcellany of Bern. Lintot's, and in the Poſthumous Works of Mr. Wycherley.

Now, Sir, as to my impudent invitation of to the town, your good nature was the firſt cauſe my confident requeſt; but excuſe me, I muſt (I ſay no more upon this ſubject, ſince I find yt little too nice to be dealt freely with; tho' you h given me ſome encouragement to hope, our frie ſhip might be without ſhyneſs, or criminal mode for a friend, like a miſtreſs, tho' he is not to be n cenary, to be true, yet ought not to refuſe a frie kindneſs becauſe it is ſmall or trivial: I have you (I think) what a Spaniſh lady ſaid to her poetical gallant, that a Queen, if ſhe had to do a groom, would expect a mark of his kindneſs f him, though it were but his curry-comb. But and I will diſpute this matter when I am ſo happ to ſee you here; and perhaps 'tis the only diſput which I might hope to have the better of you.

Now, Sir, to make you another excuſe for boldneſs in inviting you to town, I deſign'd to le with you ſome more of my papers, (ſince thei turn ſo much better out of your hands than t went from mine) for I intended (as I told you merly) to ſpend a month or ſix weeks, this ſumi near you in the country. You may be aſſured t is nothing I deſire ſo much, as an improveme your friendſhip.

LETTER XI.

April 10, 1706.

BY one of yours of the laſt month, you deſire me to ſelect, if poſſible, ſome things from the * firſt olume of your Miſcellanies, which may be alter'd o as to appear again. I doubted your meaning in his; whether it was to pick out the beſt of thoſe erſes (as thoſe on the Idleneſs of buſineſs, on Ignorance, on Lazineſs, &c.) to make the method and umbers exact, and avoid repetitions? For though upon reading 'em on this occaſion) I believe, they night receive ſuch an alteration with advantage; yet hey would not be changed ſo much, but any one would know 'em for the ſame at firſt ſight. Or if you mean to improve the worſt pieces? which are ſuch, as, to render them very good, would require great addition, and almoſt the entire new writing of them. Or, laſtly, if you mean the middle ſort, as the Songs and Love-verſes? For theſe will need only to be ſhortened, to omit repetition; the words remaining very little different from what they were before. Pray let me know your mind in this, for I am utterly at a loſs. Yet I have try'd what I could to do ſome of the ſongs, and the poems on Lazineſs and Ignorance, but can't (even in my own partial judgment) think my alterations much to the purpoſe. So that

* Printed in folio, in the year 1704.

I muſt needs deſire you would apply your care wholly at preſent to thoſe which are yet unpubliſhed, of which there are more than enough to make a conſiderable volume, of full as good ones, nay, I believe, of better than any in Vol. I. which I could wiſh you would defer, at leaſt till you have finiſh'd theſe that are yet unprinted.

I ſend you a ſample of ſome few of theſe: namely, the verſes to Mr. Waller in his old age; your new ones on the Duke of Marlborough and two others. I have done all that I thought could be of advantage to them: ſome I have contracted, as we do ſun-beams, to improve their energy and force: ſome I have taken quite away, as we take branches from a tree, to add to the fruit; others I have entirely new expreſs'd, and turn'd more into poetry. Donne (like one of his ſucceſſors) had infinitely more wit than he wanted verſification; for the great dealers of wit, like thoſe in trade, take leaſt pains to ſet off their goods; while the haberdaſhers of ſmall wit, ſpare for no decorations or ornaments. You have commiſſion'd me to paint your ſhop, and I have done my beſt to bruſh you up like your neighbours *. But I can no more pretend to the merit of the production, than a midwife to the virtues and good qualities of the child ſhe helps into the light.

* Several of Mr. Pope's lines, very eaſy to be diſtinguiſh'd, may be found in the Poſthumous Editions of Wycherley's Poems: particularly in thoſe on *Solitude*, *on the Public*, and *on the Mixed life*.

.e few things I have entirely added, you will
:; you may take them lawfully for your own,
ıſe they are no more than ſparks lighted up by
fire: and you may omit them at laſt, if you
them but ſquibs in your triumphs.

LETTER XII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 11, 1707.

:ceived yours of the 9th yeſterday, which has
ke the reſt of your letters) at once pleas'd and
ſted me; ſo that, I aſſure you, you can no
write too much to your abſent friends, than
too much to the preſent. This is a truth that
:n own who have either ſeen your writings,
ırd your diſcourſe; enough to make others
their judgment, in ceaſing to write or talk,
ally to you, or in your company. However,
< or write to you, not to pleaſe you, but my-
ince I provoke your anſwers; which whilſt
umble me, give me vanity; tho' I am leſſen'd
u even when you commend me: ſince you
end my little ſenſe with ſo much more of
that you put me out of countenance, whilſt you
keep me in it. So that you have found a way
t the cuſtom of great wits) to ſhew even a

great deal of good nature with a great deal of ſenſe.

I thank you for the book you promis'd me which I find you would not only correct my but my life.

As to the damn'd verſes I entruſted you wi hope you will let them undergo your purgator ſave them from other people's damning them: the critics, who are generally the firſt damn'd i life, like the damn'd below, never leave to thoſe above them under their own circumſtance beg you to peruſe my papers, and ſelect wha think beſt or moſt tolerable, and look over again; for I reſolve ſuddenly to print ſome of as a harden'd old gameſter will (in ſpite of a mer ill uſage by fortune) puſh on an ill hand i pectation of recovering himſelf; eſpecially i have ſuch a *Croupier* or Second to ſtand by Mr. Pope.

LETTER XIII.

Nov. 20, 17

MR. Engleſyld being upon his journey to don, tells me I muſt write to you b which I do, not more to comply with his than to gratify my own; tho' I did it ſo lat the meſſenger you ſent hither: I take it too opportunity of ſending you the fair copy

poem * on Dulneſs, which was not then finiſh'd, and which I ſhould not care to hazard by the common poſt. Mr. Englefyld is ignorant of the contents, and I hope your prudence will let him remain ſo, for my ſake no leſs than your own: ſince if you ſhould reveal any thing of this nature, it would be no wonder reports ſhould be rais'd, and there are thoſe (I fear) who would be ready to improve them to my diſadvantage. I am ſorry you told the great man, whom you met in the court of requeſts, that your papers were in my hands: no man alive ſhall ever know any ſuch thing from me; and I give you this warning beſides, that tho' yourſelf ſhould ſay I had any ways aſſiſted you, I am notwithſtanding reſolv'd to deny it.

The method of the copy I ſend you is very different from what it was, and much more regular: for the better help of your memory, I deſire you to compare it by the figures in the margin, anſwering to the ſame in this letter. The poem is now divided into four parts, mark'd with the literal figures 1. 2. 3. 4. The firſt contains the praiſe of Dulneſs, and ſhews how upon ſeveral ſuppoſitions it paſſes for 1. religion. 2. philoſophy. 3. example. 4. wit, and 5. the cauſe of wit, and the end of it. The ſecond part contains the Advantages of Dulneſs; 1ſt, in

* The original of it in blots, and with figures of the References from copy to copy, in Mr. Pope's hand, is yet extant among other ſuch Broüillons of Mr. Wycherley's poems, corrected by him.

buſineſs; and 2dly, at Court; where the ſimilitud of the Byaſs of a bowl, and the Weights of a cloc are directly tending to the ſubject, tho' introduc before in a place where there was no mention ma of thoſe advantages (which was your only objecti to my adding them.) The third contains the Ha pineſs of Dulneſs in all ſtations, and ſhews in a gr many particulars, that it is ſo fortunate as to eſteem'd ſome good quality or other in all ſorts people; that it is thought quiet, ſenſe, caution, p licy, prudence, majeſty, valour, circumſpecti honeſty, &c. The fourth part I have wholly add as a climax which ſums up all the praiſe, advanta and happineſs of Dulneſs in a few words, a ſtrengthens them by the oppoſition of the diſgra diſadvantage, and unhappineſs of Wit, with wh it concludes *.

* This is totally omitted in the preſent Edition: Some of lines are theſe:

"Thus Dulneſs, the ſafe opiate of the mind,
"The laſt kind refuge weary wit can find;
"Fit for all ſtations, and in each content,
"Is ſatisfy'd, ſecure, and innocent;
"No pains it takes, and no offence it gives,
"Unfear'd, unhated, undiſturb'd it lives, &c.

It was originally thus expreſs'd:

"As Clocks run faſteſt when moſt lead is on."

in a Letter of Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley, dated April 3, 17 and in a paper of verſes of his, To the Author of a poem ca Succeſſio, which got out in a miſcellany in 1712, three y before Mr. Wycherley died, and two after he had laid aſide whole deſign of publiſhing any poems.

Tho' the whole be as ſhort again as at firſt, there not one thought omitted, but what is a repetition ſomething in your firſt volume, or in this very ıper: ſome thoughts are contracted, where they em'd encompaſs'd with too many words; and ſome :w expreſs'd, or added, where I thought there anted heightning (as you'll ſee particularly in the mile of the clock-weights*) and the verſification roughout is, I believe, ſuch as no body can be ock'd at. The repeated permiſſions you give me dealing freely with you, will (I hope) excuſe hat I have done: for if I have not ſpar'd you hen I thought ſeverity would do you a kindneſs, I ıve not mangled you where I thought there was no ɔſolute need of amputation. As to the particulars, can ſatisfy you better when we meet; in the mean me pray write to me when you can, you cannot ɔo often.

* Theſe two ſimiles of the *Biaſs of a Bowl*, and the *Weights a Clock*, were at length put into the firſt book of the *Dunciad*. ıd thus we have the hiſtory of their birth, fortunes, and final ıbliſhment.

LETTER XIV.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 22, 1707.

YOU may ſee by my ſtyle, I had the happineſs and ſatisfaction to receive yeſterday by the hands of Mr. Englefyld, your extreme kind and obliging letter of the 20th of this month; which, like all the reſt of yours, did at once mortify me, and make me vain; ſince it tells me with ſo much more wit, ſenſe, and kindneſs than mine can expreſs, that my letters are always welcome to you. So that even whilſt your kindneſs invites me to write to you, your wit and judgment forbid me; ſince I return you a letter, but never an anſwer.

Now, as for my owning your aſſiſtance to me, in overlooking my unmuſical numbers, and harſher ſenſe, and correcting them both with your genius, or judgment; I muſt tell you I always own it (in ſpite of your unpoetic modeſty) who would do with your friendſhip as your charity; conceal your bounty to magnify the obligation; and even whilſt you lay on your friend the favour, acquit him of the debt: but that ſhall not ſerve your turn; I will always own, 'tis my infallible Pope has, or would redeem me from a poetical damning, the ſecond time; and ſave my rhimes from being condemn'd to the critics flames to all eternity; but (by the faith you profeſs)

know your works of ſupererogation, transfer'd an humble, acknowledging ſinner, may ſave him: having good works enough of your own es, to enſure yours, and their immortality.

ıd now for the pains you have taken to recom- l my Dulneſs, by making it more methodical, e you a thouſand thanks; ſince true and natural eſs is ſhown more by its pretence to form and ıod, as the ſprightlineſs of wit by its deſpiſing . I thank you a thouſand times for your re- ed invitations to come to Binfield: You will , it will be as hard for you to get quit of my cenary kindneſs to you, as it would for me to de- e, or return yours; however it ſhall be the en- rour of my future life, as it will be to demon- e myſelf

Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

Nov. 29, 1707.

HE compliments you make me, in regard of any inconſiderable ſervice I could do you, are r unkind, and do but tell me in other words, my friend has ſo mean an opinion of me, as to k I expect acknowledgments for trifles: which n my faith I ſhall equally take amiſs, whether le to myſelf, or to any other. For God's ſake

(my dear friend) think better of me, and believ
deſire no ſort of favour ſo much, as that of ſervi
you more conſiderably than I have been yet able
do.

I ſhall proceed in this manner with ſome others
your pieces; but ſince you deſire I would not deſa
your copy for the future, and only mark the repe
tions; I muſt, as ſoon as I've mark'd theſe, tranſcri
what is left on another paper; and in that, blot, alt
and add all I can deviſe, for their improveme
For you are ſenſible, the omiſſion of Repetitions
but one, and the eaſieſt part, of yours and my c
ſign; there remaining beſides to rectify the Meth
to connect the Matter, and to mend the Expreſſi
and Verſification. I will go next upon the poems
Solitude, on the Public, and on the mixt Life; t
bill of Fare; the praiſes of Avarice, and ſo
others.

I muſt take notice of what you ſay, of "
"pains to make your dulneſs methodical;" and
your hint, "that the ſprightlineſs of wit deſpiſes m
"thod." This is true enough, if by wit you me
no more than fancy or conceit; but in the bet
notion of wit, conſider'd as propriety, ſurely m
thod is not only neceſſary for perſpicuity and h
mony of parts, but gives beauty even to the min
and particular thoughts, which receive an additio
advantage from thoſe which precede or follow in th
due place. You remember a ſimile Mr. Dryden u
in converſation, of feathers in the crowns of

wild Indians, which they not only chuſe for the beauty of their colours, but place them in ſuch a manner as to reflect a luſtre on each other. I will not diſguiſe any of my ſentiments from you: to methodiſe in your caſe, is full as neceſſary as to ſtrike out; otherwiſe you had better deſtroy the whole frame, and reduce them into ſingle thoughts in proſe, like Rochefoucalt, as I have more than once hinted to you.

LETTER XVI.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Feb. 28, 1707-8.

I Have had yours of the 23d of this inſtant, for which I give you many thanks, ſince I find by it, that even abſence (the uſual bane of love or friendſhip) cannot leſſen yours, no more than mine. As to your hearing of my being ill, I am glad, and ſorry for the report: in the firſt place, glad that it was not true; and in the next, ſorry that it ſhou'd give you any diſturbance, or concern more than ordinary for me; for which, as well as your concern for my future well-being or life, I think myſelf moſt eternally oblig'd to you: aſſuring, your concern for either will make me *more* careful of both. Yet for *your ſake I love this life ſo* well, that I ſhall the leſs

think of the other; but 'tis in your power to ſure my happineſs in one and the other, both your ſociety, and good-example, ſo not only tribute to my felicity here, but hereafter.

Now as to your excuſe for the plainneſs of ſtyle, I muſt needs tell you, that friendſhip is more acceptable to a true friend than wit, which generally falſe reaſoning; and a friend's reprimay often ſhews more friendſhip than his complinay love, which is more than friendſhip is ſeen by our friend's correction of our follicrimes. Upon this teſt of your friendſhip I i to put you when I return to London, and the you at Binfield, which, I hope, will be wit month.

Next to the news of your good health, pleas'd with the good news of your going tc ſome of your Poems, and proud to be kno them to the public for your friend; who (perhaps the ſame way) to be revenged of y your kindneſs; by taking your name in v ſome of my future madrigals: yet ſo as to world know, my love or eſteem for you are n poetic than my talent in ſcribling. But of arts of fiction, I deſire you to believe I want feigning friendſhip, and that I am ſincerely

Your,

LETTER XVII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

May 13, 1708.

I Have received yours of the firſt of May. Your Paſtoral muſe outſhines in her modeſt and natural dreſs all Apollo's court-ladies, in their more artful, labour'd, and coſtly finery. Therefore I am glad to find by your letter you deſign your country-beauty of a muſe ſhall appear at court and in public: to outſhine all the farded, lewd, confident, affected Town-dowdies, who aim at being honour'd only to their ſhame: but her artful innocence (on the contrary) will gain more honour as ſhe becomes publick; and, in ſpite of cuſtom, will bring modeſty again into faſhion, or at leaſt make her fiſter rivals of this age bluſh for ſpite, if not for ſhame. As for my ſtale, antiquated, poetical puſs, whom you would keep in countenance by ſaying ſhe has once been tolerable, and wou'd yet paſs muſter by a little licking over; it is true that (like moſt vain antiquated jades which have once been paſſable) ſhe yet affects youthfulneſs in her age, and wou'd ſtill gain a few admirers (who the more ſhe ſeeks or labours for their liking, are but more her contemners.) Nevertheleſs ſhe is reſolv'd henceforth to be ſo cautious as to appear very little more in the world, except it be as an Attendant on your Muſe, or as a foil, not a

rival to her wit, or fame: ſo that let your Country-gentlewoman appear when ſhe will in the world*, my old worn-out jade of a loſt reputation ſhall be her attendant into it, to procure her admirers; as an old whore, who can get no more friends of her own, bawds for others, to make ſport or pleaſure yet, one way or other, for mankind. I approve of your making Tonſon your muſe's introductor into the world, or maſter of the ceremonies, who has been ſo long a pimp, or gentleman-uſher to the Muſes.

I wiſh you good fortune; ſince a man with ſtore of wit, as ſtore of money, without the help of good fortune, will never be popular; but I wiſh you a great many admirers, which will be ſome credit to my judgment as well as your wit, who always thought you had a great deal, and am

Your, &c.

* This, and what follows, is a full Confutation of John Dennis and others, who aſſerted that Mr. Pope wrote theſe verſes on himſelf (tho' publiſhed by Mr. Wycherley ſix years before his death.) We find here it was a voluntary Act of his, promis'd, before-hand, and written while Mr. Pope was abſent. The firſt Broüillon of theſe verſes, and the ſecond Copy with corrections, are both yet extant in Mr. Wycherley's own hand: In another of his letters of May 18, 1708, are theſe words. "I have made "a damn'd Compliment in verſe upon the printing your Paſto-"rals, which you ſhall ſee when you ſee me."

LETTER XVIII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

May 17, 1709.

uſt thank you for a book of your Miſcellanies, hich Tonſon ſent me, I ſuppoſe, by your or- and all I can tell you of it is, that nothing has been better receiv'd by the public, than your of it. You have only diſpleas'd the critics by ing them too well; having not left them a word for themſelves, againſt you and your perfor- es; ſo that, now your hand is in, you muſt vere, till my prophecies of you be fulfill'd. In ſt, all the beſt judges of good ſenſe or poetry, dmirers of yours; and like your part of the ſo well, that the reſt is lik'd the worſe. This e upon my word, without compliment; ſo that firſt ſucceſs will make you for all your life a in ſpite of your wit; for a poet's ſucceſs at like a gameſter's fortune at firſt is like to make a loſer at laſt, and to be undone by his good ne and merit.

t hitherto your miſcellanies have ſafely run the let, through all the coffee-houſes; which are entertain'd with a whimſical new news-paper, l the TATLER, which I ſuppoſe you have ſeen. is the neweſt thing I can tell you of, except of the Peace, which now (moſt people ſay) is

drawing to ſuch a concluſion, as all Europe is, or muſt be ſatisfy'd with; ſo Poverty, you ſee, which makes peace in Weſtminſter-hall, makes it likewiſe in the camp or field, throughout the world. Peace then be to you, and to me, who am now grown peaceful, and will have no conteſt with any man, but him who ſays he is more your friend or humble ſervant, than

Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

May 20, 1709.

I Am glad you receiv'd the * Miſcellany, if it were only to ſhow you that there are as bad poets in this nation as your ſervant. This modern cuſtom of appearing in miſcellanies, is very uſeful to the poets, who, like other thieves, eſcape by getting into a crowd, and herd together like Banditti, ſafe only in their multitude. Methinks Strada has given a good deſcription of theſe kind of collections; *Nullus hodie mortalium aut naſcitur, aut moritur, aut præliatur, aut ruſticatur, aut abit peregre, aut redit, aut nubit, aut eſt, aut non eſt, (nam etiam mortuis ipſi canunt) cui non illi extemplo cudant Epicedia, Genethliaca, Protreptica, Panegyrica, Epithalamia, Vaticinia, Propemptica, Soterica, Paræneticæ, Nenias, Nugas:*

* Jacob Tonſon's ſixth Vol. of Miſcellany Poems.

to the ſucceſs which, you ſay, my part has met th, it is to be attributed to what you was pleas'd ſay of me to the world; which you do well to ll your prophecy, ſince whatever is ſaid in my fa- ur, muſt be a prediction of things that are not t; you, like a true Godfather, engage on my part r much more than ever I can perform. My paſto- l Muſe, like other country girls, is but put out of untenance, by what you courtiers ſay to her; yet hope you would not deceive me too far, as know- g that a young ſcribler's vanity needs no recruits)m abroad: for nature, like an indulgent mother, ndly takes care to ſupply her ſons with as much of eir own, as is neceſſary for their ſatisfaction. If y verſes ſhould meet with a few flying commenda- ns, Virgil has taught me, that a young author s not too much reaſon to be pleas'd with them, ıen he conſiders that the natural conſequence of aiſe is envy and calumny.

—Si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

hen once a man has appear'd as a poet, he may re up his pretenſions to all the rich and thriving s: thoſe who have once made their court to thoſe ſtreſſes without portions, the Muſes, are never e to ſet up for fortunes. But for my part, I ſhall ſatisfy'd if I can loſe my time agreeably this y, without loſing my reputation: as for gaining

any, I am as indifferent in the matter as Falſtaff was, and may ſay of fame as he did of honour, "If "it comes, it comes unlook'd for; and there's an "end on't." I can be content with a bare ſaving game, without being thought an eminent hand, (with which title Jacob has graciouſly dignify'd his adventurers and voluntiers in poetry.) Jacob creates poets, as Kings ſometimes do knights, not for their honour, but for their money. Certainly he ought to be eſteem'd a worker of miracles, who is grown rich by poetry.

What Authors loſe, their Bookſellers have won,
So Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone.

I am your, &c.

LETTER XX.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

May 26, 1709.

THE laſt I received from you was dated the 22d of May. I take your charitable hint to me very kindly, wherein you do like a true friend and a true chriſtian, and I ſhall endeavour to follow your advice, as well as your example.—As for you wiſhing to ſee your friend an Hermit with you, cannot be ſaid to leave the world, ſince I ſhall enjoy

in your converſation all that I can deſire of it; nay, can learn more from you alone, than from my long experience of the great, or little vulgar in it.

As to the ſucceſs of your poems in the late miſcellany, which I told you of in my laſt; upon my word I made you no compliment, for you may be aſſur'd that all ſort of readers like them, except they are writers too; but for them (I muſt needs ſay) the more they like them, they ought to be the leſs pleas'd with 'em: ſo that you do not come off with a bare ſaving game (as you call it) but have gain'd ſo much credit at firſt, that you muſt needs ſupport it to the laſt: ſince you ſet up with ſo great a ſtock of good ſenſe, judgment, and wit, that your judgment enſures all that your wit ventures at. The ſalt of your wit has been enough to give a reliſh to the whole inſipid hotch-potch it is mingled with; and you will make Jaçob's Ladder raiſe you to immortality, by which others are turn'd off ſhamefully to their damnation (for poetic thieves as they are) who think to be ſav'd by others good works, how faulty ſoever their own are: but the coffee-houſe wits, or rather anti-wits the critics, prove their judgments by approving your wit; and even the news-mongers and poets will own, you have more invention than they; nay, the detractors or the envious, who never ſpeak well of any body (not even of thoſe they think well of in their abſence) yet will give you even in your abſence their good word; and the cri-

tics only hate you, for being forced to ſpeak well of you whether they will or no: All this is true upon the word of

Your, &c.

LETTER XXI.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Aug. 11, 1709.

MY letters, ſo much inferior to yours, can only make up their ſcarcity of ſenſe by their number of lines; which is like the Spaniards paying a debt of gold with a load of braſs money. But to be a *plain-dealer*, I muſt tell you, I will revenge the raillery of your letters by printing them (as Dennis did mine) without your knowledge too, which wou'd be a revenge upon your judgment for the raillery of your wit; for ſome dull rogues (that is the moſt in the world) might be ſuch fools as to think what you have ſaid of me was in earneſt: It is not the firſt time, your great wits have gain'd reputation by their paradoxical or ironical praiſes; your forefathers have done it, Eraſmus and others. For all mankind who know me muſt confeſs, he muſt be no ordinary genius, or little friend, who can find out any thing to commend in me ſeriouſly; who have given no ſign of my judgment but my opinion of yours, nor *ſmack of my* wit, but by leaving off writing to the

public now you are beginning to ſhew the world what you can do by yours: whoſe wit is as ſpiritual as your judgment infallible: in whoſe judgment I have an implicit faith, and ſhall always ſubſcribe to it to ſave my works, in this world, from the flames and damnation.—Pray, preſent my moſt humble ſervice to Sir William Trumbull; for whom and whoſe judgment I have ſo profound a reſpect, that his example had almoſt made me marry, more than my Nephew's ill carriage to me; having once reſolv'd to have revenged myſelf upon him by my marriage, but now am reſolv'd to make my revenge greater upon him by His marriage.

LETTER XXII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

April 1, 1710.

I Have had yours of the 30th of the laſt month, which is kinder than I deſire it ſhould be, ſince it tells me you cou'd be better pleas'd to be ſick again in Town in my company, than to be well in the Country without it; and that you are more impatient to be depriv'd of happineſs than of health. Yet, my dear friend, ſet raillery or compliment aſide, I can bear your abſence (which procures your health and eaſe) better than I can your company when you *are in pain: for I cannot* ſee you ſo without being ſo

too. Your love to the Country I do not doubt, n
do you (I hope) my love to it or you, ſince there
can enjoy your company without ſeeing you in pa
to give me ſatisfaction and pleaſure; there I can ha
you without rivals or diſturbers; without the too
vil, or the too rude: without the noiſe of the lou
er the cenſure of the ſilent: and wou'd rather ha
you abuſe me there with the truth, than at this diſtan
with your compliment: ſince now, your buſineſs
a friend, and kindneſs to a friend, is by findi
fault with his faults, and mending them by yo
obliging ſeverity. I hope (in point of your goo
nature) you will have no cruel charity for thoſe
pers of mine, you are ſo willing to be troubled wi
which I take moſt infinitely kind of you, and ſh
acknowledge with gratitude, as long as I li
No friend can do more for his friend than p
ſerving his reputation (nay, not by preſerving
life) ſince by preſerving his life he can only m
him live about threeſcore or fourſcore years; but
preſerving his reputation, he can make him live
long as the world laſts; ſo ſave him from damni
when he is gone to the devil. Therefore, I pr
condemn me in private, as the Thieves do their
complices in Newgate, to ſave them from condi
nation by the public. Be moſt kindly unmercifu
my poetical faults, and do with my papers, as
country gentlemen do with your trees, flaſh,
and lop off the excreſcencies and dead parts of
wither'd bays, that the little remainder may liv

longer, and increaſe the value of them by diminiſhing the number. I have troubled you with my papers rather to give you pain than pleaſure, notwithſtanding your compliment, which ſays you take the trouble kindly: ſuch is your generoſity to your friends, that you take it kindly to be deſired by them to do them a kindneſs; and you think it done to you, when they give you an opportunity to do it them. Wherefore you may be ſure to be troubled with my letters out of your intereſt, if not kindneſs; ſince mine to you will procure yours to me: ſo that I write to you more for my own ſake than yours; leſs to make you think I write well, than to learn from you to write better. Thus you ſee intereſt in my kindneſs, which is like the friendſhip of the world, rather to make a friend than be a friend; but I am yours, as a true Plain-dealer.

LETTER XXIII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

April 11, 1710.

IF I can do part of my buſineſs at Shrewſbury in a fortnight's time (which I propoſe to do) I will be ſoon after with you, and trouble you with my company, for the remainder of the ſummer: in the mean time I beg you to give yourſelf the pains of altering, or leaving out what you think ſuperfluous in my papers, that I may endeavour to print ſuch a

number of them as you and I ſhall think fit, abou Michaelmas next. In order to which (my dea friend) I beg you to be ſo kind to me, as to be ſe vere to them; that the critics may be leſs ſo; for had rather be condemn'd by my friend in privat than expos'd to my foes in public, the critics, o common judges, who are made ſuch by having bee old offenders themſelves. Pray, believe I have s much faith in your friendſhip and ſincerity, as I hav deference to your judgment; and as the beſt mar of a friend is telling his friend his faults in privat ſo the next is concealing them from the public, 'ti they are fit to appear. In the mean time I am not little ſenſible of the great kindneſs you do me, in th trouble you take for me, in putting my Rhimes i tune, ſince good ſounds ſet off often ill ſenſe, as th Italian ſongs, whoſe good airs, with the worſt word or meaning, make the beſt muſic; ſo by your tur ing my Welſh-harp, my rough ſenſe may be the le offenſive to the nicer ears of thoſe critics, who de more in ſound than ſenſe. Pray then take pity once both of my readers and me, in ſhortning m barren abundance, and increaſing their patience b it, as well as the obligations I have to you: An ſince no madrigaller can entertain the head, unle he pleaſes the ear; and ſince the crowded Opera have left the beſt Comedies with the leaſt audience 'tis a ſign ſound can prevail over ſenſe; therefo ſoften my words, and ſtrengthen my ſenſe, and

Eris mihi magnus Apollo.

LETTER XXIV.

April 15, 1710.

I Receiv'd your moſt extreme kind letter but juſt now. It found me over thoſe papers you mention, which have been my employment ever ſince Eaſter-monday: I hope before Michaelmas to have diſcharg'd my taſk; which, upon the word of a friend, is the moſt pleaſing one I could be put upon. Since you are ſo near going into Shropſhire, (whither I ſhall not care to write of this matter for fear of the miſcarriage of any letters) I muſt deſire your leave to give you a plain and ſincere account of what I have found from a more ſerious application to them. Upon compariſon with the former volume, I find much more repeated than I till now imagin'd, as well as in the preſent volume, which, if (as you told me laſt) you would have me daſh over with a line, will deface the whole copy extremely, and to a degree that (I fear) may diſpleaſe you. I have every where mark'd in the margins the page and line, both in this and the other part. But if you order me not to croſs the lines, or would any way elſe limit my commiſſion, you will oblige me by doing it in your next letter; for I am at once equally fearful of ſparing you, and of offending you by too impudent a correction. Hitherto however I have croſs'd 'em ſo as to be legible, becauſe you bade me. When I think all the repetitions are ſtruck out in a copy, I

ſometimes find more upon dipping in the firſt volume, and the number increaſes ſo much, that, I believe more ſhortning will be requiſite than you may be willing to bear with, unleſs you are in good earneſt reſolv'd to have no thought repeated. Pray, forgive this freedom, which as I muſt be ſincere in this caſe, ſo I could not but take; and let me know if I am to go on at this rate, or if you would preſcribe any other method.

I am very glad you continue your reſolution of ſeeing me in my Hermitage this ſummer; the ſooner you return, the ſooner I ſhall be happy, which indeed my want of any company that is entertaining or eſteemable, together with frequent infirmities and pains, hinder me from being in your abſence. 'Tis (I am ſure) a real truth, that my ſickneſs cannot make me quite weary of myſelf when I have you with me; and I ſhall want no company but yours when you are here.

You ſee how freely and with how little care I talk rather than write to you: this is one of the many advantages of friendſhip, that one can ſay to one's friend the things that ſtand in need of pardon, and at the ſame time be ſure of it. Indeed I do not know whether or no the letters of friends are the worſe for being fit for none elſe to read. 'Tis an argument of the truſt repoſed in a friend's good nature, when one writes ſuch things to him as require a good portion of it. I have experienced yours ſo often and ſo long, that I can now no more doubt of the great

neſs of it, than I hope you do of the greatneſs of my affection, or of the ſincerity with which

I am, &c.

LETTER XXV.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

April 27, 1710.

YOU give me an account in your letter of the trouble you have undergone for me, in comparing my papers you took down with you, with the old printed volume, and with one another, of that bundle you have in your hands; amongſt which, (you ſay) you find numerous Repetitions of the ſame thoughts and ſubjects; all which, I muſt confeſs, my want of memory has prevented me from imagining, as well as made me capable of committing: ſince, of all figures, that of Tautology is the laſt I would uſe, or leaſt forgive myſelf for. But ſeeing is believing; wherefore I will take ſome pains to examine and compare thoſe papers in your hands with one another, as well as with the former printed copies, or books of my damn'd Miſcellanies; all which (as bad a memory as I have) with a little more pains and care I think I can remedy. Therefore I would not have you give yourſelf more trouble about them, which may prevent the pleaſure you have, and may give the world in writing upon new

ſubjects of your own, whereby you will much l
entertain yourſelf and others. Now as to yo
marks upon the whole volume of my papers
that I deſire of you is to mark in the margin (
out defacing the copy at all) either any repetiti
words, matter, or ſenſe, or any thoughts, or
too much repeated; which if you will be ſo kin
to do for me, you will ſupply my want of Me
with your good one, and my deficiencies of
with the infallibility of yours; which if yo
you will moſt infinitely oblige me, who almoſt r
the trouble I have given you, ſince ſo much
as to what you call freedom with me, (whicl
deſire me to forgive) you may be aſſur'd I w
not forgive you unleſs you did uſe it; for I
far from thinking your plainneſs an offence t
that I think it a charity and an obligation; wh
ſhall always acknowledge, with all ſort of gra
to you for it; who am, &c.

All the news I have to ſend you is, that poo
Betterton is going to make his Exit from the ſt
this world, the Gout being gotten up into his
and (as the Phyſicians ſay) will certainly carr
off ſuddenly.

LETTER XXVI.

May 10, 1710.

ım ſorry you perſiſt to take ill my not accepting your invitation, and to find (if I miſtake not) exception not unmixt with ſome ſuſpicion. Be ün I ſhall moſt carefully obſerve your requeſt, to croſs over, or deface the copy of your papers he future, and only to mark in the margin the etitions. But as this can ſerve no further than et rid of thoſe repetitions, and no way rectify Method, nor connect the Matter, nor improve oetry in expreſſion or numbers, without further ing, adding, and altering; ſo it really is my ion and deſire, that you ſhould take your papers of my hands into your own, and that no altera- may be made but when both of us are pre- ; when you may be ſatisfied with every blot, as as every addition, and nothing be put upon the rs but what you ſhall give your own ſanction aſſent to, at the ſame time,

o not be ſo unjuſt, as to imagine from hence I would decline any part of this taſk; on the rary you know, I have been at the pains of ſcribing ſome pieces, at once to comply with deſire of not defacing the copy, and yet to no time in proceeding upon the correction. I go on the ſame way, if you pleaſe; tho' truly (as I have often told you) my ſincere opinion,

that the greater part would make a much better figure as Single Maxims and Reflections in proſe after the manner of your favourite Rochefoucault than in verſe *: And this, when nothing more is done but marking the repetitions in the margin, will be an eaſy taſk to proceed upon, notwithſtanding the bad Memory you complain of. I am unfeignedly, dear Sir, Your, &c.

A. POPE

* Mr. Wycherley lived five years after, to December, 1715 but little progreſs was made in this deſign, thro' his Old age and the increaſe of his infirmities. However, ſome of the Verſes, which had been touch'd by Mr. P. with CCCVIII of theſe Maxims in Proſe, were found among his papers, which having the misfortune to fall into the hands of a Mercenary, were publiſhed in 1728 in octavo, under the Title of The Poſthumous Works of William Wycherley, Eſq;

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

W. WALSH*, Eſq;

From the Year 1705 to 1707.

LETTER I.

Mr. WALSH to Mr. WYCHERLEY,

April 20, 1705.

I Return you the † Papers you favour'd me with, and had ſent them to you yeſterday morning, but that I thought to have brought them to you laſt night myſelf. I have read them over ſeveral times with great ſatisfaction. The Prefaee is very judicious and very learned; and the Verſes very tender

* Of Abberley in Worceſterſhire, Gentleman of the Horſe in Queen Anne's reign, Author of ſeveral beautiful pieces in Proſe and Verſe, and in the opinion of Mr. Dryden (in his Poſtſcript to Virgil) the beſt critic of our Nation in his time.

† Mr. Pope's Paſtorals.

and eaſy. The Author ſeems to have a part genius for that kind of poetry, and a judgmen much exceeds the years you told me he was of. has taken very freely from the ancients, but wh has mixed of his own with theirs, is not infer what he has taken from them. 'Tis no flatte all to ſay, that Virgil had written nothing ſo at his age*. I ſhall take it as a favour if yo bring me acquainted with him; and if he will himſelf the trouble any morning to call at my l I ſhall be very glad to read the verſes over with and give him my opinion of the particulars largely than I can well do in this letter. Sir, &c.

LETTER II.

Mr. WALSH to Mr. POPE.

June 24, 17(

I Receiv'd the favour of your letter, and ſh very glad of the continuance of a corre dence by which I am like to be ſo great a g I hope, when I have the happineſs of ſeeing again in London, not only to read over the ve have now of yours, but more that you have w ſince; for I make no doubt but any one who v ſo well, muſt write more. Not that I thinl moſt voluminous poets always the beſt; I b

* Sixteen.

ıe contrary is rather true. I mention'd ſomewhat
ı you in London of a Paſtoral Comedy, which I
ıould be glad to hear you had thought upon ſince.
find Menage in his obſervations upon Taſſo's
.minta, reckons up fourſcore paſtoral plays in Ita-
an: and in looking over my old Italian books, I
ıd a great many paſtoral and piſcatory plays,
hich, I ſuppoſe, Menage reckons together. I find
ſo by Menage, that Taſſo is not the firſt that writ
ı that kind, he mentioning another before him
hich he himſelf had never ſeen, nor indeed have
. But as the Aminta, Paſtor Fido, and Filli di
ciro of Bonarelli are the three beſt, ſo, I think,
ıere is no diſpute but Aminta is the beſt of the
ıree: not but that the diſcourſes in Paſtor Fido are
ıore entertaining and copious in ſeveral people's
pinion, tho' not ſo proper for paſtoral: and the
ıble of Bonarelli more ſurprizing. I do not re-
ıember many in other languages, that have written
ı this kind with ſucceſs, Racan's *Bergeries* are much
ıferior to his lyric poems; and the Spaniards are
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ou without any ſort of conſtraint or method, as
ings come into my head, and therefore uſe the
me freedom with me, who am, &c.

LETTER III.

To Mr. WALSH.

Windſor Foreſt, July 2, 17

I Cannot omit the firſt opportunity of makin my acknowledgments for reviewing thoſe of mine. You have no leſs right to correct than the ſame hand that rais'd a tree has to pr I am convinced as well as you, that one may c too much; for in poetry, as in painting, a ma lay colours one upon another, till they ſtiffe deaden the piece. Beſides, to beſtow height on every part is monſtrous: ſome parts ought lower than the reſt; and nothing looks more r lous than a work, where the thoughts, ho different in their own nature, ſeem all on a 'tis like a meadow newly mown, where weeds, and flowers, are all laid even, and appear tinguiſh'd. I believe too that ſometimes ot thoughts are the beſt, as the firſt ſqueezing grapes makes the fineſt wine.

I have not attempted any thing of a Paſtor medy, becauſe, I think, the taſte of our ag not reliſh a poem of that ſort. People ſeek fo they call wit, on all ſubjects, and in all places conſidering that nature loves truth ſo well, hardly ever admits of flouriſhing: Conceit is ture what paint is to beauty; it is not only ne but impairs what it would improve. Ther *certain majeſty* in ſimplicity, which is far abo

the contrary is rather true. I mention'd ſomewhat to you in London of a Paſtoral Comedy, which I ſhould be glad to hear you had thought upon ſince. I find Menage in his obſervations upon Taſſo's Aminta, reckons up fourſcore paſtoral plays in Italian: and in looking over my old Italian books, I find a great many paſtoral and piſcatory plays, which, I ſuppoſe, Menage reckons together. I find alſo by Menage, that Taſſo is not the firſt that writ in that kind, he mentioning another before him which he himſelf had never ſeen, nor indeed have I. But as the Aminta, Paſtor Fido, and Filli di Sciro of Bonarelli are the three beſt, ſo, I think, there is no diſpute but Aminta is the beſt of the three: not but that the diſcourſes in Paſtor Fido are more entertaining and copious in ſeveral people's opinion, tho' not ſo proper for paſtoral: and the fable of Bonarelli more ſurprizing. I do not remember many in other languages, that have written in this kind with ſucceſs, Racan's *Bergeries* are much inferior to his lyric poems; and the Spaniards are all too full of conceits. Rapin will have the deſign of paſtoral plays to be taken from the Cyclops of Euripides. I am ſure there is nothing of this kind in Engliſh worth mentioning, and therefore you have that field open to yourſelf. You ſee I write to you without any ſort of conſtraint or method, as things come into my head, and therefore uſe the ſame freedom with me, who am, &c.

I would beg your opinion too as to another point: it is, how far the liberty of borrowing may extend? I have defended it ſometimes by ſaying, that it ſeems not ſo much the perfection of ſenſe *, to ſay things that had never been ſaid before, as to expreſs thoſe beſt that have been ſaid oftenest; and that writers, in the caſe of borrowing from others, are like trees which of themſelves would produce only one ſort of fruit, but by being graſted upon others may yield variety. A mutual commerce makes poetry flouriſh; but then poets, like merchants, ſhould repay with ſomething of their own what they take from others; not, like pyrates, make prize of all they meet. I deſire you to tell me ſincerely, if I have not ſtretch'd this licence too far in theſe Paſtorals? I hope to become a critic by your precepts, and a poet by your example. Since I have ſeen your Eclogues, I cannot be much pleas'd with my own; however you have not taken away all my vanity; ſo long as you give me leave to profeſs myſelf Yours, &c.

LETTER IV.

From Mr. WALSH.

July 20, 1706.

I Had ſooner return'd you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I was in hopes of giving you an account at the ſame time of my journey to

* He ſhould rather have ſaid, *the perfection of conception.*

rdſor; but I am now forced to put that quite off, ig engaged to go to my corporation of Rich- rd in Yorkſhire. I think you are perfectly in the it in your notions of Paſtoral; but I am of opi- n, that the redundancy of wit you mention, tho' what pleaſes the common people, is not what r pleaſes the beſt judges. Paſtor Fido indeed has more admirers than Aminta; but I will venture ay, there is a great deal of difference between admirers of one and the other. Coriſca, which i character generally admir'd by the ordinary ;es, is intolerable in a Paſtoral; and Bonarelli's y of making his ſhepherdeſs in love with two i equally, is not to be defended, whatever pains ias taken to do it. As for what you aſk of the rty of Borrowing; 'tis very evident the beſt La- Poets have extended this very far; and none ſo is Virgil, who is the beſt of them. As for the ek Poets, if we cannot trace them ſo plainly, perhaps becauſe we have none before them; 'tis ent that moſt of them borrowed from Homer, and ner has been accus'd of burning thoſe that wrote ire him, that his thefts might not be diſcover'd. beſt of the modern Poets in all languages, are e that have the neareſt copied the Antients. In- l in all the common ſubjects of Poetry, the ights are ſo obvious (at leaſt if they are natural) whoever writes laſt, muſt write things like what : been ſaid before: But they may as well ap- d the Ancients for the arts of eating and drink-

ing, and accuſe the moderns of having ſtolen inventions from them; it being evident in all caſes, that whoever liv'd firſt, muſt firſt find out. 'Tis true, indeed, when

ut:us et alter
Aſſuitur pannus,

when there are one or two bright thoughts i and all the reſt is quite different from it, a makes a very fooliſh figure: But when 'tis all ed down together, and the Gold of the Ancie mix'd with that of the Moderns, that none ca tinguiſh the one from the other, I can neve fault with it. I cannot however but own to that there are others of a different opinion, an I have ſhewn your verſes to ſome who have that objection to them. I have ſo much con round me while I write this, and ſuch a noiſe ears, that 'tis impoſſible I ſhould write any but nonſenſe, ſo muſt break off abruptly.

Sir,

Your moſt affectionate,

and moſt humble Servan:

LETTER V.

From Mr. WALSH.

Sept. 9, 1706.

AT my return from the North I received the favour of your letter, which had lain there till then. Having been abſent about ſix weeks, I read over your Paſtorals again, with a great deal of pleaſure, and to judge the better read Virgil's Eclogues, and Spenſer's Calendar, at the ſame time; and, I aſſure you, I continue the ſame opinion I had always of them. By the little hints you take upon all occaſions to improve them, 'tis probable you will make them yet better againſt winter; tho' there is a mean to be kept even in that too, and a man may correct his verſes till he takes away the true ſpirit of of them; eſpecially if he ſubmits to the correction of ſome who paſs for great Critics, by mechanical rules, and never enter into the true deſign and Genius of an author. I have ſeen ſome of theſe, that would hardly allow any one good Ode in Horace, who cry Virgil wants fancy, and that Homer is very incorrect. While they talk at this rate, one would think them above the common rate of mortals; but generally they are great admirers of Ovid and Lucan; and when they write themſelves, we find out all the myſtery. They ſcan their verſes upon their fingers; run after Conceits and glaring thoughts; their poems are all made up of Couplets, of which the firſt may

be laſt, or the laſt firſt, without any ſort of preju-dice to their works; in which there is no deſign, or method, or any thing natural or juſt. For you are certainly in the right, that in all writings whatſo-ever (not poetry only) nature is to be followed; and we ſhould be jealous of ourſelves for being fond of Similies, Conceits, and what they call ſaying fine Things. When we were in the North, my Lord Wharton ſhew'd me a letter he had receiv'd from a certain great General in Spain *; I told him I would by all means have that General recall'd, and ſet to writing here at home, for it was impoſſible that a man with ſo much Wit as he ſhew'd, could be fit to command an Army, or do any other buſi-neſs †. As for what you ſay of Expreſſion: 'tis in-deed the ſame thing to Wit, as Dreſs is to Beauty: I have ſeen many women over-dreſs'd, and ſeveral look better in a careleſs night-gown, with their hair about their ears, than Mademoiſelle Spanheim dreſs'd for a ball. I do not deſign to be in London till towards the parliament: then I ſhall certainly be there; and hope by that time you will have finiſh'd your Paſtorals as you would have them appear in the world, and particularly the third, of Autumn, which I have not yet ſeen. Your laſt Eclogue being

* The Earl of Peterborow.

† Mr. Walſh's Remark will be thought very innocent, when the reader is informed that it was made on the Earl of Peter-borow, juſt before the glorious campaigns of Barcelona and Va-lentia.

upon the ſame ſubject as that of mine on Mrs. Tempeſt's Death, I ſhou'd take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the Memory of the ſame Lady, if they were not written for ſome particular Woman whom you would make immortal. You may take occaſion to ſhew the difference between Poets Miſtreſſes, and other mens. I only hint this, which you may either do, or let alone juſt as you think fit. I ſhall be very much pleas'd to ſee you again in Town, and to hear from you in the mean time. I am, with very much eſteem,

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

Oct. 22, 1706.

AFTER the thoughts I have already ſent you on the ſubject of Engliſh Verſification, you deſire my opinion as to ſome farther particulars. There are indeed certain Niceties, which, tho' not much obſerved even by correct verſifiers, I cannot but think, deſerve to be better regarded.

1. It is not enough that nothing offends the ear, but a good Poet will adapt the very Sounds, as well as Words, to the things he treats of. So that there is (if one may expreſs it ſo) a Style of Sound. As in deſcribing a gliding ſtream, the numbers ſhould run eaſy and flowing; in deſcribing a rough torrent or deluge, ſonorous and ſwelling, and ſo of the reſt.

This is evident every where in Homer and Virgil and no where elſe, that I know of, to any obſerv able degree. The following examples will make this plain, which I have taken from *Vida*.

Molle viam tacito latſu per levia radit.
Incedit tardo molimine ſubſidendo.
Luctantes ventos, tempeſtateſque ſonoras.
Immenſo cum præcipitans ruit Oceano Nox.
Telum imbelle ſine ictu, conjecit.
Tolle moras, cape ſaxe manu, cape robora, Paſtor
Ferte citi flammas, date tela, repellite peſtem.

This, I think, is what very few obſerve in prac tice, and is undoubtedly of wonderful force in im printing the image on the reader: We have one ex cellent example of it in our language, Mr. Dryden Ode on St. Cæcilia's day, entitled *Alexander's Feaſt*.

2. Every nice ear muſt (I believe) have obſerv'd that in any ſmooth Engliſh verſe of ten ſyllable there is naturally a *Pauſe* at the fourth, fifth, or ſixt ſyllable. It is upon theſe the ear reſts, and upo the judicious change and management of which de pends the variety of verſification. For example, At the fifth.

Where'er thy navy | ſpreads her canvaſs wings,

At the fourth.

Homage to thee | and peace to all ſhe brings.

At the ſixth.

Like tracts of leverets | in morning ſnow.

Now I fancy, that, to preſerve an exact Harmony and Variety, the Pauſe at the 4th or 6th ſhould not be continued above three lines together, without the interpoſition of another; elſe it will be apt to weary the ear with one continued tone, at leaſt it does mine: That at the 5th runs quicker, and carries not quite ſo dead a weight, ſo tires not ſo much, tho' it be continued longer.

3. Another nicety is in relation to Expletives, whether words or ſyllables, which are made uſe of purely to ſupply a vacancy: *Do* before verbs plural is abſolutely ſuch; and it is not improbable but future refiners may explode *did* and *does* in the ſame manner, which are almoſt always uſed for the ſake of rhyme. The ſame cauſe has occaſioned the promiſcuous uſe of *you* and *thou* to the ſame perſon, which can never ſound ſo graceful as either one or the other.

4. I would alſo object to the irruption of Alexandrine verſes, of twelve ſyllables, which, I think, ſhould never be allow'd but when ſome remarkable beauty or propriety in them atones for the liberty: Mr. Dryden has been too free of theſe, eſpecially in his latter works. I am of the ſame opinion as to Triple Rhimes.

5. I could equally object to the Repetition of the ſame Rhymes within four or ſix lines of each other, as tireſome to the ear thro' their Monotony.

6. Monoſyllable Lines, unleſs very artfi naged, are ſtiff, or languiſhing: but may be ful to expreſs Melancholy, Slowneſs, or L

7. To come to the Hiatus, or Gap betw words, which is caus'd by two vowels ope each other (upon which you deſire me to b cular) I think the rule in this caſe is eithe the Cæſura, or admit the Hiatus, juſt as th leaſt ſhock'd by either: For the Cæſura fo offends the ear more than the Hiatus itſelf, language is naturally overcharg'd with con As for example; If in this verſe,

The old have Int'reſt ever in their eye,

we ſhould ſay, to avoid the Hiatus,

But th' old have int'reſt.

The Hiatus which has the worſt effect, one word ends with the ſame vowel that be following; and next to this, thoſe vowel ſounds come neareſt to each other, are mo avoided. O, A, or U, will bear a more f graceful Sound than E, I, or Y. I know people will think theſe Obſervations trivi therefore I am glad to corroborate them b great authorities, which I have met with i and Quintilian. In the fourth book of Rhe Herennius, are theſe words: *Fugiemus crebr lium, concurſiones, quæ vaſtam atque hiantem orationem; ut hoc eſt, Baccæ æneæ amæniſſima*

chaut. And Quintilian l. ix. cap. 4. *Vocalium concurſus cum accidit, hiat & interſiſtit, & quaſi laborat ratio. Peſſimi longe quæ eaſdem inter ſe literas comittunt, ſonabunt: Præcipuus tamen erit hiatus earum quæ cavo aut patulo ore efferuntur.* E *plenior litera ſt*, I *anguſtior*. But he goes on to reprove the exceſs on the other hand of being too ſolicitous in this matter, and ſays admirably, *Neſcio an negligentia in hoc, aut ſolicitudo ſit pejor.* So likewiſe *Tully (Orator. ad Brut.) Theopompum reprehendunt, quod eas literas tanto opere fugerit, etſi idem magiſter ejus Socrates:* which laſt author, as Turnebus on Quintilian obſerves, has hardly one Hiatus in all his works. Quintilian tells us, that Tully and Demoſthenes did not much obſerve this nicety, though Tully himſelf ſays in the Orator, *Crebra iſta vocum concurſio, quam magna ex parte vitioſam, fugit Demoſthenes.* If I am not miſtaken, Malherbe of all the moderns has been the moſt ſcrupulous in this point; and I think Menage in his obſervations upon him ſays, he has not one in his poems. To conclude, I believe the Hiatus ſhould be avoided with more care in poetry than in Oratory; and I would conſtantly try to prevent it, unleſs where the cutting it off is more prejudicial to the ſound than the Hiatus itſelf. I am, &c.

A. POPE.

* Mr. Walſh died at forty-nine years old, in the year 1708, the year before the Eſſay on Criticiſm was printed, which concludes with his Elogy.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

H. CROMWELL, Eſq;

From the Year 1708 to 1711.

LETTER I.

March 18, 170

I Believe it was with me when I left the Towr
it is with a great many men when they leav
world, whoſe loſs itſelf they do not ſo much re
as that of their friends whom they leave behind
For I do not know one thing for which I can
London, but for your continuing there. Yet I
you will expect me to recant this expreſſion, v
I tell you that Sappho (by which heatheniſh
you have chriſten'd a very orthodox Lady) dic
accompany me into the Country. Well, you
your Lady in the Town ſtill, and I have my H
in the Country ſtill, which being wholly unemp
as yet, has the more room in it for my friends,

s not want a corner at your ſervice. You have remely obliged me by your frankneſs and kind- s; and if I have abus'd it by too much freedom my part, I hope you will attribute it to the na- al openneſs of my temper, which hardly knows w to ſhow Reſpect, where it feels Affection. I uld love my Friend, as my Miſtreſs, without ce- nony; and hope a little rough uſage ſometimes y not be more diſpleaſing to the one, than it is to : other.

If you have any curioſity to know in what man- r I live, or rather loſe a life, Martial will inform u in one line:

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cæno, quieſco.

Every day with me is literally another yeſterday, r it is exactly the ſame: It has the ſame buſineſs, ich is Poetry; and the ſame pleaſure, which is eneſs. A man might indeed paſs his time much tter, but I queſtion if any man could paſs it much ier. If you will viſit our ſhades this ſpring, ich I very much deſire, you may perhaps inſtruct : to manage my game more wiſely; but at preſent m ſatisfy'd to trifle away my time any way, ra- r than let it ſtick by me; as ſhop-keepers are d to be rid of thoſe goods at any rate, which uld otherwiſe always be lying upon their hands.

Sir, if you will favour me ſometimes with your ters, it will be a great ſatisfaction to me on ſe- al accounts; and on this in particular, that it

will ſhow me (to my comfort) that even a w
is ſometimes very idle; for ſo you muſt r
when you can find leiſure to write to

Your

LETTER II.

April 27, 1

I Have nothing to ſay to you in this letter
was reſolv'd to write to tell you ſo. Why
not I content myſelf with ſo many great E
of deep Divines, profound Caſuiſts, grave I
phers; who have written, not letters onl
whole Tomes and voluminous Treatiſes abo
thing? Why ſhould a fellow like me, whc
life does nothing, be aſham'd to write nothin
that to one who has nothing to do but to r
But perhaps you'll ſay, the whole world ha
thing to do, ſomething to talk of, ſomething
for, ſomething to be employ'd about: But pr
caſt up the account, put all theſe ſomething
ther, and what is the ſum total but juſt noth
have no more to ſay, but to deſire you to g
ſervice (that is nothing) to your friends, and
lieve that I am nothing more than

Your,

Ex nihilo nil fit. Luc

LETTER III.

May 10, 1708.

YOU talk of fame and glory, and of the great men of Antiquity: Pray, tell me, what are your great dead men, but ſo many little living ters? What a vaſt reward is here for all the ink ſhed by Writers, and all the blood ſpilt by Prin- ? There was in old time one Severus a Roman nperor. I dare ſay you never called him by any ier name in your life: and yet in his days he was led Lucius, Septimius, Severus, Pius, Pertinax, Au- ſtus, Parthicus, Adiabenicus, Arabicus, Maximus, d what not? What a prodigious waſte of letters s time made! what a number have here dropt off, d left the poor ſurviving ſeven unattended! For own part, four are all I have to care for; and be judg'd by you if any man cou'd live in leſs npaſs? Well, for the future I'll drown all high ughts in the Lethe of cowſlip-wine; as for Fame, nown, Reputation, take 'em, Critics!

Tradam protervis in Mare Criticum.
Ventis.

If ever I ſeek for Immortality here, may I be nn'd, for there is not ſo much danger in a Poet's ng damn'd:

Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd Poet lives and writes again.

LETTER IV.

Nov. 1, 1708.

I Have been ſo well ſatisfy'd with the Country ev
ſince I ſaw you, that I have not once thought
the Town, or enquir'd of any one in it beſides M
Wycherley and yourſelf. And from him I unde
ſtand of your journey this ſummer into Leiceſte
ſhire; from whence I gueſs you are return'd by th
time, to your old apartment in the widow's corne
to your old buſineſs of comparing Critics, and r
conciling Commentators, and to your old diverſio
of loſing a game at piquet with the ladies, and ha
a play, or quarter of a play, at the theatre: whe
you are none of the malicious audience, but t
chief of amorous ſpectators; and for the infirmi
of one * ſenſe, which there, for the moſt part, cou
only ſerve to diſguſt you, enjoy the vigour of a
other, which raviſhes you.

[† *You know, when one ſenſe is ſuppreſs'd,*
It but retires into the reſt.

according to the poetical, not the learned, Dodwel
who has done one thing worthy of eternal memor
wrote two lines in his life that are not nonſenſe
So you have the advantage of being entertain'd wi
all the beauty of the boxes, without being troubl

* His Hearing.

† Omitted by the Author in his own edition.

ith any of the dulneſs of the ſtage. You are ſo ood a critic, that 'tis the greateſt happineſs of the odern Poets that you do not hear their works: id next, that you are not ſo arrant a critic, as to amn them (like the reſt) without hearing. But ow I talk of thoſe critics, I have good news to tell ou concerning myſelf, for which I expect you ould congratulate with me: It is that, beyond all y expectations, and far above my demerits, I have en moſt mercifully repriev'd by the ſovereign wer of Jacob Tonſon, from being brought forth public puniſhment; and reſpited from time to ne from the hands of thoſe barbarous executioners the Muſes, whom I was juſt now ſpeaking of. It ten happens, that guilty Poets, like other guilty Cri- inals, when once they are known and proclaim'd, liver themſelves into the hands of juſtice, only to event others from doing it more to their diſadvan- ge; and not out of any ambition to ſpread their me, by being executed in the face of the world, hich is a fame but of ſhort continuance. That et were a happy man who could but obtain a ant to preſerve his for ninety-nine years; for thoſe mes very rarely laſt ſo many days, which are anted either in Jacob Tonſon's, or the Ordinary of ewgate's Miſcellanies.

I have an hundred things to ſay to you, which all be deferr'd till I have the happineſs of ſeeing u in town, for the ſeaſon now draws on, that in-

vites every body thither. Some of them I had co
municated to you by letters before this, if I had
been uncertain where you paſs'd your time the
ſeaſon: So much fine weather, I doubt not, l
given you all the pleaſure you could deſire from
country, and your own thoughts the beſt compa
in it. But nothing could allure Mr. Wycherley
our foreſt, he continued (as you told me long ſi
he would) an obſtinate lover of the town, in ſp
of friendſhip and fair weather. Therefore hen
forward, to all thoſe conſiderable qualities I kn
you poſſeſs'd of, I ſhall add that of Prophecy. I
I ſtill believe Mr. Wycherley's intentions were go
and am ſatisfy'd that he promiſes nothing, but w
a real deſign to perform it: how much ſoever
other excellent qualities are above my imitation,
ſincerity, I hope, is not; and it is with the utm
that I am,

Sir, &c,

LETTER V.

Jan 22, 1708-9

I Had ſent you the incloſ'd * papers before
time, but that I intended to have brought th
myſelf, and afterwards could find no opportunit

* This was a tranſlation of the firſt book of Statius,
when the author was but fourteen years old, as appears by a
vertiſement before the firſt edition of it in a miſcellany publ
by B. Lintot, 8vo. 1712.

ending them without ſuſpicion of their miſcarrying; not that they are of the leaſt value, but for fear ome body might be fooliſh enough to imagine them o, and inquiſitive enough to diſcover thoſe faults which I (by your help) would correct. I therefore eg the favour of you to let them go no farther than your chamber, and to be very free of your remarks n the margins, not only in regard to the accuracy, ut to the fidelity of the tranſlation; which I have ot had time to compare with its original. And I leſire you to be more ſevere, as it is much more riminal for me to make another ſpeak nonſenſe, han to do it in my own proper perſon. For your etter help in comparing, it may be fit to tell you, hat this is not an entire verſion of the firſt book. There is an omiſſion from the 168th line—*Jam murmura ſerpunt Plebis Agenoreæ*—to the 312th—*Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris*—(between theſe two Statius has a deſcription of the council of the Gods, and a ſpeech of Jupiter; which contain a peculiar beauty and majeſty, and were left out for no other reaſon, but becauſe the conſequence of this machine appears not till the ſecond book.) The tranſlation goes on from thence to the words *Hic vero ambobus rabiem fortuna cruentam*, where there is an odd account of a battle at fifty cuffs between two Princes on a very ſlight occaſion, and at a time when,

* Theſe be ſince tranſlated, and they are extant in the printed verſion.

one would think, the fatigue of their journey, in tempeſtuous a night, might have render'd them v unfit for ſuch a ſcuffle. This I had actually tr ſlated, but was very ill ſatisfied with it, even in i own words, to which an author cannot but be p tial enough of conſcience; it was therefore omit in this copy, which goes on above eighty lines f ther, at the words—*Hic primum luſtrare oculis,* —to the end of the book.

You will find, I doubt not, that Statius was nc of the diſcreeteſt Poets, tho' he was the beſt verſi next Virgil: In the very beginning he unluckily b trays his ignorance in the rules of Poetry (whi Horace had already taught the Romans) when aſks his Muſe where to begin his Thebaid, and ſee to doubt whether it ſhould not be *ab ovo Led* When he comes to the ſcene of his Poem, and t prize in diſpute between the brothers, he gives u very mean opinion of it—*Pugna eſt de paupere reg* —Very different from the conduct of his maſ Virgil, who at the entrance of his Poem informs l reader of the greatneſs of its ſubject.—*Tantæ mo erat Romanam condere gentem* [Boſſu on Epic Poetry There are innumerable little faults in him, amo which I cannot but take notice of one in this boc where ſpeaking of the implacable hatred of t brothers, he ſays, *The whole world would be too ſm a prize to repay ſo much impiety.*

Quid ſi peterctur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emiſſus Eoo
Cardine, quem porta vergens proſpectat Ibera?

This was pretty well, one would think, already, but he goes on.

Quaſque procul terras obliquo ſidere tangit
Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti?

After all this, what could a Poet think of but Heaven itſelf for the prize! but what follows is aſtoniſhing.

Quid ſi Tyriæ Phrygiæve ſub unum
Convectentur opes?

I do not remember to have met with ſo great a fall in any ancient author whatſoever. I ſhould not have inſiſted ſo much on the faults of this Poet, if I did not hope you would take the ſame freedom with, and revenge it upon his Tranſlator. I ſhall be extremely glad if the reading this can be any amuſement to you, the rather becauſe I had the diſſatisfaction to hear you have been confin'd to your chamber by an illneſs, which, I fear, was as troubleſome a companion as I have ſometimes been in the ſame place; where, if ever you found any pleaſure in my company, it muſt ſurely have been that, which moſt men take in obſerving the faults and follies of another; a pleaſure, which, you ſee, I take care to give you even in my abſence.

If you will oblige me at your leiſure with
firmation of your recovery, under your ow
it will be extremely grateful to me, for nex
pleaſure of ſeeing my friends, is that I take
ing from them; and in this particular I am
all acknowledgments obliged to our friend M
cherley. I know I need no apology to
ſpeaking of him, whoſe example, as I am
following in all things, ſo in nothing more
profeſſing myſelf, like him,

Your,

LETTER VI.

March 7, 1

YOU had long before this time been
with a letter from me, but that I de
till I could ſend you either the * Miſcellany,
continuation of the verſion of Statius. T
imagin'd you might have had before now, b
the contrary has happen'd, you may draw thi
from it, That authors in general are more
write nonſenſe than bookſellers are to publiſ
had I know not what extraordinary flux of
upon me for three days together, in which
the verſes you ſee added, have been written;

* Jacob Tonſon's ſixth volume of Poetical Miſcel
which Mr. Pope's Paſtorals, and ſome verſions of H
Chaucer were firſt printed.

, that you may more freely be ſevere upon
Tis a mercy I do not aſſault you with a
of original Sonnets and Epigrams, which
ern bards put forth in the ſpring-time, in
bundance, as the trees do bloſſoms, a very
eof ever come to the fruit, and pleaſe no
an juſt in their birth. They make no leſs
ring their flowers of wit to the preſs, than
to bring their other flowers to the market,
they can't get off their hands in the morn-
ure to die before night. Thus the ſame
it furniſhes Covent-garden with thoſe noſe-
ſo delight in, ſupplies the *Muſes Mercury*
& Apollo (not to ſay *Jacob*'s Miſcellanies)
es. And it is the happineſs of this age,
modern invention of printing poems for
iece, has brought the noſegays of Parnaſſus
e ſame price; whereby the public-ſpirited
y Hills of black-friars has been the cauſe of
and ſingular comfort to all the learned,
over-abounding in tranſitory coin, ſhould
ſcontented (methinks) even though poems
ibuted gratis about the ſtreets, like Bu-
nons and other pious treatiſes, uſually pub-
like volume and character.

ne now drawing nigh, when you uſe with
) croſs the water in an evening to Spring-
hope you will have a fair opportunity of
her:——I mean only (as Old-fox in the
er ſays) through the ear, with your well-

penn'd verſes. I wiſh you all the pleaſure
the ſeaſon and the nymph can afford; the b
pany, the beſt coffee, and the beſt news you
ſire: and what more to wiſh you than this,
know; unleſs it be a great deal of patience
and examine the verſes I ſend you: I pro
in return a great deal of deference to yo
ment, and an extraordinary obedience to yo
ments for the future, (to which, you know
been ſometimes a little refractory.) If you wi
to begin where you left off laſt, and mark t
gins, as you have done in the pages imm
before (which you will find corrected to yo
ſince your laſt peruſal) you will extremely
me, and improve my tranſlation. Beſid
places which may deviate from the ſenſe of
thor, it would be very kind in you to obſe
deficiencies in the diction or numbers. The
in particular I would avoid as much as poſ
which you are certainly in the right to b
feſs'd enemy: tho', I confeſs, I could not
poſſible at all times to be avoided by any wr
I found by reading Malherbe lately, that
ſcarce any throughout his poems. I thou
obſervation true enough to be paſs'd int
but not a rule without exceptions, nor tha
had been reduced to practice: But this exa
one of the moſt correct and beſt of their P
undeceived me, and confirms your opini

ſtrongly, and much more than Mr. Dryden's authority, who, tho' he made it a rule, ſeldom obſerv'd it.

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

June 10, 1709.

I Have received part of the verſion of Statius, and return you my thanks for your remarks, which I think to be juſt, except where you cry out (like one in Horace's Art of poetry) *pulchre, bene, recte!* There I have ſome fears you are often, if not always, in the wrong.

One of your objections, namely on that paſſage,

The reſt revolving years ſhall ripen into fate,

may be well grounded, in relation to its not being the exact ſenſe of the words—* *Certo reliqua ordine ducam.* But the duration of the Action of Statius's poem may as well be excepted againſt, as many things beſides in him: (which I wonder Boſſu has not obſerv'd) for inſtead of confining his narration to *one year*, it is manifeſtly exceeded in the very firſt two books: The narration begins with Oedipus's prayer to the Fury to promote diſcord betwixt his ſons; afterwards the Poet expreſly deſcribes their en-

* See the firſt book of Statius, v. 302.

tring into the agreement of reigning a year by
and Polynices takes his flight from Thebes
brother's refuſal to reſign the throne. All th
the firſt book; in the next Tydeus is ſent amb
to Eteocles, and demands his reſignation i
terms,

Aſtriferum velox jam circulus orbem
Torſit, & amiſſæ redierunt montibus umbr
Ex quo frater inops, ignota per oppida triſ
Exul agit caſus.

But Boſſu himſelf is miſtaken in one particul
lating to the commencement of the action;
in book ii. cap. 8. that Statius opens it wit
ropa's Rape, whereas the Poet at moſt only
rates whether he ſhould or not?

Unde jubetis
Ire, Deæ? gentiſne canam primordia diræ
Sidonios raptus? &c.

but then expreſly paſſes all this with a *longa r*
ries—and ſays

limes mihi carminis eſto
Oedipodæ confuſa domus.

Indeed there are numberleſs particulars blame-
in our author, which I have try'd to ſoften
verſion:

dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
In latus, & geminis vix fluctibus obſtitit Iſt

moſt extravagantly hyperbolical: Nor did I ever
d a greater piece of tautology than

Vacua cum ſolus *in aula*
Reſpiceres jus omne tuum, cunctoſque minores,
Et nuſquam par *ſtare* caput.

In the journey of Polynices is ſome geographical
or,

In mediis audit duo litora campis

uld hardly be; for the Iſthmus of Corinth is full
e miles over: And *caligantes abrupto ſole Mycenæ*,
not conſiſtent with what he tells us, in lib. iv. lin.
5. "that thoſe of Mycenæ came not to the war
at this time, becauſe they were then in confuſion
by the diviſions of the brothers, Atreus and Thy-
eſtes." Now from the raiſing the Greek army
ainſt Thebes, back to the time of this journey of
lynices, is (according to Statius's own account)
ree years.

Yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

July 17, 1709.

THE morning after I parted from you, I found
myſelf (as I had propheſied) all alone, in an
eaſy Stage-coach; a doleful change from that
reeable company I enjoy'd the night before! with-
: the leaſt hope of entertainment but from my laſt

recourſe in ſuch caſes, a book. I then began to enter into acquaintance with your Moralists, and had juſt receiv'd from them ſome cold conſolation for the inconveniencies of this life, and the uncertainty of human affairs; when I perceiv'd my vehicle to ſtop, and heard from the ſide of it the dreadful news of a ſick woman preparing to enter it. 'Tis not eaſy to gueſs at my mortification, but being ſo well fortify'd with philoſophy, I ſtood reſign'd with a ſtoical conſtancy to endure the worſt of evils, a ſick woman. I was indeed a little comforted to find, by her voice and dreſs, that ſhe was young and a gentlewoman; but no ſooner was her hood remov'd but I ſaw one of the fineſt faces I ever beheld, and to increaſe my ſurprize, heard her ſalute me by my name. I never had more reaſon to accuſe nature for making me ſhort-ſighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever ſeen thoſe fair eyes which knew me ſo well, and was utterly at a loſs how to addreſs myſelf; till with a great deal of ſimplicity and innocence ſhe let me know (even before I diſcover'd my ignorance) that ſhe was the daughter of one in our neighbourhood, lately marry'd, who having been conſulting her phyſicians in town, was returning into the country, to try what good air and huſband could do to recover her. My father, you muſt know, has ſometimes recommended the ſtudy of phyſic to me, but I never had any ambition to be a doctor till this inſtant. I ventur'd to preſcribe ſome fruit (which I happen'd to have in the coach

:h being forbidden her by her doctors, ſhe had more inclination to. In ſhort, I tempted, and eat; nor was I more like the Devil than ſhe like . Having the good ſucceſs of the 'foreſaid apter before my eyes, I put on the gallantry of old ſerpent, and in ſpite of my evil form accoſt-ıer with all the gaity I was maſter of; which ſo good an effect, that in leſs than an hour ſhe v pleaſant; her colour return'd, and ſhe was s'd to ſay my preſcription had wrought an imme-e cure: In a word, I had the pleaſanteſt journey ginable.

Thus far (methinks) my letter has ſomething of air of a romance, tho' it be true. But I hope will look on what follows as the greateſt of hs, that I think myſelf extremely obliged by ı in all points; eſpecially for your kind and ho-ırable information and advice in a matter of the ıoſt concern to me, which I ſhall ever acknow-ge as the higheſt proof at once of your friend-ɔ, juſtice and ſincerity. At the ſame time be ar'd, that Gentleman we ſpoke of, ſhall never by / alteration in me diſcover my knowledge of his ıake; the hearty forgiving of which is the only ıd of return I can poſſibly make him for ſo many ours: And I may derive this pleaſure at leaſt m it, that whereas I muſt otherwiſe have been a le uneaſy to know my incapacity of returning his igations, I may now, by bearing his frailty, ex-

exerciſe my gratitude and friendſhip more, than him ſelf either is, or perhaps ever will be ſenſible of.

Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores
Abſtulit; ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulchro!

But in one thing, I muſt confeſs you have yourſ obliged me more than any man, which is, that y have ſhew'd me many of my faults, to which as y are the more an implacable enemy, by ſo much t more you are a kind friend to me. I could be prou in revenge, to find a few ſlips in your verſes, whic I read in London, and ſince in the country, wi more application and pleaſure: the thoughts a very juſt, and you are ſure not to let them ſuffer the verſification. If you would oblige me with t truſt of any thing of yours, I ſhould be glad to ex cute any commiſſions you would give me concerni them. I am here ſo perfectly at leiſure, that nothi would be ſo agreeable an entertainment to me; b if you will not afford me that, do not deny me leaſt the ſatisfaction of your letters as long as we a abſent, if you would not have him very unhapp who is very ſincerely

Your, &c.

Having a vacant ſpace here, I will fill it with ſhort Ode on Solitude, which I found yeſterday great accident, and which I find by the date, w written when I was not twelve years old; that y may perceive how long I have continued in my paſſi for a rural life, and in the ſame employments of i

he man, whoſe wiſh and care
paternal acres bound,
to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

erds with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
e flocks ſupply him with attire,
rees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter, fire.

ho can unconcern'dly find
, days, and years ſlide ſoft away,
a of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

ep by night; ſtudy and eaſe,
her mix'd; ſweet recreation,
ocence which moſt does pleaſe,
With meditation.

t me live, unſeen, unknown,
unlamented let me die,
m the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

LETTER IX.

Aug. 19, 1709.

to write to you as often as I think of letters would be as bad as a rent-charge; one be but too little for your good-na-ier would be too much for your quiet.

which is one bleſſing good-nature ſhould ind
ſably receive from mankind, in return for
many it gives. I have been inform'd of lat
much I am indebted to that quality of yo
ſpeaking well of me in my abſence; the only
by which you prove yourſelf no wit nor critic
indeed I have often thought, that a friend wil
juſt as much indulgence (and no more) to my
when I am abſent, as he does ſeverity to 'em
I am preſent. To be very frank with you,
muſt own, that where I receiv'd ſo much civ
firſt, I could hardly have expected ſo much fi
afterwards. But now I have only to wiſh, t
laſt were but equal to the firſt, and that as yo
omitted nothing to oblige me, ſo you woul
nothing to improve me.

I caus'd an acqaintance of mine to enquire
of your welfare, by whom I have been inf
that you have left your ſpeculative angle in t
dow's Coffee-houſe, and bidding adieu fo
time to all the Rehearſals, Reviews, Gazett
have march'd off into Lincolnſhire. Thus
you vary your life in the ſcene at leaſt, tho'
the action; for tho' life for the moſt part,
old play, be ſtill the ſame, yet now and then
ſcene may make it more entertaining. As f
ſelf, I would not have my life a very regula
let it be * a good merry farce, a G-d's name

* *Tolerable farce*, in the Author's own Edit. *a G* omitted there.

itical unities! For the generality of men,
rn life is like a true modern play, nei-
, comedy, nor farce, nor one, nor all
ery actor is much better known by his
ſame face, than by keeping the ſame
or we change our minds as often as they
ts, and he who was yeſterday Cæſar is
ohn Daw. So that one might aſk the
n of a modern life, that Rich did of a
; "Pray do me the favour, Sir, to in-
Is this your Tragedy or your Co-

elt the longer upon this, becauſe I per-
it might be uſeful, at a time when we
atre, to divert ourſelves at this great
is a glorious ſtanding comedy of Fools,
ery man is heartily merry, and thinks
nconcern'd ſpectator. This (to our fin-
t) neither my Lord Chamberlain, nor
erſelf can ever ſhut up, or ſilence.——
t of Drury (alas!) lies deſolate, in the
peace: and the melancholy proſpect of
yet lingering about its beloved avenues,
leſs moving than that of the Trojan
ting over their ruin'd Ilium! What now
e, diſpoſſeſs'd of their ancient ſeats, but
captives to the inſulting victors of the
? The afflicted ſubjects of France do

lows to the end of this Letter, is omitted in the Edit.

not, in our Poſtman, ſo grievouſly deplore the c
ſtinacy of their arbitrary monarch, as theſe peri
ing people of Drury, the obdurate heart of that Pl
raoh, Rich, who, like him, diſdains all propoſals
peace and accommodation. Several libels have be
ſecretly affixed to the great gates of his imperial p
lace in Bridges-ſtreet: and a memorial, repreſenti
the diſtreſſes of theſe perſons, has been accidenta
dropt (as we are credibly informed by a perſon
quality) out of his firſt miniſter the chief bo
keeper's pocket, at a late conference of the fi
perſon of quality and others, on the part of t
Confederates, and his Theatrical Majeſty on his o
part. Of this you may expect a copy, as ſoon a
ſhall be tranſmitted to us from a good hand. As
the late Congreſs, it is here reported, that it has
been wholly ineffectual; but this wants confirmatio
yet we cannot but hope the concurring prayers a
tears of ſo many wretched ladies may induce t
haughty prince to reaſon.

I am, &c

LETTER X.

Oct. 19, 170

I May truly ſay I am more obliged to you
ſummer than to any of my acquaintance,
had it not been for the two kind letters you
me, I had been perfectly *oblituſque meorum obl*

& illis. The only companions I had were Muſes, of whom Tully ſays, *Adoleſcentiam , ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſfugium ac ſolatium præbent, delectant domi, non diunt foris, pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſtur:* which is indeed as much as ever I expect-rom them: For the Muſes, if you take them as ıpanions, are very pleaſant and agreeable; but oever ſhould be forced to live or depend upon a, would find himſelf in a very bad condition. aat Quiet, which Cowley calls the *Companion of bſcurity*, was not wanting to me, unleſs it was in-ɪrrupted by thoſe fears you ſo juſtly gueſs I had for ur friend's welfare. 'Tis extremely kind in you to ell me the news you heard of him, and you have deliver'd me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his account, as I am convinced by his long ſilence. However, the love of ſome things rewards itſelf, as of virtue, and of Mr. Wycherley. I am ſurprized at the danger, you tell me, he has been in, and muſt agree with you, that our nation would have loſt in him, as much wit and probity, as would have remain'd (for ought I know) in the reſt of it. My concern for his friendſhip will excuſe me (ſince I know you honour him ſo much, and ſince you know I love him above all men) if I vent a part of my uneaſineſs to you, and tell you, that there has not been wanting one, to inſinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr. Wycherley, which, I fear, may have had ſome effect upon him. If ſo, he will have

a greater puniſhment for his credulity than I could wiſh him, in that fellow's acquaintance. The loſs of a faithful creature is ſomething, though of ever ſo contemptible an one; and if I were to change my dog for ſuch a man as the aforeſaid, I ſhould think my dog undervalued: (who follows me about as conſtantly here in the country, as I was uſed to do Mr. Wycherley in the town.)

Now I talk of my dog, that I may not treat of a worſe ſubject, which my ſpleen tempts me to, I will give you ſome account of him; a thing not wholly unprecedented, ſince Montaigne (to whom I am but a dog in compariſon) has done the ſame thing of his Cat. *Dic mihi quid melius defidioſus agam?* You are to know then, that as 'tis likeneſs begets affection, ſo my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the fineſt ſhap'd. He is not much a ſpaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any man's while to imitate him in) a dumb ſurly ſort of kindneſs, that rather ſhews itſelf when he thinks me ill us'd by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourſelves. If it be the chief point of friendſhip to comply with a friend's motions and inclinations, he poſſeſſes this in an eminent degree; he lies down when I ſit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to, witneſs our walk a year ago in St. James's Park.—Hiſtories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will *not* inſiſt upon many of them, becauſe it is poſſible

ıe may be almoſt as fabulous as thoſe of Pylades
l Oreſtes, &c. I will only ſay for the honour of
gs, that the two moſt antient and eſteemable
oks, ſacred and prophane, extant (viz. the Scrip-
e and Homer) have ſhewn a particular regard to
ſe animals. That of Toby is the more remark-
le, becauſe there ſeem'd no manner of reaſon to
ke notice of the dog, beſides the great humanity
the author. Homer's account of Ulyſſes's dog
rgus is the moſt pathetic imaginable, all the cir-
mſtances conſider'd, and an excellent proof of the
d bard's good-nature. Ulyſſes had left him at
haca when he embarked for Troy, and found him
his return after twenty years (which by the way is
ıt unnatural, as ſome critics have ſaid, ſince I re-
ember the dam of my dog was twenty-two years
d when ſhe dy'd: May the omen of longævity
ove fortunate to her ſucceſſors.) You ſhall have it
ı verſe.

A R G U S.

When wiſe Ulyſſes, from his native coaſt
ong kept by wars, and long by tempeſts toſt,
rriv'd at laſt, poor, old, diſguis'd, alone,
o all his friends, and ev'n his Queen unknown;
hang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
urrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
ı his own palace forc'd to aſk his bread,
orn'd by thoſe ſlaves his former bounty fed,

Forgot of all his own domeſtic crew;
The faithful dog alone his rightful maſter knew;
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old ſervant now caſhier'd, he lay;
Touch'd with reſentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his antient Lord again.
Him when he ſaw—he roſe, and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he cou'd) and fawn'd, and kiſs'd his fee
Seiz'd with dumb joy—then falling by his ſide,
Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and dy'd!

Plutarch relating how the Athenians were oblig
to abandon Athens in the time of Themiſtocle
ſteps back again out of the way of his hiſtory, pure
to deſcribe the lamentable cries and howlings of th
poor dogs they left behind He makes mention o
one, that follow'd his maſter acroſs the ſea to Sal
mis where he dy'd, and was honoured with a tom
by the Athenians, who gave the name of the Dog
Grave to that part of the iſland were he was bu
ried This reſpect to a dog in the moſt polite peop
of the world, is very obſervable. A modern inſtan
of gratitude to a dog (tho' we have but few ſuch) i
that the chief order of Denmark (now injurioul
call'd the order of the Elephant) was inſtituted i
memory of the fidelity of a dog, nam'd Wild-bra
to one of their Kings who had been deſerted by h
ſubjects: he gave his order this motto, or to th
effect (which ſtill remains) *Wild-brat was faithfi*
Sir William Trumbull has told me a ſtory * whi

* Sir Philip Warwick tells this ſtory in his memoirs.

eard from one that was preſent: King Charles I. g with ſome of his court during his troubles, a urſe aroſe what ſort of dogs deſerv'd pre-emi- e, and it being on all hands agreed to belong r to the ſpaniel or grey-hound, the King gave pinion on the part of the grey-hound, becauſe he) it has all the Good-nature of the other out the fawning. A good piece of ſatire upon ourtiers, with which I will conclude my diſ- e of dogs. Call me a cynic, or what you e, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will ntented; provided you will but believe me, I ſay a bold word for a Chriſtian, that of all , you will find none more faithful than

Your, &c.

LETTER XI.

April 10, 1710.

ad written to you ſooner, but that I made ſome cruple of ſending profane things to you in holy . Beſides, our family would have been ſcan- 'd to ſee me write, who take it for granted I nothing but ungodly verſes. I aſſure you, I ok'd upon in the neighbourhood for a very diſpos'd perſon; no great Hunter indeed, but a admirer of the noble ſport, and only unhappy want of conſtitution for that, and Drinking. all ſay, 'tis pity I am ſo ſickly, and I think 'tis

pity they are ſo healthy. But I ſay nothing that may deſtroy their good opinion of me: I have not quoted one Latin author ſince I came down, but have learn'd without book a ſong of Mr. Thomas Durfey's, who is your only Poet of tolerable reputation in this country. He makes all the merriment in our entertainments, and but for him, there would be ſo miſerable a dearth of catches, that, I fear, they would put either the Parſon or me upon making ſome for 'em. Any man, of any quality, is heartily welcome to the beſt toping-table of our gentry, who can roar out ſome Rhapſodies of his works: ſo that in the ſame manner as it was ſaid of Homer to his detractors; What, dares any man ſpeak againſt him who has given ſo many men to *eat?* (meaning the Rhapſodiſts who liv'd by repeating his verſes) thus may it be ſaid of Mr. Durfey to his detractors Dares any one deſpiſe him, who has made ſo many men *drink?* Alas, Sir! this is a glory which neither you nor I muſt ever pretend to. Neither you with your Ovid, nor I with my Statius, can amuſe a board of juſtices and extraordinary 'ſquires, or gain one hum of approbation, or laugh of admiration. Theſe things (they would ſay) are too ſtudious, they may do well enough with ſuch as love reading, but give us your ancient Poet Mr. Durfey! 'Tis mortifying enough, it muſt be confeſs'd; but however let us proceed in the way that nature has directed us. *Multi multa ſciunt, ſed nemo omnia,* as it is ſaid in the almanack. Let us communicate our works for our

nal comfort; ſend me elegies, and you ſhall not
it heroics. At preſent, I have only theſe Argu-
nts in proſe to the Thebaid, which you claim by
miſe, as I do your Tranſlation of *Pars me Sulmo*
t—and the *Ring*; the reſt I hope for as ſoon as
I can conveniently tranſcribe them, and whatſo-
r orders you are pleas'd to give me ſhall be punc-
lly obey'd by Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

May 10, 1710.

Had not ſo long omitted to expreſs my acknow-
ledgments to you for ſo much good-nature and
endſhip as you lately ſhow'd me; but that I am but
ſt return'd to my own hermitage, from Mr. C*'s,
ho has done me ſo many favours, that I am almoſt
clin'd to think my friends infect one another, and
at your converſation with him has made him as
bliging to me as yourſelf. I can aſſure you, he
as a ſincere reſpect for you, and this, I believe, he
as partly contracted from me, who am too full of
ou not to overflow upon thoſe I converſe with. But
muſt now be contented to converſe only with the
ead of this world, that is to ſay, the dull and ob-
cure, every way obſcure, in their intellects as well
s their perſons: or elſe have recourſe to the living
ead, the old Authors with whom you are ſo well
equainted, even from Virgil down to Aulus Gellius,

whom I do not think a critic by any means to be compar'd to Mr. Dennis: And I muſt declare poſitively to you, that I will perſiſt in this opinion, till you become a little more civil to Atticus. Who could have imagin'd, that he, who had eſcap'd all the miſfortunes of his time, unhurt even by the proſcriptions of Antony and Auguſtus, ſhould in theſe days find an enemy more ſevere and barbarous than thoſe tyrants? and that enemy the gentleſt too, the beſtnatur'd of mortals, Mr. Cromwell, whom I muſt in this compare once more to Auguſtus: who ſeem'd not more unlike himſelf, in the ſeverity of one part of his life and the clemency of the other, than you. I leave you to reflect on this, and hope that time (which mollifies rocks, and of ſtiff things makes limber) will turn a reſolute critic to a gentle reader; and inſtead of this poſitive, tremendous, new-faſhion'd Mr. Cromwell, reſtore unto us our old acquaintance the ſoft, beneficent, and courteous Mr. Cromwell.

I expect much, towards the civilizing of you in your critical capacity, from the innocent air and tranquillity of our Foreſt, when you do me the favour to viſit it. In the mean time, it would do well by way of preparative, if you would duly and conſtantly every morning read over a paſtoral of Theocritus or Virgil; and let the lady Iſabella put your Macrobius and Aulus Gellius ſomewhere out of your way, for a month or ſo. Who knows, but travelling and long airing in an open field, may contribute

more ſucceſsfully to the cooling a critic's ſeverity, than it did to the aſſuaging of Mr. Cheek's anger, of old? In theſe fields, you will be ſecure of finding no enemy, but the moſt faithful and affectionate of your friends, &c.

LETTER XIII.

May 17, 1710.

AFTER I had recover'd from a dangerous illneſs which was firſt contracted in town, about a fortnight after my coming hither I troubled you with a letter, and * paper inclos'd, which you had been ſo obliging as to deſire a ſight of when laſt I ſaw you, promiſing me in return ſome tranſlations of yours from Ovid. Since when, I have not had a ſyllable from your hands, ſo that 'tis to be fear'd that tho' I have eſcap'd death, I have not oblivion. I ſhould at leaſt have expected you to have finiſhed that elegy upon me, which you told me, you was upon the point of beginning when I was ſick in London; if you will but do ſo much for me firſt, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at diſcretion, and at my leiſure. But I fear I muſt be forced, like many learned authors, to write my own epitaph, if I would be remembered at all. Monſieur de la Fontaine's

* Verſes on Silence, in imitation of the Earl of Rocheſter's poem on Nothing; done at fourteen years old.

would fit me to a hair; but it is a kind of (do you think it is not?) to ſteal epitaphs preſent, living dead condition, nothing properer than *Oblituſque meorum, obliviſcend* but that unluckily I can't forget my friends civilities I received from yourſelf, and ſon They ſay indeed 'tis one quality of generc to forget the obligations they have confe perhaps too it may be ſo to forget thoſe they conferr'd 'em: Then indeed I muſt be to all intents and purpoſes! I am, it muſt dead in a natural capacity, according to M ſtaff; dead in a poetical capacity, as a da thor; and dead in a civil capacity, as member of the Common-wealth. But reſl Sir, what melancholy effects may enſue men are not civil to one another! If he nothing to do himſelf, will not comfort an another in his idleneſs: If thoſe who a themſelves, will not now and then pay the viſiting a tomb and a dead friend, and ſtrow flowers over him: In the ſhades where I an habitants have a mutual compaſſion for ea being all alike Inanes; we ſaunter to one habitations, and daily aſſiſt each other in thing at all. This I mention for your e and example, that all alive as you are, you ſometimes diſdain – *deſipere in loco.* Tho' y Papiſt, and have not ſo much regard to th to addreſs yourſelf to them (which I plainl

by your ſilence) yet I hope you are not one of thoſe heterodox, who hold them to be totally inſenſible of the good offices and kind wiſhes of their living friends, and to be in a dull ſtate of ſleep, without one dream of thoſe they left behind them. If you are, let this letter convince you to the contrary, which aſſures you I am ſtill, tho' in a ſtate of ſeparation, Your, &c.

P. S. This letter of deaths, puts me in mind of poor Mr. Betterton's; over whom I would have this ſentence of Tully for an epitaph, which will ſerve him as well in his Moral, as his Theatrical capacity.

Vitæ bene actæ jucundiſſima eſt recordatio.

LETTER XIV.

June 24, 1710.

'TIS very natural for a young friend, and a young lover, to think the perſons they love have nothing to do but to pleaſe them; when perhaps they, for their parts, had twenty other engagements before. This was my caſe, when I wonder'd I did not hear from you; but I no ſooner receiv'd your ſhort letter, but I forgot your long ſilence: and ſo many fine things as you ſaid of me could not but have wrought a cure on my own ſickneſs, if it had not been of the nature of that, which is deaf to the voice of the charmer. 'Twas impoſſible you could

have better tim'd your compliment on my philoſophy; it was certainly propereſt to commend me for it juſt when I moſt needed it, and when I could leaſt be proud of it; that is, when I was in pain. 'Tis not eaſy to expreſs what an exaltation it gave to my ſpirits, above all the cordials of my doctor; and 'tis no compliment to tell you, that your compliments were ſweeter than the ſweeteſt of his juleps and ſyrups. But if you will not believe ſo much,

Pour le moins, votre compliment
M'a ſoulagé dans ce moment;
Et dès qu'on me l'eſt venu faire
J'ai chaſſé mon apoticaire,
Et renvoyé mon lavement.

Nevertheleſs I would not have you entirely lay aſide the thoughts of my epitaph, any more than I do thoſe of the probability of my becoming (e're long) the ſubject of one. For death has of late been very familiar with ſome of my ſize; I am told my Lord Lumley and Mr. Litton are gone before me; and tho' I may now without vanity, eſteem myſelf the leaſt thing like a man in England, yet I can't but be ſorry, two heroes of ſuch a make ſhould die inglorious in their beds; when it had been a fate more worthy our ſize, had they met with theirs from an irruption of Cranes, or other warlike animals, thoſe ancient enemies to our Pygmæan anceſtors! You of a ſuperior ſpecies little regard what befals us *homunciones ſeſquipedales*; however, you have

reaſon to be ſo unconcern'd, ſince all phyſicians
ree there is no greater ſign of a plague among
en, than a mortality among frogs. I was the
ier day in company with a lady, who rally'd my
rſon ſo much, as to cauſe a total ſubverſion of my
intenance: ſome days after, to be revenged on
r, I preſented her, among other company, the
lowing Rondeau on that occaſion, which I deſire
u to ſhow Sappho.

You know where you did deſpiſe
(T'other day) my little eyes,
Little legs, and little thighs,
And ſome things of little ſize,
You know where.

You, 'tis true, have fine black eyes,
Taper legs, and tempting thighs,
Yet what more than all we prize
Is a thing of little ſize,
You know where.

This ſort of writing call'd the Rondeau is what I
ver knew practis'd in our nation, and, I verily
ieve, it was not in uſe with the Greeks or Ro-
ns, neither Macrobius nor Hyginus taking the
t notice of it. 'Tis to be obſerv'd, that the vul-
ſpelling and pronouncing it Round O, is a ma-
ſt corruption, and by no means to be allow'd of
critics. Some may miſtakenly imagine that it
a ſort of Rondeau which the Gallick ſoldiers

ſung in Cæſar's triumph over Gaul—*Gallias Cæſar ſubegit*, &c. as it is recorded by Suetonius in Julio, and ſo derive its original from the ancient Gauls to the modern French: but this is erroneous; the words there not being ranged according to the Laws of the Rondeau, as laid down by Clement Marot. If you will ſay, that the ſong of the ſoldiers might be only the rude beginning of this kind of poem, and ſo conſequently imperfect, neither Heinſius nor I can be of that opinion; and ſo I conclude, that we know nothing of the matter.

But, Sir, I aſk your pardon for all this buffoonery, which I could not addreſs to any one ſo well as to you, ſince I have found by experience, you moſt eaſily forgive my impertinencies. 'Tis only to ſhow you that I am mindful of you at all times; that I write at all times; and as nothing I can ſay can be worth your reading, ſo I may as well throw out what comes uppermoſt, as ſtudy to be dull. I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

July 15, 1710.

AT laſt I have prevail'd over a lazy humour to tranſcribe this elegy: I have changed the ſituation of ſome of the Latin verſes, and made ſome interpolations, but I hope they are not abſurd, and

reign to my author's ſenſe and manner; but they e referr'd to your cenſure, as a debt; whom I eem no leſs a critic than a poet: I expect to be eated with the ſame rigour as I have practis'd to Ir. Dryden and you.

Hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim.

I deſire the favour of your opinion, why Priam, his ſpeech to Pyrrhus in the ſecond Æneid, ſays iis to him,

At non ille, ſatum quo te mentiris, Achilles.

le would intimate (I fancy by Pyrrhus's anſwer) aly his degeneracy: but then theſe following lines f the verſion (I ſuppoſe from Homer's hiſtory) em abſurd in the mouth of Priam, viz.

He chear'd my ſorrows, and for ſums of gold
The bloodleſs carcaſe of my Hector *ſold.*

I am

Your, &c.

LETTER XVI.

July 20, 1710.

I Give you thanks for the verſion you ſent me of Ovid's elegy. It is very much an image of that uthor's writing, who has an agreeableneſs that harms us without correctneſs, like a miſtreſs, whoſe ults we ſee, but love her with them all. You have

very judiciouſly alter'd his method in ſome places, and I can find nothing which I dare inſiſt upon as an error: what I have written in the margins being merely gueſſes at a little improvement, rather than criticiſms. I aſſure you I do not expect you ſhould ſubſcribe to my private notions but when you ſhall judge them agreeable to reaſon and good ſenſe. What I have done is not as a critic, but as a friend: I know too well how many qualities are requiſite to make the one, and that I want almoſt all I can reckon up; but I am ſure I do not want inclination, nor, I hope, capacity to be the other. Nor ſhall I take it at all amiſs, that another diffents from my opinion: 'Tis no more than I have often done from my own; and indeed, the more a man advances in underſtanding, he becomes the more every day a critic upon himſelf, and finds ſomething or other ſtill to blame in his former notions and opinions. I could be glad to know if you have tranſlated the 11th elegy of lib. ii. *Ad amicam navigantem.* The 8th of book iii, or the 11th of book iii, which are above all others my particular favourites, eſpecially the laſt of theſe.

As to the paſſage of which you aſk my opinion in the ſecond Æneid, it is either ſo plain as to require no ſolution; or elſe (which is very probable) you ſee farther into it than I can. Priam would ſay that "Achilles (whom ſurely you only feign to be "your father, ſince your actions are ſo different "from his) did not uſe me thus inhumanly. H

i'd at his murder of Hector, when he ſaw my
ws for him; and reſtored his dead body to
o be buried." To this the anſwer of Pyrrhus
:o be agreeable enough, "Go then to the
:s, and tell Achilles how I degenerate from
:" granting the truth of what Priam had ſaid
lifference between them. Indeed Mr. Dry-
ıentioning here what Virgil more judiciouſly
in ſilence, the circumſtance of Achilles's
for money the body of Hector, ſeems not ſo
; it in ſome meaſure leſſening the character
ılles's generoſity and piety, which is the very
of which Priam endeavours in this place to
e his ſon, and to reproach him with the
:. But the truth of this circumſtance is no
be queſtion'd, being expreſly taken from Ho-
ho repreſents Achilles weeping for Priam, yet
ıg the gold, Iliad xxiv. For when he gives
ly, he uſes theſe words, "O my friend Pa-
as! forgive me that I quit the corpſe of him
kill'd thee; I have great gifts in ranſom for
hich I will beſtow upon thy funeral"

I am, &c.

LETTER XVII.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Aug. 5, 1710.

LOOKING among ſome French rhymes, I was agreeably ſurpriz'd to find in the Rondeau of * *Pour le moins*—your Apoticaire and Lavement, which I took for your own; ſo much is your Muſe of intelligence with the wits of all languages. You have refin'd upon Voiture, whoſe *Où vous ſavez* is much inferior to your *You know where*—You do not only pay your club with your author (as our friend ſays) but the whole reckoning; who can form ſuch pretty lines from ſo trivial a hint.

For my † Elegy; 'tis confeſs'd, that the topography of Sulmo in Latin makes but an awkward figure in the verſion. Your couplet of the dog-ſtar is very fine, but may be too ſublime in this place. I laugh'd heartily at your note upon Paradiſe; for to make Ovid talk of the garden of Eden, is certainly moſt abſurd; but Xenophon in his Oeconomics ſpeaking of a garden finely planted and watered (as is here deſcribed) calls it Paradiſos: 'Tis an interpolation indeed, and ſerves for a gradation to the celeſtial orb; which expreſſes in ſome ſort the *Sidus Caſtoris in parte cæli*—How trees can enjoy, let the naturaliſts determine; but the poets make them ſen-

* In Voiture's Poems.

† Ovid's Amorum, l. ii. el. xvi. Pars me Sulmo, &c.

ſitive, lovers, bachelors, and married. Virgil in his Georgics, lib. ii. Horace Ode xv. lib. ii. *Platanus cælebs evincet ulmos.* Epod. ii. *Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine Altas maritat populos.* Your critique is a very *Dolcepiccante*; for after the many faults you juſtly find, you ſmooth your rigour: but an obliging thing is owing (you think) to one who ſo much eſteems and admires you, and who ſhall ever be

Your, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

Auguſt 21, 1710.

YOUR Letters are a perfect charity to a man in retirement, utterly forgotten of all his friends but you; for ſince Mr. Wycherley left London, I have not heard a word from him; though juſt before, and once ſince, I writ to him, and tho' I know myſelf guilty of no offence but of doing ſincerely juſt what he * bid me—*Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit!*—But the greateſt injury he does me is the keeping me in ignorance of his welfare, which I am always very ſolicitous for, and very uneaſy in the fear of any indiſpoſition that may befal him. In what I ſent you ſome time ago, you have not verſe enough to be ſevere upon, in revenge for my laſt criticiſm: In one point I muſt perſiſt, that is to ſay,

* Correcting his verſes. See the letters in 1706, and the following years, of Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope.

my diſlike of your Paradiſe, in which I t
pleaſure; I know very well that in Greek '
only us'd by Xenophon, but is a common w
any garden; but in Engliſh it bears the ſignif
and conveys the Idea of Eden, which alon
think) a reaſon againſt making Ovid uſe it
will be thought to talk too much like a Chri
your verſion at leaſt, whatever it might have b
Latin or Greek. As for all the reſt of my re
ſince you do not laugh at them as at this, I
ſo civil as not to lay any ſtreſs upon them
think, I told you before) and in particular
point of *trees enjoying*, you have, I muſt own,
ſatisfied me that the expreſſion is not only defe
but beautiful. I ſhall be very glad to ſee you
ſlation of the elegy, *Ad amicam navigantem*, a
as you can; for (without a compliment t
every thing you write, either in verſe or pr
welcome to me; and you may be confident,
opinion can be of any ſort of conſequence
thing) that I will never be unſincere, tho' I r
often miſtaken. To uſe ſincerity with you
paying you in your own coin, from whom
experienced ſo much of it; and I need not te
how much I really eſteem you, when I eſtee
thing in the world ſo much as that quality. I
you ſometimes ſay civil things to me in your
lary ſtyle, but thoſe I am to make allowance
particularly when you talk of *admiring*; 'tis
you are ſo us'd to in converſation of Ladies,

will creep into your diſcourſe, in ſpite of you, even to your friends. But as women, when they think themſelves ſecure of admiration, commit a thouſand negligences, which ſhow them ſo much at diſadvantage and off their guard, as to loſe the little real love they had before: ſo when men imagine others entertain ſome eſteem for their abilities, they often expoſe all their imperfections and fooliſh works, to the diſparagement of the little wit they were thought maſters of. I am going to exemplify this to you, in putting into your hands (being encouraged by ſo much indulgence) ſome verſes of my youth, or rather childhood; which (as I was a great admirer of Waller) were intended in imitation of his manner;* and are, perhaps, ſuch imitations, as thoſe you ſee in aukward country dames, of the fine and well-bred ladies of the court. If you will take them with you into Lincolnſhire, they may ſave you one hour from the converſation of the country gentlemen and their tenants (who differ but in dreſs and name) which, if it be there as bad as here, is even worſe than my poetry. I hope your ſtay there will be no longer than (as Mr. Wycherley calls it) to rob the country, and run away to London with your money. In the mean time I beg the favour of a line from you, and am (as I will never ceaſe to be)

Your, &c.

* One or two of theſe were ſince priated among other Imitations done in his youth.

LETTER XIX.

Oct. 12,

I Deferred anſwering your laſt, upon the receiv'd, that you were leaving the town time, and expected your return with imp having then a deſign of ſeeing my friend among the firſt of which I have reaſon to yourſelf. But my almoſt continual illneſſes that, as well as moſt other ſatisfactions of However, I may ſay one good thing of that it is the beſt cure in nature for ambiti deſigns upon the world or fortune: It make pretty indifferent for the future, provided he be eaſy, by intervals, for the preſent. He content to compound for his quiet only, and the circumſtantial part and pomp of life to tho have a health vigorous enough to enjoy all treſſes of their deſires. I thank God, there thing out of myſelf which I would be at the of ſeeking, except a friend; a happineſs hop'd to have poſſeſs'd in Mr. Wycherley *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*—I have for ſom been employ'd much like children that build with cards, endeavouring very buſily and ea raiſe a friendſhip, which the firſt breath of natur'd by-ſtander could puff away.—Bu trouble you no farther with writing, nor my thinking, of this ſubject.

s mightily pleaſed to perceive by your quota-
m Voiture, that you had track'd me ſo far as
. You ſee 'tis with weak heads as with weak
hs, they immediately throw out what they re-
laſt; and what they read, floats upon the
of the mind, like oil upon water, without
ɔrating. This, I think, however, can't be
f the love-verſes I laſt troubled you with,
all (I am afraid) is ſo puerile and ſo like the
, that no body will ſuſpect any thing to be
'd. Yet you (as a friend, entertaining a bet-
inion of them) it ſeems, ſearch'd in Waller,
rch'd in vain. Your judgment of them is (I
very right,—for it was my own opinion be-
If you think 'em not worth the trouble of
ting, pray tell me ſo freely, and it will ſave
abour; if you think the contrary, you would
ularly oblige me by your remarks on the ſeveral
its as they occur. I long to be nibling at your
and have not forgot who promis'd me Ovid's
Ad Amicam navigantem. Had Ovid been as
compoſing it, as you in ſending it, the lady
have ſail'd to Gades, and receiv'd it at her
. I have really a great itch of criticiſm upon
ut want matter here in the country; which I
you to furniſh me with, as I do you in the

ic ſervat ſtudii fœdera quiſque ſui.

I am obliged to Mr. Caryl (whom you tell me, you met at Epſom) for telling you truth, as a man is in theſe days to any one that will tell truth to his advantage; and I think none is more to mine, than what he told you, and I ſhould be glad to tell all the world, that I have an extreme affection and eſteem for you.

Tecum etenim longos memini conſumere ſoles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes;
Unum opus & requiem pariter diſponimus ambo,
Atque verecunda laxamus ſeria menſa.

By theſe *Epulæ*, as I take it, Perſius meant the Portugal ſnuff and burnt Claret, which he took with his maſter Cornutus; and the *verecunda menſa* was, without diſpute, ſome coffee-houſe table of the ancients.—I will only obſerve, that theſe four lines are as elegant and muſical as any in Perſius, not excepting thoſe ſix or ſeven which Mr. Dryden quotes as the only ſuch in all that author.—I could be heartily glad to repeat the ſatisfaction deſcrib'd in them, being truly

Your, &c.

LETTER XX.

October 28, 1710.

I Am glad to find by your laſt letter that you write to me with the freedom of a friend, ſetting down your thoughts as they occur, and dealing plainly

ith me in the matter of my own trifles, which, I ſure you, I never valued half ſo much as I do that ncerity in you which they were the occaſion of ſcovering to me; and which while I am happy in, I ay be truſted with that dangerous weapon, Poetry, nce I ſhall do nothing with it but after aſking and llowing your advice. I value ſincerity the more, ; I find by ſad experience, the practice of it is more ngerous; writers rarely pardoning the execution- s of their verſes, even tho' themſelves pronounce ntence upon them. —As to Mr. Philips's Paſtorals, take the firſt to be infinitely the beſt, and the ſe- ond the worſt; the third is for the greateſt part a anſlation from Virgil's Daphnis. I will not fore- al your judgment of the reſt, only obſerve in that f the Nightingale theſe lines (ſpeaking of the mu- cian's playing on the harp)

Now lightly ſkimming o'er the ſtrings they paſs,
Like wings that gently bruſh the plying graſs,
And melting airs ariſe at their command;
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand,
He ſinks into the cords, with ſolemn pace,
And gives the ſwelling tones a manly grace.

'o which nothing can be objected, but that they re too lofty for paſtoral, eſpecially being put into ıe mouth of a ſhepherd, as they are here; in the oet's own perſon they had been (I believe) more roper. They are more after Virgil's manner than ıat of Theocritus, whom yet in the character of

paſtoral he rather ſeems to imitate. In the whole, I agree with the Tatler, that we have no better Eclogues in our language. There is a ſmall copy of the ſame author publiſh'd in the Tatler N°. 12. on the Daniſh winter: 'Tis poetical painting, and I recommend it to your peruſal.

Dr. Garth's poem I have not ſeen, but believe I ſhall be of that critic's opinion you mention at *Will's*, who ſwore it was good: for, tho' I am very cautious of ſwearing after critics, yet I think one may do it more ſafely when they commend, than when they blame.

I agree with you in your cenſure of the uſe of ſea-terms in Mr. Dryden's Virgil; not only becauſe Helenus was no great prophet in thoſe matters, but becauſe no terms of Art or cant words ſuit with the majeſty and dignity of ſtile which epic poetry requires.—*Cui mens divinior atque os magna ſonaturum.* —The Tarpawlin phraſe can pleaſe none but ſuch *qui aurem habent Batavam*; they muſt not expect *auribus Atticis probari*, I find by you. (I think I have brought in two phraſes of Martial here very dextrouſly.)

Tho' you ſay you did not rightly take my meaning in the verſe I quoted from Juvenal, yet I will not explain it; becauſe, though it ſeems you are reſolv'd to take me for a critic, I would by no means be thought a commentator.—And for another reaſon too, becauſe I have quite forgot both the verſe and the application.

hope it will be no offence to give my moſt
ty ſervice to Mr. Wycherley, tho' I perceive by
laſt to me, I am not to trouble him with my let-
, ſince he there told me he was going inſtantly
of town, and till his return was my ſervant, &c.
ieſs by yours he is yet with you, and beg you to
vhat you may with all truth and honour, that is,
re him I have ever borne all the reſpect and kind-
imaginable to him. I do not know to this hour
at it is that has eſtranged him from me; but this I
ow, that he may for the future be more ſafely my
nd, ſince no invitation of his ſhall ever more make
ſo free with him. I could not have thought any
n ſo very cautious and ſuſpicious, as not to credit
own experience of a friend. Indeed to believe
body, may be a maxim of ſafety, but not ſo
ich of honeſty. There is but one way I know of
iverſing ſafely, with all men, that is, not by con-
ling what we ſay or do, but by ſaying or doing
thing that deſerves to be conceal'd. and I can
ly boaſt this comfort in my affairs with Mr. Wy-
erley. But I pardon his Jealouſy, which is be-
me his nature, and ſhall never be his enemy what-
:ver he ſays of me.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXI.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Nov. 5, 1710.

I Find I am obliged to the ſight of your love-verſes, for your opinion of my ſincerity; which had never been call'd in queſtion, if you had not forced me, upon ſo many other occaſions to expreſs my eſteem.

I have juſt read and compar'd * Mr. Rowe's verſion of the ix^th^ of Lucan, with very great pleaſure, where I find none of thoſe abſurdities ſo frequent in that of Virgil, except in two places, for the ſake of laſhing the prieſts; one where Cato ſays—*Sortilegis egeant dubii*—and one in the ſimile of the Hæmorrhois—*fatidici Sabæi*—He is ſo errant a whig, that he ſtrains even beyond his author, in paſſion for liberty, and averſion to tyranny; and errs only in amplification. *Lucan* ix. *in initio*, deſcribing the ſeat of the *Semidei manes*, ſays,

Quodque patet terras inter lunæque meatus,
Semidei manes habitant.

Mr. Rowe has this Line,

Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray,

Pray your opinion, if there be an Error-Sphæricus in this or no?

Your, &c.

* Pieces printed in the 6th vol. of Tonſon's Miſcellanies.

LETTER XXII.

Nov. 11, 1710.

YOU miſtake me very much in thinking the freedom you kindly us'd with my love-verſes, ave me the firſt opinion of your ſincerity: I aſſure ou it only did what every good-natur'd action of ours has done ſince, confirm'd me more in that opi-ion. The fable of the nightingale in Philips's pa-oral, is taken from Famianus Strada's Latin poem n the ſame ſubject, in his *Proluſiones Academicæ*; nly the tomb he erects at the end, is added from irgil's concluſion of the *Culex*. I can't forbear giv-ng you a paſſage out of the Latin poem I mention, y which you will find the Engliſh poet is indebted o it.

Alternat mira arte fides: dum torquet acutas,
Inciditque, graves operoſo verbere pulſat.
Jamque manu per fila volat; ſimul hos, ſimul illos
Explorat numeros, chordaque laborat in omni.—
Mox ſilet. Illa modis totidem reſpondet, & artem
Arte refert. Nunc ceu rudis, aut incerta canendi,
Præbet iter liquidem labenti e pectore voci,
Nunc cæſim variat, moduliſque canora minutis
Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocat ore.

This poem was many years ſince imitated by Cra-aw, out of whoſe verſes the following are very markable.

From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels muſic's pulſe in all its arteries;
Caught in a net which there Apollo *ſpreads,*
His fingers ſtruggle with the vocal threads.

I have (as I think I formerly told you) a ve good opinion of Mr. Rowe's ix[th] book of Luca Indeed he amplifies too much, as well as Brebœ the famous French imitator. If I remember rig he ſometimes takes the whole comment into t text of the verſion, as particularly in lin. 808. *Utq ſolet pariter totis ſe effundere ſignis Corycii preſſu croci.*—And in the place you quote, he makes thoſe two lines in the Latin,

Vidit quanta ſub nocte jaceret
Noſtra dies, riſitque ſui ludibria trunci,

no leſs than eight in Engliſh.

What you obſerve, ſure, cannot be an Erro Sphæricus, ſtrictly ſpeaking, either according to t Ptolemaic, or our Copernican ſyſtem; Tycho Bra himſelf will be on the tranſlator's ſide. For M Rowe here ſays no more, than that he look'd dow on the rays of the ſun, which Pompey might d even tho' the body of the ſun were above him.

You can't but have remarked what a journey L can here makes Cato take for the ſake of his fi deſcriptions. From Cyrene he travels by land, no better reaſon than this;

Hæc eadem ſuadebat hiems, quæ clauſerat æquor

The winter's effects on the ſea, it ſeems, were more to be dreaded than all the ſerpents, whirlwinds, ſands, &c. by land, which immediately after he paints out in his ſpeech to the ſoldiers: Then he fetches a compaſs a vaſt way round about, to the Naſamones and Jupiter Ammon's temple, purely to ridicule the oracles: and Labienus muſt pardon me, if I do not believe him when he ſays—*ſors obtulit, & fortuna viæ*—either Labienus or the map, is very much miſtaken here. Thence he returns back to the Syrtes (which he might have taken firſt in his way to Utica) and ſo to Leptis Minor, where our author leaves him; who ſeems to have made Cato ſpeak his own mind, when he tells his army—*Ire ſat eſt*—no matter whither. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Nov. 20, 1710.

THE ſyſtem of Tycho Brahe (were it true, as it is novel) could have no room here: Lucan with the reſt of the Latin poets, ſeems to follow Plato, whoſe order of the ſpheres is clear in Cicero *De natura Deorum*, *De ſomnio Scipionis*, and in Macrobius. The ſeat of the *Semidei manes* is Platonic too for Apuleius *De deo Socratis* aſſigns the ſame to the Genii, viz. the region of the Air for their in-

tercourſe with gods and men; ſo that, I f
Rowe miſtook the ſituation, and I can't be r
cil'd to, *Look down on the ſun's rays.* I am gla
agree with me about the latitude he takes; and
you had told me, if the *ſortilegi*, and *fatidici*,
licence his invective againſt prieſts; but, I ſu
you think them (with Helena) undeſerving of
protection. I agree with you in Lucan's error
the cauſe of them, his poetic deſcriptions: f
Romans then knew the coaſt of Africa from C
(to the ſouth-eaſt of which lies Ammon t
Egypt) to Leptis and Utica: but, pray, rem
how your Homer nodded while Ulyſſes ſlept
waking knew not where he was, in the ſhort p
from Corcyra to Ithaca. I like Trapp's verſio
their juſtneſs; his Pſalm is excellent, the pro
in the firſt Georgic judicious (whence I co
that 'tis eaſier to turn Virgil juſtly into blank
than rhyme.) The eclogue of Gallus and fa
Phaeton pretty well; but he is very faulty
numbers; the fate of Phaeton might run tha

The blaſted Phaeton *with blazing hair,*
Shot gliding thro' the waſt abyſs of air,
And tumbled headlong, like a falling ſtar.

I am, Your,

LETTER XXIV.

Nov. 24, 1710.

TO make uſe of that freedom and familiarity of ſtyle, which we have taken up in our correſpondence, and which is more properly talking upon paper, than writing; I will tell you without any preface, that I never took Tycho Brahe for one of the ancients, or in the leaſt an acquaintance of Lucan's; nay, 'tis a mercy on this occaſion, that I do not give you an account of his life and converſation; as how he liv'd ſome years like an inchanted knight in a certain iſland, with a tale of a King of Denmark's miſtreſs that ſhall be nameleſs—But I have compaſſion on you, and would not for the world you ſhould ſtay any longer among the Genii and Semidei Manes, you know where; for if once you get ſo near the moon, Sappho will want your preſence in the clouds and inferior regions; not to mention the great loſs Drury-lane will ſuſtain, when Mr. C—— is in the milky way. Theſe celeſtial thoughts put me in mind of the prieſts you mention, who are a ſort of Sortilegi in one ſenſe, becauſe in their lottery there are more blanks than prizes; the adventurers being at beſt in an uncertainty, whereas the ſetters up are ſure of ſomething. Prieſts indeed in their character, as they repreſent God, are ſacred; and ſo are Conſtables as they repreſent the King; but you will own a great many of them are very

odd fellows, and the devil of any likeneſs in t
Yet I can aſſure you, I honour the good as mu
I deteſt the bad, and I think, that in conden
theſe, we praiſe thoſe. The tranſlations from
I have not ſo good an opinion of as you; bec
think they have little of the main characteriſt
this author, a graceful eaſineſs. For let the
be ever ſo exactly render'd, unleſs an author
like himſelf, in his air, habit and manner,
diſguiſe, and not a tranſlation. But as to the F
I think David is much more beholden to the
ſlator than Ovid; and as he treated the Roma
a Jew, ſo he has made the Jew ſpeak like a Ro

Your, &

LETTER XXV.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Dec. 5, 171

THE ſame judgment we made on Rowe's
of Lucan will ſerve for his part of the
where I find this memorable line,

Parque novum Fortuna videt concurrere, bel
Atque virum.

For this he employs ſix verſes, among which is

As if on Knightly terms in liſts they ran.

Pray can you trace chivalry up higher than Pharamond? will you allow it an anachroniſm?—Tickel in his verſion of the Phœnix from Claudian,

When nature ceaſes, thou ſhalt ſtill remain,
Nor ſecond Chaos bound thy endleſs reign.

Claudian thus,

Et clades te nulla rapit, ſoluſque ſuperſtes,
Edomita tellure, manes.

which plainly refers to the deluge of Deucalion and the conflagration of Phaeton; not to the final diſſolution. Your thought of the prieſts lottery is very fine: you play the wit, and not the critic, upon the errors of your brother.

Your obſervations are all very juſt: Virgil is eminent for adjuſting his diction to his ſentiments; and, among the moderns, I find you practiſe the Proſodia of your rules. Your * poem ſhews you to be, what you ſay of Voiture—*with books well bred:* the ſtate of the fair, tho' ſatirical, is touch'd with that delicacy, and gallantry, that not the court of Auguſtus, not—But hold, I ſhall loſe what I lately recovered, your opinion of my ſincerity: yet I muſt ſay, 'tis as faultleſs as the fair to whom 'tis addreſs'd, be ſhe never ſo perfect. The M. G. (who it ſeems, had no right notion of you, as you of him) tranſcrib'd it by lucubration: From ſome diſcourſe of yours, he thought your inclination led you to (what

* To a Lady, with the works of Voiture.

the men of faſhion call learning) pedantry; but now, he ſays, he has no leſs, I aſſure you, than a veneration for you.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

Dec. 17, 1710.

IT ſeems that my late mention of Craſhaw, and my quotation from him, has mov'd your curioſity. I therefore ſend you the whole Author, who has held a place among my other books of this nature for ſome years; in which time having read him twice or thrice, I find him one of thoſe whoſe works may juſt deſerve reading. I take this poet to have writ like a gentleman, that is, at leiſure hours, and more to keep out of idleneſs, than to eſtabliſh a reputation: ſo that nothing regular or juſt can be expected from him. All that regards deſign, form, fable (which is the ſoul of poetry) all that concerns exactneſs, or conſent of parts (which is the body) will probably be wanting; only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expreſſions, and ſomething of a neat caſt of verſe (which are properly the dreſs, gems, or looſe ornaments of poetry) may be found in theſe verſes. This is indeed the caſe of moſt other poetical writers of miſcellanies; nor can it well be otherwiſe, ſince no man can be a true poet, who writes for diverſion only. Theſe authors ſhould

onſider'd as verſifiers and witty men, rather than
oets; and under this head will only fall the
ghts, the expreſſion, and the numbers. Theſe
nly the pleaſing part of poetry, which may be
ed of at a view, and comprehended all at once.
(to expreſs myſelf like a painter) their colour-
entertains the ſight, but the lines and life of the
ire are not to be inſpected too narrowly.
his author form'd himſelf upon Petrarch, or ra-
upon Marino. His thoughts, one may obſerve,
ie main, are pretty; but oftentimes far fetch'd,
too often ſtrain'd and ſtiffen'd to make them ap-
the greater. For men are never ſo apt to think
ing great, as when it is odd or wonderful; and
nſiderate authors would rather be admir'd than
erſtood. This ambition of ſurprizing a reader, is
true natural cauſe of all fuſtian, or bombaſt in
ry. To confirm what I have ſaid, you need but
into his firſt Poem of the Weeper, where the
4th, 6th, 14th, 21ſt ſtanza's are as ſublimely
as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th and 23d
za's of the ſame copy, are ſoft and pleaſing: and
eſe laſt want any thing, it is an eaſier and more
fected expreſſion. The remaining thoughts in
poem might have been ſpared, being either but
titions, or very trivial and mean. And by this
nple in the firſt one may gueſs at all the reſt;
e like this, a mixture of tender gentle thoughts
ſuitable expreſſions, of forced and inextricable
xits, and of needleſs fillers up to the reſt. From

all which it is plain, this Author writ faſt, a down what came uppermoſt. A reader may off the froth, and uſe the clear underneath; he goes too deep will meet with a mouthful of d either the top or bottom of him are good for but what he did in his own, natural, middle-w beſt.

To ſpeak of his numbers, is a little difficult are ſo various and irregular, and moſtly Pin 'tis evident his heroic verſe (the beſt exam which is his Muſic's Duel) is careleſly mad but one may imagine from what it now is, tha he taken more care, it had been muſical and ing enough, not extremely majeſtic, but ſweet the time conſider'd of his writing, he was (e uncorrect as he is) none of the worſt verſificat

I will juſt obſerve, that the beſt pieces of th thor are, a Paraphraſe on Pſal. xxiii. On I Epitaph on Mr. Aſhton, Wiſhes to his ſuppos ſtreſs, and the *Dies Iræ*.

LETTER XXVII.

Dec. 30, 17

I Reſume my old liberty of throwing out upon paper to you, and making what th float uppermoſt in my head, the ſubject of a They are at preſent upon laughter, which (for I know) may be the cauſe you might ſom

think me too remiſs a friend, when I was moſt entirely ſo: for I am never ſo inclin'd to mirth as when I am moſt pleas'd and moſt eaſy, which is in the company of a friend like yourſelf.

As the fooling and toying with a miſtreſs is a proof of fondneſs, or diſreſpect, ſo is raillery with a friend. I know their are prudes in friendſhip, who expect diſtance, awe, and adoration, but I know you are not of them; and I for my part am no Idol-worſhipper, tho' a Papiſt. If I were to addreſs Jupiter himſelf in a heathen way, I fancy I ſhould be apt to take hold of his knee, in a familiar manner, if not of his beard like Dionyſius; I was juſt going to ſay, of his buttons; but I think Jupiter wore none (however I won't be poſitive to ſo nice a critic as you, but his robe might be ſubnected with a Fibula.) I know ſome philoſophers define laughter, *A recommending ourſelves to our own favour, by compariſon with the weakneſs of another:* but I am ſure I very rarely laugh with that view, nor do I believe children have any ſuch conſideration in their heads, when they expreſs their pleaſure this way: I laugh full as innocently as they, for the moſt part, and as fillily. There is a difference too betwixt laughing *about* a thing and laughing *at* a thing: one may find the inferior man (to make a kind of caſuiſtical diſtinction) provoked to folly at the ſight or obſervation of ſome *circumſtance of a thing*, when the *thing itſelf* appears ſolemn and auguſt to the ſuperior man, that is, our judgment and reaſon.

Let an ambaſſador ſpeak the beſt ſenſe in the world, and deport himſelf in the moſt graceful manner before a Prince, yet if the tail of his ſhirt happen (as I have known it happen to a very wiſe man) to hang out behind, more people will laugh at that than attend to the other; till they recollect themſelves, and then they will not have a jot the leſs reſpect for the miniſter. I muſt confeſs the iniquity of my countenance before you; ſeveral muſcles of my face ſometimes take an impertinent liberty with my judgment, but then my judgment ſoon riſes, and ſets all right again about my mouth: and I find I value no man ſo much, as him in whoſe ſight I have been playing the fool. I cannot be *ſub perſona* before a man I love; and not to laugh with honeſty, when nature prompts, or folly (which is more a ſecond nature than any thing I know) is but a knaviſh hypocritical way of making a maſk of one's own face. —To conclude, thoſe that are my friends I *laugh with*, and thoſe that are not I *laugh at*; ſo am merry in company, and if ever I am wiſe, it is all by myſelf. You take juſt another courſe, and to thoſe that are not your friends, are very civil; and to thoſe that are, very endearing and complaiſant; thus when you and I meet, there will be the *Riſus & Blanditiæ* united together in converſation, as they commonly are in a verſe. But without laughter on the one ſide, or compliment on the other, I aſſure you I am, with real eſteem,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Oct. 26, 1711.

MR. Wycherley viſited me at Bath in my ſickneſs, and expreſs'd much affection to me: hearing from me how welcome his letters would be, he preſently writ to you; in which I inſerted my ſcrall, and after, a ſecond. He went to Glouceſter in his way to Salop, but was diſappointed of a boat, and ſo return'd to the Bath; then he ſhewed me your anſwer to his letters, in which you ſpeak of my good-nature, but, I fear, you found me very froward at Reading; yet you allow for my illneſs. I could not poſſibly be in the ſame houſe with Mr. Wycherley, tho' I ſought it earneſtly; nor come up to town with him, he being engaged with others; but, whenever we met, he talk'd of you. He praiſes your * Poem, and even outvies me in kind expreſſions of you. As if he had not wrote two letters to you, he was for writing every poſt; I put him in mind he had already. Forgive me this wrong; I know not whether my talking ſo much of your great humanity and tenderneſs to me, and love to him; or whether the return of his natural diſpoſition to you, was the cauſe; but certainly you are now highly in his favour: now he will come this winter to your houſe,

* Eſſay on Criticiſm.

and I muſt go with him; but firſt he will invite you ſpeedily to town.—I arrived on Saturday laſt much wearied, yet had wrote ſooner, but was told by Mr. Gay (who has writ a pretty poem to Lintot, and who gives you his ſervice) that you was gone from home. Lewis ſhew'd me your Letter, which ſet me right, and your next letter is impatiently expected from me. Mr. Wycherley came to town on Sunday laſt, and kindly ſurprized me with a viſit on Monday morning. We dined and drank together; and I ſaying, *To our Loves*, he reply'd, *'Tis Mr.* Pope's *health:* He ſaid he would go Mr. Thorold's and leave a letter for you. Tho' I cannot anſwer for the event of all this, in reſpect to him; yet I can aſſure you, that, when you pleaſe to come, you will be moſt deſirable to me, as always by inclination, ſo now by duty, who ſhall ever be

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

Nov. 12, 1711.

I Received the entertainment of your letter the day after I had ſent you one of mine, and I am but this morning returned hither. The news you tell me of the many difficulties you found in your return from Bath, gives me ſuch a kind pleaſure as we uſually take in accompanying our friends in their mix'd adventures; for, methinks, I ſee you labour-

g thro' all your inconveniencies of the rough roads, e hard ſaddle, the trotting horſe, and what not? hat an agreeable ſurprize would it have been to e, to have met you by pure accident (which I as within an ace of doing) and to have carried ou off triumphantly, ſet you on an eaſier pad, and lieved the wandring knight with a night's lodging id rural repaſt, at our caſtle on the foreſt? But eſe are only the pleaſing imginations of a diſap-ointed lover, who muſt ſuffer in a melancholy ab-nce yet theſe two months. In the mean time, I ake up with the Muſes for want of your better ompany; the Muſes, *quæ nobiſcum pernoctant, pere-rinantur, ruſticantur.* Thoſe aërial ladies juſt diſco-er enough to me of their beauties to urge my pur-uit, and draw me on in a wandering maze of hought, ſtill in hopes (and only in hopes) of at-taining thoſe favours from them, which they confer on their more happy admirers. We graſp ſome more beautiful idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to expreſs it can ſet to the view of others; and ſtill do but labour to fall ſhort of our firſt imagination. The gay colouring which fancy gave at the firſt tran-ient glance we had of it, goes off in the execution: like thoſe various figures in the gilded clouds, which while we gaze long upon, to ſeparate the parts of each imaginary image, the whole faints before the eye, and decays into confuſion.

I am highly pleaſed with the knowledge you give me of Mr. Wycherley's preſent temper, which ſeems

ſo favourable to me. I ſhall ever have ſuch a fund of affection for him as to be agreeable to myſelf when I am ſo to him, and cannot but be gay when he is in good humour, as the ſurface of the earth (if you will pardon a poetical ſimilitude) is clearer or gloomier, juſt as the ſun is brighter or more overcaſt—I ſhould be glad to ſee the verſes to Lintot which you mention, for, methinks, ſomething oddly agreeable may be produced from that ſubject—For what remains, I am ſo well, that nothing but the aſſurance of your being ſo, can make me better; and if you would have me live with any ſatisfaction theſe dark days in which I cannot ſee you, it muſt be by your writing ſometimes to

Your, &c.

LETTER XXX.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Dec. 7, 1711.

MR. Wycherley has, I believe, ſent you two or three letters of invitation; but you, like the fair, will be long ſolicited before you yield, to make the favour the more acceptable to the lover. He is much yours by his talk; for that unbounded genius which has rang'd at large like a libertine, now ſeems confin'd to you: and I ſhould take him for your miſtreſs too by your ſimile of the ſun and earth: 'Tis

ry fine, but inverted by the application; for the iety of your fancy, and the drooping of his by e withdrawing of your luſtre, perſuades me it ould be juſter by the reverſe. Oh happy favourite the Muſes! how *per noctare*, all night long with em? but alas! you do but toy, but ſkirmiſh with em, and decline a cloſe engagment. Leave Elegy nd tranſlation to the inferior claſs, on whom the luſes only glance now and then like our winter-n, and then leave them in the dark. Think on e dignity of Tragedy, which is of the greater oetry, as Dennis ſays, and foil him at his other eapon, as you have done in Criticiſm. Every one onders that a genius like yours will not ſupport the nking Drama: and Mr. Wilks (tho', I think, his alent is Comedy) has expreſs'd a furious ambition to well in your buſkins. We have had a poor Comedy f Johnſon's (not Ben) which held ſeven nights, and as got him three hundred pounds, for the town is harp-ſet on new plays. In vain would I fire you by intereſt or ambition, when your mind is not ſuſcep-tible of either; tho' your authority (ariſing from the general eſteem, like that of Pompey) muſt infallibly aſſure you of ſucceſs; for which in all your wiſhes you will be attended with thoſe of

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

Dec. 21, 1711.

IF I have not writ to you ſo ſoon as I ought, let my writing now atone for the delay; as it will infallibly do, when you know what a ſacrifice I make you at this time, and that every moment my eyes are employ'd upon this paper, they are taken off from two of the fineſt faces in the univerſe. But indeed 'tis ſome conſolation to me to reflect, that while I but write this period, I eſcape ſome hundred fatal darts from thoſe unerring eyes, and about a thouſand deaths or better. Now you, that delight in dying, would not once have dreamt of an abſent friend in theſe circumſtances; you that are ſo nice an admirer of beauty, or (as a Critic would ſay after Terence) *ſo elegant a ſpectator of forms*; you muſt have a ſober diſh of coffee, and a ſolitary candle at your ſide, to write an epiſtle lucubratory to your friend; whereas I can do it as well with two pair of radiant lights, that outſhine the golden god of day and ſilver goddeſs of night, and all the refulgent eyes of the firmanent.—You fancy now that Sappho's eyes are two of theſe my tapers, but it is no ſuch matter; theſe are eyes that have more perſuaſion in one glance than all Sappho's oratory and geſture together, let her put her body into what moving poſtures ſhe pleaſes. Indeed, indeed, my friend, you could never have found ſo improper a

ne to tempt me with intereſt or ambition: let me it have the reputation of theſe in my keeping, and for my own, let the devil, or let Dennis, take it r ever. How gladly would I give all I am worth, at is to ſay, my Paſtorals, for one of them, and y Eſſay for the other? I would lay out all my Poe- y in Love; an Original for a Lady, and a Tranſla- on for a Waiting-maid! Alas! what have I to do ith Jane Gray, as long as Miſs Molly, Miſs Betty, r Miſs Patty are in this world? Shall I write of eauties murdered long ago, when there are thoſe at this inſtant that murder me? I'll e'en compoſe my own Tragedy, and the poet ſhall appear in his own perſon to move compaſſion: 'Twill be far more effectual than Bays's entring with a rope about his neck, and the world will own, there never was a more miſerable object brought upon the ſtage.

Now you that are a critic, pray inform me, in what manner I may connect the foregoing part of this letter with that which is to follow, according to the rules? I would willingly return Mr. Gay my thanks for the favour of his poem, and in particular for his kind mention of me; I hoped, when I heard a new Comedy had met with ſucceſs upon the ſtage, that it had been his, to which I really wiſh no leſs; and (had it been any way in my power) ſhould have been very glad to have contributed to its introduction into the world. His verſes to * Lintot have put

* Theſe verſes are printed in Dr. Swift's, and our Author's Miſcellanies.

a whim into my head, which you are troubled with in the oppoſite page: tak find it, the production of half an hour t'o ſing. I deſign very ſoon to put a taſk of rious nature upon you, in reviewing a pie that may better deſerve criticiſm; and b you have done with it, I hope to tell you with how much fidelity I am

Y

LETTERS

TO

VERAL LADIES*.

LETTER I.

ADAM, March 1, 1705.

end you the book of rudiments of Drawing, which you were pleas'd to command, and think elf obliged to inform you at the ſame time of of the many excellencies you poſſeſs without wing of them. You are but too good a Painter ady; and no picture of Raphael's was ever ſo utiful, as that which you have form'd in a cer- heart of my acquaintance. Indeed it was but

Moſt of theſe were printed without the Author's Conſent, no doubt are the ſame upon which the cenſure is paſſed in Preface. "That they have too much of a juvenile ambition f Wit, and affectation of Gaiety." And it is pleaded in ſe, "that they were written very young, and the folly was oo over."

juſt that the fineſt lines in nature ſhould be drawn upon the moſt durable ground, and none could ever be met with, that would ſo readily receive, or ſo faithfully retain them, as this Heart. I may boldly ſay of it, that you will not find its fellow in all the parts of the body in this book. But I muſt complain to you of my hand, which is an arrant traitor to my heart; for having been copying your picture from thence and from Kneller theſe three days, it has done all poſſible injury to the fineſt face that ever was made, and to the livelieſt image that ever was drawn. I have imagination enough in your abſence to trace ſome reſemblance of you; but I have been ſo long us'd to loſe my Judgment at the ſight of you, that 'tis paſt my power to correct it by the life. Your picture ſeems leaſt like when placed before your eyes; and, contrary to all other pictures, receives a manifeſt diſadvantage by being ſet in the faireſt light in the world. The Painters are a very vain generation, and have a long time pretended to rival nature; but to own the truth to you, ſhe made ſuch a finiſh'd piece about three and twenty years ago (I beg your pardon, Madam; I proteſt, I mean't but two and twenty) that 'tis in vain for them any longer to contend with her. I know you indeed made one ſomething like it, betwixt five and ſix years paſt: 'Twas a little girl, done with abundance of ſpirit and life, and wants nothing but time to be an admirable piece: but, not to flatter your work, I don't think 'twill ever come up to what your father

le. However I would not diſcourage you; 'tis ain you have a ſtrange happineſs, in making fine gs of a ſudden and at a ſtroke, with incredible : and pleaſure.

I am, &c.

LETTER II.

T is too much a rule in this town, that when a lady has once done a man a favour, he is to be : to her ever after. It becomes our ſex to take n us twice as much as yours allow us; by this hod I may write to you moſt impudently, becauſe once anſwer'd me modeſtly; and if you ſhould r do me that honour for the future, I am to k (like a true coxcomb) that your ſilence gives ent. Perhaps you wonder why this is addreſs'd ou rather than to Mrs. M——, with whom I : the right of an old acquaintance, whereas you a fine lady, have bright eyes, &c. Firſt, Madam, ake choice of you rather than of your mother, uſe you are younger than your mother. Secondly, uſe I fancy you ſpell better, as having been at ol later. Thirdly, becauſe you have nothing to ut to write if you pleaſe, and poſſibly it may you from employing yourſelf worſe: it may ſome honeſt neighbouring gentleman from three our of your peſtilent glances. Caſt your eyes a paper Madam, there you may look innocent.

ly: men are ſeducing, books are dange
amorous ones ſoften you, and the godly
you the ſpleen: If you look upon trees, t
in embraces; birds and beaſts make love;
too warm for your blood; the moon melt
yielding and melancholy. Therefore I
more, caſt your eyes upon paper, and
ſuch letters as I write, which convey no
flames, but proceed from innocence of
ſimplicity of heart. Thank God I am an
miles off from thoſe eyes! I would ſooner
hand than them for doing me miſchief; a
doubt not ſome part of the rancour and ir
your heart will drop into your pen, yet ſin
not attack me on a ſudden and unprepare
may have time while I break open your
croſs myſelf and ſay a Pater-noſter, I ho
dence will protect me from all you can at
this diſtance. I am told you are at this
handſome as an angel; for my part I ha
your face ſince two winters. You may be
a gianteſs for all I know. I can't tell in an
what ſort of creature you are, only that
very miſchievous one, whom I ſhall ever pr
defended from. But when your Miniſter
word you have the ſmall pox, a good many
or are very pale, I will deſire him to give th
it in your pariſh church; which as ſoon as
inform me he has done, I will make yo
without armour: I will eat any thing you

without ſuſpicion of poiſon, take you by the hand without gloves, nay venture to follow you into an arbour without calling the company. This, Madam, is the top of my wiſhes, but how differently are our deſires inclined! You ſigh out, in the ardour of your heart, Oh play-houſes, parks, opera's, aſſemblies, London! I cry with rapture, Oh woods, gardens, rookeries, fiſh-ponds, arbours! Mrs. M——.

LETTER III.

To a LADY.

Written on one column of a Letter, while Lady M. wrote to the Lady's Huſband on the other.

THE wits would ſay, that this muſt needs be a dull letter becauſe it is a married one. I am afraid indeed you will find, what ſpirit there is, muſt be on the ſide of the wife, and the huſband's part, as uſual, will prove the dulleſt. What an unequal pair are put together in this ſheet? in which, though we ſin, it is you muſt do penance. When you look on both ſides of this paper, you may fancy that our words (according to a Scripture expreſſion) are as a two-edg'd ſword, whereof lady M. is the ſhining blade, and I only the handle. But I can't proceed without ſo far mortifying Sir Robert as to tell him, that ſhe writes this purely in obedience to me, and that it is but one of thoſe honours a huſband receives for the ſake of his wife.

It is making court but ill to one fine woman to ſhew her the regard we have for another; and yet I muſt own there is not a period of this epiſtle but ſquints towards another over-againſt it. It will be in vain to diſſemble: your penetrating eyes cannot but diſcover, how all the letters that compoſe theſe words lean forward after lady M's letters, that ſeem to bend as much from mine, and fly from them as faſt as they are able. Ungrateful letters that they are! which give themſelves to another man, in the very preſence of him who will yield to no mortal in knowing how to value them.

You will think I forget myſelf, and am not writing to you; but, let me tell you, 'tis you forget yourſelf in that thought, for you are almoſt the only woman to whom one can ſafely addreſs the praiſes of another. Beſides, can you imagine a man of my importance ſo ſtupid, as to ſay fine things to you before your huſband? Let us ſee how far Lady M herſelf dares do any thing like it, with all the wi and addreſs ſhe is miſtreſs of. If Sir Robert can b ſo ignorant (now he is left to himſelf in the country to imagine any ſuch matter, let him know from me that here in town every thing that lady ſays, is take for ſatire. For my part, every body knows it is m conſtant practice to ſpeak truth, and I never do more than when I call myſelf

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

YOU have put me into ſo much gayety of temper, that there will not be a ſerious word in this day's letter. No more, you'll ſay, there would, if I told you the whole ſerious buſineſs of the town. All laſt night I continued with you, tho' your unreaſonable regularity drove me out of your doors at three o'clock. I dreamed all over the evening's converſation, and ſaw the little bed in ſpite of you. In the morning I waked, very angry at your phantom for leaving me ſo abruptly.—I know you delight in my mortification. I dined with an old Beauty; ſhe appear'd at the table like a Death's head enamell'd. The Egyptians, you know, had ſuch things at their entertainments; but do you think they painted and patched them? However, the laſt of theſe objections was ſoon remov'd; for the lady had ſo violent an appetite for a ſalmon, that ſhe quickly eat all the patches off her face. She divided the fiſh into three parts; not equal, God knows; for ſhe helped Gay to the head, me to the middle, and making the reſt much the largeſt part took it herſelf, and cried very naively, I'll be content with my own tail.

My ſupper was as ſingular as my dinner. It was with a great Poet and Ode-maker (that is, a great poet out of his wits, or out of his way.) He came to me very hungry; not for want of a dinner (for that I ſhould make no jeſt of) but, having forgot to

dine. He fell moſt furiouſly on the broil'd re a ſhoulder of mutton, commonly call'd a bone: he profeſſed he never taſted ſo exqu thing! begged me to tell him what joint it wondered he had never heard the name of thi or ſeen it at other tables; and deſir'd to knov he might direct his butcher to cut out the ſa the future? And yet this man, ſo ignorant in n butchery, has cut up half an hundred heroe quartered five or ſix miſerable lovers in eve gedy he has written. I have nothing more you to-day.

LETTER V.

The Anſwer.

YOU ſhould have my Day too, Sir, but I ſlept it out, and ſo I'll give you all t left, my laſt Night's entertainment. You kr company.. I went in late, in order to be b ceiv'd; but unluckily came in, as Deuce-a flinging (Lord H. would ſay I came in the The Lady colour'd, and the men took the n the Lord in vain: No body ſpoke to me, a down diſappointed; then affecting a carel gap'd, and cried ſeven or eight times, *D'ye loſe?* I could ſafely ſay at that moment I temptation to any one of the ſeven, lively fi

: innocent way I was, happy had it been for I had died! Moralizing ſat I by the hazard-; I looked upon the uncertainty of riches, the of beauty, and the craſh of worlds with as much mpt as ever Plato did. But ah! the frailty of .n nature! ſome ridiculous thought came into ead, wakened my paſſions, which burſt forth ı violent laughter: I roſe from my ſeat, and not lering the juſt reſentments of the loſing game- hurl'd a ball of paper croſs the table, which l the dice, and turn'd up ſeven inſtead of five. d on all ſides, and not knowing were to fly, I r myſelf into a chair, which I demoliſh'd and ſpoke a word after. We went to ſupper, and y ſaid, *Miſs G. looks prodigiouſly like a Tree.* r body agreed to it, and I had not curioſity to he meaning of that ſprightly fancy: Find it and let me know. Adieu, 'tis time to dreſs, egin the buſineſs of the day.

LETTER VI.

In the Style of a Lady.

! A Y what is your opinion of *Fate?* for I muſt confeſs I am one of thoſe that believe in Fate Predeſtination.—No, I can't go ſo far as that, own I am of opinion one's ſtars may incline, not compel one; and that is a ſort of free-will;

for we may be able to reſiſt inclination, compulſion.

Don't you think they have got in the mo poſterous faſhion this winter that ever w flouncing the petticoat ſo very deep, that i like an entire coat of luteſtring?

It is a little cool indeed for this time of ye then, my dear, you'll allow it has an extrem pretty look.

Ay, ſo has my muſlin apron; but I wo chuſe to make it a winter ſuit of cloaths.

Well now I'll ſwear, child, you have pu mind of a very pretty dreſs; let me die if think a muſlin flounce, made very full, woul one a very agreeable *Flirtation*-air.

Well, I ſwear it would be charming! and I like it of all things—Do you think there ſuch things as *Spirits?*

Do you believe there is any ſuch place Elyſian Fields? O Gad, that would be cha I wiſh I were to go to the Elyſian Fields when and then I ſhould not care if I were to lea world to-morrow: But is one to meet ther what one has lov'd moſt in this world?

Now you muſt tell me this poſitively. To you can, or what do I correſpond with you you won't tell me all? You know I abomina ſerve.

LETTER VII.

Bath 1714.

YOU are to underſtand, Madam, that my paſſion for your fair ſelf and your ſiſter, has been divided with the moſt wonderful regularity in the world. Even from my infancy I have been in love with one after the other of you, week by week, and my journey to Bath fell out in the three hundred ſeventy-ſixth week of the reign of my ſovereign lady Sylvia. At the preſent writing hereof it is the three hundred eighty ninth week of the reign of your moſt ſerene majeſty, in whoſe ſervice I was liſted ſome weeks before I beheld your ſiſter. This information will account for my writing to either of you hereafter, as either ſhall happen to be Queen-regent at that time.

Pray tell your ſiſter, all the good qualities and virtuous inclinations ſhe has, never gave me ſo much pleaſure in her converſation, as that one vice of her obſtinacy will give me mortification this month. Ratcliffe commands her to Bath, and ſhe refuſes! indeed if I were in Berkſhire I ſhould honour her for this obſtinacy, and magnify her no leſs for diſobedience than we do the Barcelonians. But people change with the change of places (as we ſee of late) and virtues become vices when they ceaſe to be for one's intereſt, with me as with others.

Yet let me tell her, ſhe will never look ſo finely while ſhe is upon earth, as ſhe would here in the

water. It is not here as in moſt other inſtan
thoſe ladies that would pleaſe extremely,
out of their own element. She does not ma
ſo good a figure on horſeback as Chriſtina Q
Sweden; but were ſhe once ſeen in the B
man would part with her for the beſt mer
Chriſtendom. You know I have ſeen you
I perfectly know how you look in black
white, I have experienced the utmoſt you ca
colours; but all your movements, all your
ſteps, deſerve not half the glory you might
tain of a moving and eaſy behaviour in bu
Something between ſwimming and walkin
enough, and more modeſtly-half-naked tha
can appear any where elſe. You have co
enough already by land; ſhow your ambitio
vanquiſh alſo by water. The buckram I me
a dreſs particularly uſeful at this time, when,
told, they are bringing over the faſhion of C
ruffs: You ought to uſe yourſelves to ſome
of ſtiffneſs beforehand; and when our ladie
have been tickled a-while with ſtarched muſ
wire, they may poſſibly bear the bruſh of a C
beard and whiſker.

I could tell you a delightful ſtory of Dc
but want room to diſplay it in all its ſhining
ſtances. He had heard it was an excellent c
love, to kiſs the Aunt of the perſon beloved,
generally of years and experience enough t
the fierceſt flame: he try'd this courſe in his

iſſed Mrs. E—— at Mr. D——'s, but, he ſays
l not do, and that he loves you as much as

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

To the ſame.

ou aſk how the waters agree with me, I muſt
ll you ſo very well, that I queſtion how you
ſhould agree if we were in a room by our-
. Mrs. —— has honeſtly aſſured me, that but
me whims which ſhe can't entirely conquer,
ould go and ſee the world with me in man's
is. Even you, Madam, I fancy (if you would
artake in our adventures) would wait our com-
. at the evening with ſome impatience, and be
nough pleas'd to hear them by the fire-ſide.
would be better than reading romances, unleſs
M. would be our hiſtorian. What raiſes theſe
s in me, is an acquaintance I am beginning
ny lady Sandwich, who has all the ſpirit of the
e, and all the gay experience of a pleaſurable
It were as ſcandalous an omiſſion to come to
ith and not to ſee my lady Sandwich, as it had
rly been to have travelled to Rome without
g the Queen of Sweden. She is, in a word,
ſt thing this country has to boaſt of; and as
is been all that a woman of ſpirit could be, ſo

ſhe ſtill continues that eaſy and independent creature that a ſenſible woman always will be.

I muſt tell you a truth, which is not, however, much to my credit. I never thought ſo much of yourſelf and your ſiſter, as ſince I have been fourſcore miles diſtance from you. In the Foreſt I look'd upon you as good neighbours, at London as pretty kind of women, but here as divinities, angels, goddeſſes, or what you will. In the ſame manner, I never knew at what rate I valued your life, till you were upon the point of dying. If Mrs. —— and you will but fall very ſick every ſeaſon, I ſhall certainly die for you. Seriouſly I value you both ſo much, that I eſteem others much the leſs for your ſakes; you have robb'd me of the pleaſure of eſteeming a thouſand pretty qualities in them, by ſhowing me ſo many finer in yourſelves. There are but two things in the world which could make you indifferent to me, which, I believe, you are not capable of, I mean ill-nature and malice. I have ſeen enough of you, not to overlook any frailty you could have, and nothing leſs than a vice can make me like you leſs. I expect you ſhould diſcover by my conduct towards you both, that this is true, and that therefore you ſhould pardon a thouſand things in me for that one diſpoſition. Expect nothing from me but truth and freedom, and I ſhall always be thought by you what I always am,

Your, &

LETTER IX.

To the ſame.

1714.

I Return'd home as ſlow and as contemplative after I had parted from you, as my Lord * retired from the Court and glory to his Country-ſeat and wife, a week ago. I found here a diſmal deſponding letter from the ſon of another great courtier who expects the ſame fate, and who tells me the great ones of the earth will now take it very kindly of the mean ones, if they will favour them with a viſit by day-light. With what joy would they lay down all their ſchemes of glory, did they but know you have the generoſity to drink their healths once a day, as ſoon as they are fallen? Thus the unhappy, by the ſole merit of their misfortunes, become the care of Heaven and you. I intended to have put this laſt into verſe, but in this age of ingratitude my beſt friends forſake me, I mean my rhymes.

I deſire Mrs. P—— to ſtay her ſtomach with theſe half hundred Plays, till I can procure her a Romance big enough to ſatisfy her great ſoul with adventures. As for Novels, I fear ſhe can depend upon none from me but that of my Life, which I am ſtill, as I have been, contriving all poſſible methods to ſhorten, for the greater eaſe both of the hiſtorian and the reader. May ſhe believe all the paſſion and tenderneſs expreſs'd in theſe romances to be but a faint

image of what I bear her, and may you (who nothing) take the ſame truth upon hearing it me. You will both injure me very much, if don't think me a truer friend, than ever any ro tic lover, or any imitator of their ſtyle could b

The days of beauty are as the days of grea and ſo long all the world are your adorers. one of thoſe unambitious people, who will lov forty years hence when your eyes begin to tw in a retirement, and without the vanity which one now will take to be thought

Your,

LETTER X.

THE more I examine my own mind, th romantic I find myſelf. Methinks i noble ſpirit of contradiction to Fate and Fc not to give up thoſe that are ſnatched from us to follow them the more, the farther they mov'd from the ſenſe of it. Sure, Flattery travelled ſo far as three thouſand miles; it i only for Truth, which overtakes all things, tc you at this diſtance. 'Tis a generous piece pery, that purſues even thoſe who are to be et abſent into another world; whether you t right or wrong, you'll own the very extrava ſort of piety. I can't be ſatisfied with ſt flowers over you, and barely honouring y

loſt: but muſt conſider you as a glorious tho' te being, and be ſending addreſſes after you. have carried away ſo much of me, that what ins is daily languiſhing and dying over my ac- ıtance here, and, I believe, in three or four hs more I ſhall think *Aurat Bazar* as good a ce as *Covent-Garden*. You may imagine this is y, but I am really ſo far gone as to take plea- n reveries of this kind. Let them ſay I am ro- ic, ſo is every one ſaid to be, that either ad- a fine thing or does one. On my conſcience, e world goes, 'tis hardly worth any body's to do one for the honour of it: Glory, the pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as juſt debts; and neither Mrs. Macfarland for ılating her lover, nor you, for conſtancy to lord, muſt ever hope to be compared to Lu- or Portia.

rite this in ſome anger; for having, ſince you frequented thoſe people moſt, who ſeemed in your favour, I heard nothing that concerned alked of ſo often, as that you went away in a full-bottom'd wig; which I did but aſſert to bob, and was anſwered, *Love is blind*. I am ıded your wig had never ſuffered this criticiſm, ın the ſcore of your head, and the two eyes re in it.

ıy when you write to me, talk of yourſelf; is nothing I ſo much deſire to hear of: talk a deal of yourſelf; that ſhe who I always

thought talked beſt, may ſpeak upon the be
The ſhrines and reliques you tell me of,
engage my curioſity; I had ten times rath
pilgrimage to ſee one ſuch face as yours, t
St. John Baptiſt's heads. I wiſh (ſince you a
ſo covetous of golden things) you had no
the fine ſtatues you talk of, but even th
image which Nebuchadnezzar ſet up, prov
were to travel no farther than you could ca

The court of Vienna is very edifying.
dies with reſpect to their huſbands, ſeem
ſtand that text literally, that commands to
another's burdens: but, I fancy, many a ma
like *Iſſachar*, an *aſs* between *two burdens.*
look upon you no more as a Chriſtian, w
paſs from that charitable court to the lan
louſy. I expect to hear an exact account
at what places, you leave one of the thirty
cles after another, as you approach to th
infidelity. Pray how far are you got
amidſt the pomp of a high maſs, and the
trills of a Sunday opera, what did you thi
doctrine and diſcipline of the church of
Had you from your heart a reverence for
and Hopkins? How did your Chriſtian vi
out in ſo long a voyage? you have it ſee
out paſſing the bounds of Chriſtendom) out
the ſin of fornication: in a little time y
upon ſome others with more patience, th
dies here are capable of. I reckon, you'll

ell as to make your religion laſt to the verge of riſtendom, that you may diſcharge your Chaplain s humanity requires) in a place where he may find me buſineſs.

I doubt not but I ſhall be told (when I come to llow you through thoſe countries) in how pretty manner you accomodated yourſelf to the cuſtoms the true Muſlemen. They will tell me at what vn you practiſed to ſit on the Sopha, at what vil-ge you learned to fold a Turbant, where you was thed and anointed, and where you parted with ar black full-bottom. How happy muſt it be for ay young woman, to live in a country where it is a rt of religious worſhip to be *giddy-headed*? I ſhall ar at Belgrade how the good Baſhaw received you th tears of joy, how he was charmed with your reeable manner of pronouncing the words *Allah* d *Muhamed*; and how earneſtly you joined with n in exhorting your friend to embrace that reli-n. But I think his objection was a juſt one, that was attended with ſome circumſtances under ich he could not properly repreſent his Britannic ajeſty.

Laſtly, I ſhall hear how, the firſt night you lay Pera, you had a viſion of Mahomet's Paradiſe; d happily awaked without a ſoul, from which ſſed moment the beautiful body was left at full li-rty to perform all the agreeable functions it was de for.

I ſee I have done in this letter as I often done in your company, talk'd myſelf into a humour, when I begun in an ill one; the ple of addreſſing to you makes me run on, and ' your own power to ſhorten this letter as mu you pleaſe, by giving over when you pleaſe; make it no longer by apologies.

LETTER XI.

YOU have aſked me news a hundred tir the firſt word you ſpoke to me, which would interpret as if you expected nothing from my lips: and truly 'tis not a ſign two l are together, when they can be ſo impertinent enquire what the world does? All I mean by t that either you or I are not in love with the o I leave you to gueſs which of the two is that and inſenſible creature, ſo blind to the other's lencies and charms?

This then ſhall be a letter of News; and ſu you did not think me the humbleſt creature i world, you could never imagine a Poet could dw to a brother of Dawks and Dyer, from a ri Tate and Brady.

The Earl of Oxford has behaved ſo bravely, in this act at leaſt he might ſeem above man, had not juſt now voided a ſtone to prove him ſi to human infirmities. The utmoſt weight of

tion from miniſterial power and popular hatred, were almoſt worth bearing, for the glory of ſuch a dauntleſs conduct as he has ſhewn under it.

You may ſoon have your wiſh, to enjoy the gallant ſights of armies, incampments, ſtandards waving over your brother's corn-fields, and the pretty windings of the Thames ſtained with the blood of men. Your barbarity, which I have heard ſo long exclaim'd againſt in town and country, may have its fill of deſtruction. I would not add one circumſtance uſual in all deſcriptions of calamity, that of the many rapes committed, or to be committed upon thoſe unfortunate women that *delight in war*. But God forgive me—in this martial age, if I could, I would buy a regiment for your ſake and Mrs. P—'s and ſome others, whom, I have cauſe to fear, no fair means will prevail upon.

Thoſe eyes, that care not how much miſchief is done, or how great ſlaughter committed, ſo they have but a fine ſhow; thoſe very female eyes will be infinitely delighted with the camp which is ſpeedily to be formed in Hyde-park. The tents are carried thither this morning, new regiments with new cloaths and furniture (far exceeding the late cloth and linen deſigned by his Grace for the ſoldiery.) The ſight of ſo many gallant fellows, with all the pomp and glare of war yet undeform'd by battles, thoſe ſcenes which England has for many years only beheld on ſtages, may poſſibly invite your curioſity to this place.

By our lateſt account from Duke-ſtreet Weſtminſter, the converſion of T. G. Eſq; is reported in a manner ſomewhat more particular. That upon the ſeizure of his Flanders mares, he ſeemed more than ordinarily diſturbed for ſome hours, ſent for his ghoſtly father, and reſolved to bear his loſs like a Chriſtian; till about the hours of ſeven or eight the coaches and horſes of ſeveral of the Nobility paſſing by his window towards Hyde-park, he could no longer endure the diſappointment, but inſtantly went out, took the oath of Abjuration, and recover'd his dear horſes, which carry'd him in triumph to the Ring. The poor diſtreſſed Roman Catholicks, now unhors'd and uncharioted, cry out with the Pſalmiſt, *Some in Chariots and ſome on horſes, but we will invocate the name of the Lord.*

I am, &c.

LETTER XII.

THE weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this ſeaſon; when every ſmile of the ſun, like the ſmile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon: and I am ſo much in the taſte of rural pleaſures, I had rather ſee the ſun than any thing he can ſhew me, except yourſelf. I deſpiſe every fine thing in town, not excepting your new gown, till I ſee you dreſs'd in it, (which by the way I don't like the better for the red; the

caves, I think, are very pretty.) I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the ſun is but a ſhadow: for I doubt not but God's works here, are what come neareſt to his works here; and that a true reliſh of the beauties of nature is the moſt eaſy preparation and gentleſt tranſition to an enjoyment of thoſe of heaven: as on the contrary, a true town life of hurry, confuſion, noiſe, ſlander, and diſſenſion, is a ſort of apprenticeſhip to hell and its furies. I'm endeavouring to put my mind into as quiet a ſituation as I can, to be ready to receive that ſtroke, which, I believe, is coming upon me, and have fully reſign'd myſelf to yield to it. The ſeparation of my ſoul and body is what I could think of with leſs pain; for I am very ſure he that made it will take care of it, and in whatever ſtate he pleaſes it ſhall be, that ſtate muſt be right: But I cannot think without tears of being ſeparated from my friends, when their condition is ſo doubtful, that they may want even ſuch aſſiſtance as mine. Sure, it is more merciful to take from us after death all memory of what we lov'd or purſued here: for elſe what a torment would it be to a ſpirit, ſtill to love thoſe creatures it is quite divided from? Unleſs we ſuppoſe, that in a more exalted life, all that we eſteemed in this imperfect ſtate will affect us no more, than what we lov'd in our infancy concerns us now.

This is an odd way of writing to a lady, and, I'm ſenſible, would throw me under a great deal of ridi-

cule, were you to ſhow this letter among yo
quaintance. But perhaps you may not your
quite a ſtranger to this way of thinking. I h
wiſh your life may be ſo long and ſo happy,
ver to let you think *quite ſo far* as I am now
do; but, to think *a little towards it*, is wha
make you the happier, and the eaſier at all t

There are no pleaſures or amuſements that I
wiſh you, and therefore 'tis no ſmall grief
that I ſhall for the future be leſs able to partak
you in them. But let fortune do her worſt, wh
ſhe makes us loſe, as long as ſhe never ma
loſe our honeſty and our independance; I
from my heart whoever parts with the firſt,
pity from my ſoul whoever quits the latter.

I am griev'd at Mr. G——'s condition in t
reſpect of dependance. He has Merit, Good-
and Integrity, three qualities, that I fear
often loſt upon great men; or at leaſt are
three a match for that one which is oppos'd to
Flattery. I wiſh it may not ſoon or late d
him from the favour he now poſſeſſes, and ſe
like. I'm ſure his late action deſerves eternal
and eſteem: Lord Bathurſt was charm'd with i
came hither to ſee me before his journey. H
and ſpoke very particularly of you. To n
Mr. Forteſcue comes to me from London
B——'s ſuit in *forma pauperis*. That poo
looks ſtarved: he tells me you have been cha

m. Indeed 'tis wanted; the poor creature can
e ſtir or ſpeak; and I apprehend he will die,
ıs he gets ſomething to live upon. Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

THIS is a day of wiſhes for you, and I hope you have long known, there is not one good which I do not form in your behalf. Every that paſſes, I wiſh ſome things more for my ıds, and ſome things leſs for myſelf. Yet were I ell you what I wiſh for you in particular, it ld be only to repeat in proſe, what I told you year in rhyme (ſo ſincere is my poetry:) I can r add, that as I then wiſh'd you a friend *, I r wiſh that friend were Mrs. ———

ıbſence is a ſhort kind of death; and in either, can only wiſh, that the friends we are ſeparated n, may be happy with thoſe that are left them. m therefore very ſolicitous that you may paſs ch agreeable time together: I am ſorry to ſay I y you no other companion; tho' I hope you have ers that you like; and I am always pleas'd in t hope, when it is not attended with any fears on ır own account.

* *To Mrs.* —— *on her Birth-day.*

" O be thou bleſt with all that heav'n can ſend,
" Long health, long life, long pleaſure, and a *friend*."

I was troubled to leave you both, juſt as I fe
we ſhould begin to live together in the co
'Twas a little like dying the moment one h
all one deſir'd in this world. Yet I go away wi
generous ſort of ſatisfaction, that what I part
you are to inherit.

I know you would both be pleas'd to hear
certain news of a friend departed; to have t
ventures of his paſſage, and the new region
which he travell'd, deſcribed; and, upon the
to know, that he is as happy where he now
while he liv'd among you. But indeed I (like
a poor unprepar'd ſoul) have ſeen nothing I l
well as what I left: No ſcenes of Paradiſ
happy bowers equal to thoſe on the banks
Thames. Where-ever I wander, one reſ
ſtrikes me: I wiſh you were as free as I; or
had a tye as tender, and as reaſonable as mine
relation that as well deſerved your conſtant th
and to whom you would be always pull'd bac
ſuch a manner as I am) by the heart-ſtring.
never been well ſince I ſet out: but don't t
mother ſo; it will trouble her too much:
probably the ſame reaſon may prevent her ſe
a true account of her health to me, I muſt
you to acquaint me. I would gladly hear the
try air improves your own; but don't flatt
when you are ill, that I may be the better ſa
when you ſay you are well; for theſe are thi

hich one may be ſincerer to a reaſonable friend, an to a fond and partial parent. Adieu.

LETTER XIV.

YOU can't be ſurpriz'd to find him a dull correſpondent whom you have known ſo long for dull companion. And tho' I am pretty ſenſible, hat, if I have any wit, I may as well write to ſhow , as not; yet I'll content myſelf with giving you s plain a hiſtory of my pilgrimage, as Purchas himelf, or as John Bunyan could do of his *walking hrough the wilderneſs of this world*, &c.

Firſt then I went up by water to Hampton-Court, nattended by all but my own virtues; which were ot of ſo modeſt a nature as to keep themſelves, or ne, conceal'd: For I met the Prince with all his adies on horſeback, coming from hunting. Mrs. B* nd Mrs. L* took me into protection (contrary to he laws againſt harbouring Papiſts) and gave me a linner, with ſomething I liked better, an opportuity of converſation with Mrs. H*. We all agreed hat the life of a Maid of honour was of all things he moſt miſerable: and wiſh'd that every woman who envy'd it, had a ſpecimen of it. To eat Weſthalia-ham in a morning, ride over hedges and litches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worſe a hundred times) with a red mark in the forehead from

an uneaſy hat; all this may qualify them to mal excellent wives for fox-hunters, and bear abundan of ruddy complexion'd children. As ſoon as th can wipe off the ſweat of the day, they muſt ſimp an hour and catch cold, in the Princeſs's apartmer from thence (as Shakeſpear has it) to *dinner*, *w what appetite they may*—and after that, till midnig walk, work, or think, which they pleaſe. I c eaſily believe, no lone-houſe in Wales, with a mou tain and a rookery, is more contemplative than tl Court; and as a proof of it I need only tell yc Mrs. L* walked with me three or four hours moonlight, and we met no creature of any qu lity but the King, who gave audience to the vic chamberlain, all alone, under the garden-wall.

In ſhort, I heard of no ball, aſſembly, baſſet-tab or any place where two or three were gathered t gether, except Madam Kilmanſegg's, to which I h the honour to be invited, and the grace to ſt away.

I was heartily tired, and poſted to —— parl there we had an excellent diſcourſe of quacker Dr. S * was mentioned with honour. Lady — walked a whole hour abroad without dying after at leaſt in the time I ſtay'd, tho' ſhe ſeem'd to fainting, and had convulſive motions ſeveral tin in her head.

I arrived in the foreſt by Tueſday noon, havi fled from the face (I wiſh I could ſay the hon face) of Moſes, who dined in the mid-way thith

I paſs'd the reſt of the day in thoſe woods where I have ſo often enjoy'd a book and a friend; I made a Hymn as I paſs'd thro', which ended with a ſigh, that I will not tell you the meaning of

Your Doctor is gone the way of all his patients, and was hard put to it how to diſpoſe of an eſtate miſerably unwieldy, and ſplendidly unuſeful to him. Sir Samuel Garth ſays, that for Ratcliffe to leave a library, was as if a Eunuch ſhould found a Seraglio. Dr. S—— lately told a lady, he wonder'd ſhe could be alive after him: ſhe made anſwer, ſhe wonder'd at it for two reaſons, becauſe Dr. Ratcliffe was dead, and becauſe Dr. S—— was living. I am

Your &c.

LETTER XV.

NOthing could have more of that melancholy which once uſed to pleaſe me, than my laſt day's journey; for after having paſs'd through my favourite woods in the foreſt, with a thouſand reveries of paſt pleaſures, I rid over hanging hills, whoſe tops were edged with groves, and whoſe feet water'd with winding rivers, liſtening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above: The gloomy verdure of Stonor ſucceeded to theſe; and then the ſhades of the evening overtook me. The moon roſe in the cleareſt ſky I ever ſaw, by whoſe ſolemn light I paced on ſlowly, without

company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reach'd Oxford, all the bells toll'd in different notes; the clocks of every college anſwer'd one another, and ſounded forth (ſome in a deeper, ſome a ſofter tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led ſince, among thoſe old walls, venerable galleries, ſtone portico's, ſtudious walks and ſolitary ſcenes of the Univerſity. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a ſalary, to be as mere a bookworm as any there. I conform'd myſelf to the college hours, was roll'd up in books, lay in one of the moſt ancient, duſky parts of the Univerſity, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the deſert. If any thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, ſuch as even thoſe good men uſed to entertain, when the monks *of their own order* extoll'd their piety and abſtraction. For I found myſelf receiv'd with a ſort of reſpect, which this idle part of mankind, the Learned, pay to their own ſpecies; who are as conſiderable here, as the buſy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

Indeed I was treated in ſuch a manner, that I could not but ſometimes aſk myſelf in my mind, what college I was founder of, or what library I had built? Methinks, I do very ill to return to the world again, to leave the only place where I make a figure, and, from ſeeing myſelf ſeated with dignity *on the* moſt conſpicuous ſhelves of a library, put

myſelf into the abject poſture of lying at a lady's feet in St. James's ſquare.

I will not deny, but that, like Alexander, in the midſt of my glory, I am wounded, and find myſelf a mere man. To tell you from whence the dart comes, is to no purpoſe, ſince neither of you will take the tender care to draw it out of my heart, and ſuck the poiſon with your lips.

Here, at my Lord H——'s, I ſee a creature nearer an angel than a woman (tho' a woman be very near as good as an angel;) I think you have formerly heard me mention Mrs. T—— as a credit to the Maker of angels; ſhe is a relation of his lordſhip's, and he gravely propos'd her to me for a wife; being tender of her intereſts, and knowing (what is a ſhame to Providence) that ſhe is leſs indebted to fortune than I. I told him, 'twas what he could never have thought of, if it had not been his misfortune to be blind; and what I never could think of, while I had eyes to ſee both her and myſelf.

I muſt not conclude without telling you, that I will do the utmoſt in the affair you deſire. It would be an inexpreſſible joy to me if I could ſerve you, and I will always do all I can to give myſelf pleaſure. I wiſh as well for you as for myſelf; I am in love with you both, as much as I am with myſelf, for I find myſelf moſt ſo with either, when I leaſt ſuſpect it.

LETTER XVI.

THE chief cauſe I have to repent my leaving the town, is the uncertainty I am in every day of your ſiſter's ſtate of health. I really expected by every poſt to have heard of her recovery, but on the contrary each letter has been a new awakening to my apprehenſions, and I have ever ſince ſuffer'd alarms upon alarms on her account. No one can be more ſenſibly touch'd at this than I; nor any danger of any I love could affect me with more uneaſineſs. I have felt ſome weakneſſes of a tender kind, which I would not be free from; and I am glad to find my value for people ſo rightly placed, as to perceive them on this occaſion.

I cannot be ſo good a Chriſtian as to be willing to reſign my own happineſs here, for hers in another life. I do more than wiſh for her ſafety, for every wiſh I make I find immediately changed into a prayer, and a more fervent one than I had learn'd to make till now.

May her life be longer and happier than perhaps herſelf may deſire, that is, as long, and as happy as you can wiſh: May her beauty be as great as poſſible that is, as it always was, or as yours is. But whatever ravages a mercileſs diſtemper may commit, I dare promiſe her boldly, what few (if any) of her makers of viſits and compliments dare to do: ſhe ſhall have one man as much her admirer as ever.

or your part, Madam, you have me ſo more ever, ſince I have been a witneſs to the gene- tenderneſs you have ſhewn upon this occaſion.

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

m not at all concern'd to think that this letter ıay be leſs entertaining than ſome I have ſent: ow you are a friend that will think a kind letter od as a diverting one. He that gives you his makes a much leſs preſent than he that gives his heart; and true friends would rather ſee ſuch ghts as they communicate only to one another, what they ſquander about to all the world. who can ſet a right value upon any thing, will one tender, well meant word, above all that made them laugh in their lives. If I did not ſo of you, I ſhould never have taken much to endeavour to pleaſe you, by writing, or any elſe. Wit, I am ſure, I want; at leaſt in the e that I ſee others have it, who would at all ns alike be entertaining; but I would willingly ſome qualities that may be (at ſome ſeaſons) of comfort to myſelf, and of more ſervice to my ds. I would cut off my own head, if it had ing better than wit in it; and tear out my own , if it had no better diſpoſitions than to love myſelf, and laugh at all my neighbours.

I know you'll think it an agreeable thing to hear that I have done a great deal of Homer. If it be tolerable, the world may thank you for it: for if I could have ſeen you every day, and imagin'd my company could have every day pleaſed you, I ſhould ſcarce have thought it worth my while to pleaſe the world. How many verſes could I gladly have left unfiniſh'd, and turn'd into it, for people to ſay what they would of, had I been permitted to paſs all thoſe hours more pleaſingly? Whatever ſome may think, Fame is a thing I am much leſs covetous of, than your Friendſhip; for that, I hope, will laſt all my life; the other I cannot anſwer for. What if they ſhould both grow greater after my death? alas! they would both be of no advantage to me! Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

Now I talk of fame, I ſend you my Temple of Fame, which is juſt come out: but my ſentiments about it you will ſee better by this Epigram.

What's Fame with Men, by cuſtom of the Nation,
Is call'd in Women only Reputation:
About them both why keep we ſuch a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

LETTER XVIII.

ALL the pleaſure or uſe of familiar letters, is to give us the aſſurance of a friend's welfare; at eaſt 'tis all I know, who am a mortal enemy and leſpiſer of what they call fine letters. In this view, promiſe you, it will always be a ſatisfaction to me o write letters and to receive them from you; beauſe I unfeignedly have your good at my heart, and un that thing, which many people make only a ſubect to diſplay their fine ſentiments upon, a Friend: vhich is a character that admits of little to be ſaid, ill ſomething may be done. Now let me fairly tell you, I don't like your ſtyle: 'tis very pretty, therefore I don't like it; and if you writ as well as Voiture, I would not give a farthing for ſuch letters, unleſs I were to ſell them to be printed. Methinks I have loſt the Mrs. L* I formerly knew, who writ and talked like other people (and ſometimes better.) You muſt allow me to ſay, you have not ſaid a ſenſible word in all your letter, except where you ſpeak of ſhewing kindneſs and expecting it in return: but the addition you make about your being but two and twenty, is again in the ſtyle of wit and abomination. To ſhew you how very unſatisfactorily you write, in all your letters you've never told me how you do. Indeed I ſee 'twas abſolutely neceſſary for me to write to you, before you continued to take more notice of me, for I ought to tell you what you

are to expect; that is to say, Kindneſs, which I never fail'd (I hope) to return; and not Wit, which if I want, I am not much concern'd, becauſe judgment is a better thing; and if I had, I would make uſe of it rather to play upon thoſe I deſpiſed, than to trifle with thoſe I loved. You, ſee in ſhort, after what manner you may moſt agreeably write to me: tell me you are my friend, and you can be no more at a loſs about that article. As I have open'd my mind upon this to you, it may alſo ſerve for Mr. H——, who will ſee by it what manner of letters he muſt expect if he correſponds with me. As I am too ſeriouſly yours and his ſervant to put turns upon you inſtead of good wiſhes, ſo in return I ſhould have nothing but honeſt plain How-d'ye's and Pray remember me's; which not being fit to be ſhown to any body for wit, may be a proof we correſpond only for ourſelves, in mere friendlineſs; as doth, God is my witneſs,

Your very, &c

LETTER XIX.

IT is with infinite ſatisfaction I am made acquainted that your brother will at laſt prove your relation, and has entertained ſuch ſentiments as become him in your concern. I have been prepared for this by degrees, having ſeveral times received from Mrs. * that which is one of the greateſt pleaſures the knowledge that others entered into my own ſe

iments concerning you. I ever was of opinion that you wanted no more to be vindicated than to be known. As I have often condoled with you in your adverſities, ſo I have a right, which but few can pretend to, of congratulating on the proſpect of your better fortunes; and I hope, for the future, to have the concern I have felt for you overpaid in your felicities. Tho' you modeſtly ſay the world has left you, yet, I verily believe, it is coming to you again as faſt as it can: for, to give the world its due, it is always very fond of Merit when 'tis paſt its power to oppoſe it. Therefore, if you can, take it into favour again upon its repentance, and continue in it. But if you are reſolved in revenge to rob the world of ſo much example as you may afford it, I believe, your deſign will be vain; for even in a monaſtery your devotions cannot carry you ſo far toward the next world as to make this loſe the ſight of you; but, you'll be like a ſtar, that, while it is fixed to heaven, ſhines over all the earth.

Whereſoever Providence ſhall diſpoſe of the moſt valuable thing I know, I ſhall ever follow you with my ſincereſt wiſhes, and my beſt thoughts will be perpetually waiting upon you, when you never hear of me nor them. Your own guardian angels cannot be more conſtant, nor more ſilent. I beg you will never ceaſe to think me your friend, that you may not be guilty of that which you never yet knew to commit, an injuſtice. As I have hitherto been ſo

in ſpite of the world, ſo hereafter, if it be poſſible you ſhould ever be more oppoſed, and more deſerted, I ſhould only be ſo much the more

Your faithful, &c.

LETTER XX.

I Can ſay little to recommend the letters I ſhall write to you, but that they will be the moſt impartial repreſentations of a free heart, and the trueſt copies you ever ſaw, tho' of a very mean original. Not a feature will be ſoftened, or any advantageous light employed to make the ugly things a little leſs hideous; but you ſhall find it in all reſpects moſt horribly like. You will do me an injuſtice if you look upon any thing I ſhall ſay from this inſtant as a compliment, either to you or to myſelf: Whatever I write will be the real thought of that hour and I know you'll no more expect it of me to perſevere till death, in every ſentiment or notion I now ſet down, than you would imagine a man's face ſhould never change when once his picture was drawn.

The freedom I ſhall uſe in this manner of *thinking aloud*, may indeed prove me a fool; but it will prove me one of the beſt ſort of fools, the honeſt ones. And ſince what folly we have, will infallibly buoy up at one time or other, in ſpite of all our art to keep it down; methinks, 'tis almoſt ſcoliſh

any pains to conceal it at all, and almoſt knaviſh
o it from thoſe that are our friends. If Mo-
s project had taken, of having windows in our
ts, I ſhould be for carrying it further, and mak-
:hoſe windows, caſements; that while a man
ed his heart to all the world, he might do
thing more for his friends; even give it them,
ruſt it to their handling. I think I love you as
as king Herod did Herodias (tho' I never had
ach as one dance with you) and would as freely
you my heart in a diſh, as he did another's
. But ſince Jupiter will not have it ſo, I muſt
ntent to ſhew my taſte in life, as I do my taſte
ainting, by loving to have as little drapery as
le. Not that I think every body naked alto-
r ſo fine a ſight, as yourſelf and a few more
d be, but becauſe 'tis good to uſe people to
they muſt be acquainted with; and there will
nly come ſome day of judgment or other, to
ver every ſoul of us. We ſhall then ſee that
rudes of this world owed all their fine figure
to their being ſtraiter-laced than the reſt; and
hey are naturally as arrant ſquabs as thoſe that
more looſe, nay as thoſe that never girded
loins at all.—But a particular reaſon that may
ge you to write your thoughts the more freely
, is, that I am confident no one knows you
; for I find, when others expreſs their thoughts
d, they fall very ſhort of mine, and, I know,

at the ſame time, theirs are ſuch as you would t
ſufficiently in your favour.

You may eaſily imagine how deſirous I muſt h
a correſpondence with a perſon, who had taugh
long ago that it was as poſſible to eſteem at firſt
as to love: and who has ſince ruined me for al
converſation of one ſex, and almoſt all the frien
of the other. I am but too ſenſible thro' your m
that the company of men wants a certain ſoftn
recommend it, and that of women wants every
elſe. How often have I been quietly going to
poſſeſſion of that tranquillity and indolence I h
long found in the Country; when one evenin
your converſation has ſpoil'd me for a Solit
Books have loſt their effect upon me, and I was
vinced ſince I ſaw you, that there is one alive
than all the ſages. A plague of female wiſdo
makes a man ten times more uneaſy than his
What is very ſtrange, Virtue herſelf (when you
the dreſſing her) is too amiable for one's re
You might have done a world of good in your
if you had allowed half the fine gentlemen who
ſeen you, to have converſed with you; they
have been ſtrangely bit, while they thought on
fall in love with a fair lady, and you had bew
them with Reaſon and Virtue (two beauties th
very fops pretend to no acquaintance with.)

The unhappy diſtance at which we corre
removes a great many of thoſe reſtrictions and
tilious decorums, that oftentimes in nearer con

rejudice truth, to ſave good breeding. I may
ıear of my faults, and you of your good qua-
without a bluſh; we converſe upon ſuch un-
ate generous terms, as exclude the regards of
ſhame, or deſign, in either of us. And me-
ı it would be as paltry a part, to impoſe (even
ngle thought) upon each other in this ſtate of
ıtion, as for ſpirits of a different ſphere who
ſo little intercourſe with us, to employ that little
me would make us think they do) in putting
and deluſions upon poor mortals.

t me begin then, Madam, by aſking you a queſ-
that may enable me to judge better of my own
ıct than moſt inſtances of my life. In what
ıer did I behave in the laſt hour I ſaw you?
: degree of concern did I diſcover when I felt
fortune, which, I hope, you will never feel,
›f parting from what one moſt eſteems? for if
›arting look but like that of your common
ıintance, I am the greateſt of all the hypocrites
:ver decency made.

ıever ſince paſs by your houſe but with the ſame
of melancholy that we feel upon ſeeing the
of a friend, which only ſerves to put us in
of what we have loſt. I reflect upon the cir-
tances of your departure, which I was there a
:ſs of (your behaviour in what I may call your
ıoments) and I indulge a gloomy kind of plea-
in thinking that thoſe laſt moments were given
:. I would fain imagine this was not acciden-

tal, but proceeded from a penetration, which, know, you have, in finding out the truth of people' ſentiments; and that you were willing, the laſt ma that *would have* parted from you, ſhould be the la that *did*. I really looked upon you juſt as the friend of Curtius might have done upon that Hero, at th inſtant when he was devoting himſelf to glory, an running to be loſt out of generoſity: I was oblige to admire your reſolution, in as great a degree as deplored it; and had only to wiſh, that Heave would reward ſo much virtue as was to be take from us with all the felicities it could enjoy elſe where!

I am, &c

LETTER XXI.

I Can never have too many of your letters. I an angry at every ſcrap of paper loſt, and tho' it i but an odd compliment to compare a fine lady t Sibyl, your leaves, methinks, like hers, are too goo to be committed to the winds; tho' I have no othe way of receiving them but by thoſe unfaithful me ſengers. I have had but three, and I reckon th ſhort one from D——, which was rather a dyin ejaculation than a letter.

You have contrived to ſay in your laſt the tw things moſt pleaſing to me: The firſt, that whateve be the fate of your letters, you will continue t write in the diſcharge of your conſcience. Th

er is, the juſtice you do me, in taking what I t to you, in the ſerious manner it was meant; it he point upon which I can bear no ſuſpicion, and which, above all, I deſire to be thought ſerious. vould be vexatious indeed, if you ſhould pretend take that for wit, which is no more than the na- al overflowing of a heart improved by an eſteem you: but ſince you tell me you believe me, I icy my expreſſions have not been entirely unfaith- to my thoughts.

May your faith be increaſed in all truths, that are great as this; and, depend upon it, to whatever gree it may extend, you can never be a bigot.

If you could ſee the heart I talk of, you would lly think it a fooliſh good kind of thing, with ne qualities as well deſerving to be half-laughed and half-eſteemed, as moſt hearts in the world.

Its grand *foible* in regard to you, is the moſt like aſon of any *foible* in nature. Upon my word this art is not like a great warehouſe, ſtored only with own goods, or with empty ſpaces to be ſupplied faſt as Intereſt or Ambition can fill them: but is ny inch of it let out into lodgings for its friends, l ſhall never want a corner where your idea will ays lie as warm, and as cloſe, as any idea in riſtendom.

If this diſtance (as you are ſo kind as to ſay) en- ges your belief of my friendſhip, I aſſure you, it ſo extended my notion of your value, that I be- to be impious upon that account, and to wiſh

that even ſlaughter, ruin, and deſolation may i
poſe between you and the place you deſign for;
that you were reſtored to us at the expence
whole people.

Is there no expedient to return you in pea
the boſom of your country? I hear you are con
far as———: do you only look back to die twic
Eurydice once more ſnatched to the ſhades? If
mortal had reaſon to hate the King, it is I, w
particular misfortune it is, to be almoſt the onl
nocent perſon he has made to ſuffer: both by his
vernment at home, and his Negotiations abroad

If you muſt go from us, I wiſh at leaſt you n
paſs to your baniſhment by the moſt pleaſant v
that all the road might be roſes and myrtles, a
thouſand objects riſe round you, agreeable en
to make England leſs deſirable to you. It i
now my intereſt to wiſh England agreeable:
highly probable it may uſe me ill enough to
me from it. Can I think that place my cou
where I cannot now call a foot of paternal *Eart*
own? Yet it may ſeem ſome alleviation, that
the wiſeſt thing I can do is to leave my cou
what was moſt agreeable in it ſhould firſt be ſnat
away from it.

I could overtake you with pleaſure in ———,
make that tour in your company. Every reaſon
entertainment and beautiful view would be do
engaging when you partook of it. I ſhould at
attend you to the ſea coaſts, and caſt a look afte

ils that tranſported you. But perhaps I might care
little to ſtay behind you; and be full as uneaſy to
ve in a country where I ſaw others perſecuted by
e rogues of my own religion, as where I was per-
cuted myſelf by the rogues of yours. And it is
ot impoſſible I might run into Aſia in ſearch of li-
erty; for who would not rather live a freeman a-
ong a nation of ſlaves, than a ſlave among a na-
on of freemen?

In good earneſt, if I knew your motions, and
our exact time; I verily think, I ſhould be once
ppy in a fight of you next ſpring.

I'll conclude with a wiſh, God ſend you with us,
me with you.

LETTER XXII.

YOU will find me more troubleſome than ever Brutus did his evil Genius; I ſhall meet you more places than one, and often refreſh your me-ory before you arrive at your Philippi. Theſe ſha-ows of me (my letters) will be haunting you from me to time, and putting you in mind of the man ho has really ſuffered very much from you, and hom you have robb'd of the moſt valuable of his joyments, your converſation. The advantage of aring your ſentiments by diſcovering mine, was hat I always thought a great one, and even worth e riſque I generally run of manifeſting my own in-ſcretion. You then rewarded my truſt in you the

moment it was given, for you pleas'd or inform'd me the minute you anſwer'd. I muſt now be contented with more ſlow returns. However, 'tis ſome pleaſure, that your thoughts upon paper will be a more laſting poſſeſſion to me, and that I ſhall no longer have cauſe to complain of a loſs I have ſo often regretted, that of any thing you ſaid, which I happen'd to forget. In earneſt, Madam, if I were to write to you as often as I think of you, it muſt be every day of my life. I attend you in ſpirit thro' all your ways, I follow you through every ſtage in books of travels, and fear for you thro' whole folio's; you make me ſhrink at the paſt dangers of dead travellers; and if I read of a delightful proſpect, or agreeable place, I hope it yet ſubſiſts to pleaſe you. enquire the roads, the amuſements, the company, of every town and country thro' which you paſs, with as much diligence, as if I were to ſet out next week to overtake you. In a word, no one can have you more conſtantly in mind, not even your Guardian angel (if you have one) and I am willing to indulge ſo much Popery as to fancy ſome Being takes care of you, who knows your value better than you do yourſelf: I am willing to think that heaven never gave ſo much ſelf-neglect and reſolution to a woman, to occaſion her calamity; but am pious enough to believe thoſe qualities muſt be intended to conduce to her benefit and her glory.

Your firſt ſhort letter only ſerves to ſhew me you are alive: it puts me in mind of the firſt dove that

return'd to Noah, and juſt made him know it had found no reſt abroad.

There is nothing in it that pleaſes me, but when you tell me you had no ſea-ſickneſs. I beg your next may give me all the pleaſure it can, that is, tell me any that you receive. You can make no diſcoveries that will be half ſo valuable to me as thoſe of your own mind. Nothing that regards the ſtates or kingdoms you paſs thro', will engage ſo much of my curioſity or concern, as what relates to yourſelf: Your welfare, to ſay truth, is more at my heart than that of Chriſtendom.

I am ſure I may defend the truth, tho' perhaps not the virtue of this declaration. One is ignorant, or doubtful at beſt, of the merits of differing religions and governments: but private virtues one can be ſure of. I therefore know what particular Perſon has deſert enough to merit being happier than others, but not what Nation deſerves to conquer or oppreſs another. You will ſay, I am not *public ſpirited*; let it be ſo, I may have too many tenderneſſes, particular regards, or narrow views: but at the ſame time I am certain that whoever wants theſe, can never have a Public ſpirit: for (as a friend of mine ſays) how is it poſſible for that man to love twenty thouſand people, who never loved one?

I communicated your letter to Mr. C——, he thinks of you and talks of you as he ought, I mean as I do, and one always thinks that to be juſt as it ought. His health and mine are now ſo good, that

we wiſh with all our ſouls you were a witneſs of it. We never meet but we lament over you: we pay a kind of weekly rites to your memory, where we ſtrow flowers of rhetoric, and offer ſuch libations to your name as it would be prophane to call Toaſting. The Duke of B——m is ſometimes the High Prieſt of your praiſes; and upon the whole, I believe there are as few men that are not ſorry at your departure, as women that are; for, you know, moſt of your ſex want good ſenſe, and therefore muſt want generoſity: You have ſo much of both, that, I am ſure, you pardon them: for one cannot but forgive whatever one deſpiſes. For my part I hate a great many women for your ſake, and undervalue all the reſt. 'Tis you are to blame, and may God revenge it upon you, with all thoſe bleſſings and earthly proſperities, which, the divines tells us, are the cauſe of our perdition; for if he makes you happy in this world, I dare truſt your own virtue to do it in the other. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

To Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR.

On her Marriage.

YOU are by this time ſatisfied how much the tenderneſs of one man of merit is to be preferred to the addreſſes of a thouſand. And by this

time the Gentleman you have made choice of is ſenſible, how great is the joy of having all thoſe charms and good qualities which have pleaſed ſo many, now applied to pleaſe one only. It was but juſt, that the ſame Virtues which gave you reputation, ſhould give you happineſs; and I can wiſh you no greater, than that you may receive it in as high a degree yourſelf, as ſo much good humour muſt infallibly give it to your huſband.

It may be expected, perhaps, that one who has the title of Poet ſhould ſay ſomething more polite on this occaſion: But I am really more a well-wiſher to your felicity, than a celebrater of your beauty. Beſides, you are now a married woman, and in a way to be a great many better things than a fine lady; ſuch as an excellent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and at laſt, as the conſequence of them all, a ſaint in heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that, which was all you ever deſired to hear (whatever others may have ſpoken to you) I mean Truth: and it is with the utmoſt that I aſſure you, no friend you have can more rejoice in any good that befals you, is more ſincerely delighted with the proſpect of your future happineſs, or more unfeignedly deſires a long continuance of it.

I hope, you will think it but juſt, that a man who will certainly be ſpoken of as your admirer, after he is dead, may have the happineſs to be eſteemed, while he is living,

Your, &c.

LETTER

TO AND FROM

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL

From the Year 1705 to 1716.

LETTER I.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. Po

SIR, October 19, 170

I Return you the Book you were pleaſed to l me, and with it your obliging letter, which ſerves my particular acknowledgment; for, ne the pleaſure of enjoying the company of ſo go friend, the welcomeſt thing to me is to hear f him. I expected to find, what I have met with admirable genius in thoſe Poems, not only bec they were Milton's †, or were approved by Sir I Wooton, but becauſe you had commended th

* Secretary of State to King William the Third.

† L'Allegro, Il Penſeroſo, Lycidas, and the Maſque of Cc

and give me leave to tell you, that I know no body ſo like to equal him, even at the age he wrote moſt of them, as yourſelf. Only do not afford more cauſe of complaints againſt you, that you ſuffer nothing of yours to come abroad; which in this age, wherein wit and true ſenſe is more ſcarce than money, is a piece of ſuch cruelty as your beſt friends can hardly pardon. I hope you will repent and amend; I could offer many reaſons to this purpoſe, and ſuch as you cannot anſwer with any ſincerity; but that I dare not enlarge, for fear of ingaging in a ſtyle of Compliment, which has been ſo abuſed by fools and knaves, that it is become almoſt ſcandalous. I conclude therefore with an aſſurance which ſhall never vary, of my being ever, &c.

LETTER II.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. POPE.

April 9, 1708.

I Have this moment received the favour of yours of the 8th inſtant; and will make you a true excuſe (tho' perhaps no very good one) that I deferred the troubling you with a letter, when I ſent back your papers, in hopes of ſeeing you at Binfield before this time. If I had met with any fault in your performance, I ſhould freely now (as I have done too preſumptuouſly in converſation with you) tell you my opinion; which I have frequently ventured to

give you, rather in compliance with your deſires th that I could think it reaſonable. For I am not ſatisfied upon what grounds I can pretend to jud of poetry, who never have been practiſed in the a There may poſſibly be ſome happy genius's, wh may judge of ſome of the natural beauties of poem, as a man may of the proportions of a buil ing, without having read Vitruvius, or knowing an thing of the rules of architecture; but this, tho' may ſometimes be in the right, muſt be ſubject t many miſtakes, and is certainly but a ſuperficia knowledge; without entring into the art, the me thods, and the particular excellencies of the whol compoſure, in all the parts of it.

Beſides my want of ſkill, I have another rea ſon why I ought to ſuſpect myſelf, by reaſon of th great affection I have for you; which might give too much bias to be kind to every thing that comes from you. But after all, I muſt ſay (and I do it with an old-faſhioned ſincerity) that I entirely approve of your tranſlation of thoſe pieces of Homer, both as to the verſification and the true ſenſe that ſhines thro' the whole: Nay I am confirmed in my former application to you, and give me leave to renew it upon this occaſion, that you would proceed in tran ſlating that incomparable Poet, to make him ſpeak good Engliſh, to dreſs his admirable characters in your proper, ſignificant, and expreſſive conceptions and to make his works as uſeful and inſtructive to this degenerate age, as he was to our friend Horace

ien he read him at *Preneſte: Qui, quid ſit pulchrum, id turpe, quid utile, quid non,* &c. I break off with at *quid non?* with which I confeſs I am charm'd. Upon the whole matter I intreat you to ſend this eſently to be added to the Miſcellanies, and I ope, it will come time enough for that purpoſe.

I have nothing to ſay of my Nephew B's obſer-ations, for he ſent them to me ſo late, that I had ot time to conſider them; I dare ſay he endea-our'd very faithfully (though, he told me, very ittily) to execute your commands.

All I can add is, that if your exceſs of modeſty ould hinder you from publiſhing this Eſſay, I ſhall ly be ſorry that I have no more credit with you, perſuade you to oblige the public, and very par-cularly, dear Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER III.

From WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. POPE.

March 6, 1713.

Think a haſty ſcribble ſhows more what flows from the heart, than a letter after Balzac's man-in ſtudied phraſes; therefore I will tell you as as I can, that I have received your favour of 26th paſt, with your kind preſent of The Rape he Lock. You have given me the trueſt ſatiſ-ion imaginable, not only in making good the juſt nion I have ever had of your reach of thought,

and my Idea of your comprehenſive genius; but, likewiſe in that pleaſure I take as an Engliſhman to ſee the French, even Boileau himſelf in his Lutrin, out-done in your poem: for you deſcend, *leviore plectro*, to all the nicer touches, that your own obſervation and wit furniſh, on ſuch a ſubject as requires the fineſt ſtrokes and the livelieſt imagination. But I muſt ſay no more (tho' I could a great deal) on what pleaſes me ſo much: and henceforth, I hope, you will never condemn me of partiality, ſince I only ſwim with the ſtream, and approve of what all men of good taſte (notwithſtanding the jarring of Parties) muſt and do univerſally applaud. I now come to what is of vaſt moment, I mean the preſervation of your health, and beg of you earneſtly to get out of all Tavern-company, and fly away *tanquam ex incendio*. What a miſery is it for you to be deſtroyed by the fooliſh kindneſs ('tis all one whether real or pretended) of thoſe who are able to bear the poiſon of bad wine, and to engage you in ſo unequal a combat? As to Homer, by all I can learn, your buſineſs is done: therefore come away and take a little time to breathe in the country. I beg now for my own ſake, but much more for yours; methinks Mr. —— has ſaid to you more than once,

Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis!

I am Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

March 12, 1713.

THOUGH any thing you write is ſure to be a pleaſure to me, yet I muſt own your laſt letter made me uneaſy; you really uſe a ſtyle of compliment, which I expect as little as I deſerve it. I know 'tis a common opinion that a young ſcribbler is as ill pleas'd to hear truth as a young lady From the moment one ſets up for an author, one muſt be treated as ceremoniouſly, that is, as unfaithfully,

As a King's Favourite, or as a King.

This proceeding, join'd to that natural vanity, which firſt makes a man an author, is certainly enough to render him a coxcomb for life. But I muſt grant it is a juſt judgment upon poets, that they, whoſe chief pretence is Wit, ſhould be treated as they themſelves treat Fools, that is, be cajol'd with praiſes. And, I believe, Poets are the only poor fellows in the world whom any body will flatter.

I would not be thought to ſay this, as if the obliging letter you ſent me deſerv'd this imputation, only it put me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to one's friend what Cæſar ſaid of his wife: "It was "not ſufficient that he knew her to be chaſte himſelf, "but ſhe ſhould not be ſo much as ſuſpected."

As to the wonderful diſcoveries, and all tl
news you are pleas'd to tell me of myſelf, I
as you who are in the ſecret, treat common r
groundleſs reports of things at a diſtance; w
who look into the true ſprings of the affair,
own breaſt, know to have no foundation at a
Fame, though it be (as Milton finely calls it)
infirmity of noble minds, is ſcarce ſo ſtrong a t
tion as to warrant our loſs of time here: it ca
make us lie down contentedly on a death-b
ſome of the antients are ſaid to have done w
thought.) You, Sir, have yourſelf taught m
an eaſy ſituation at that hour can proceed fi
ambition leſs noble than that of an eternal f
which is unattainable by the ſtrongeſt endeav
the wit, but may be gain'd by the ſincere int
of the heart only. As in the next world, ſo
the only ſolid bleſſings are owing to the good
the mind, not the extent of the capacity: frie
here is an emanation from the ſame ſource as
tude there: the ſame benevolence and grate
poſition that qualifies us for the one, if extend
ther, makes us partakers of the other. The
point of my deſires in my preſent ſtate termin
the ſociety and good-will of worthy men, w
look upon as no ill earneſt and foretaſte of t
ciety and alliance of happy ſouls hereafter.

The continuance of your favours to me is
not only makes me happy, but cauſes me to ſe
value upon myſelf as a part of your care. T

ſtances I daily meet with of theſe agreeable awakenings of friendſhip, are of too pleaſing a nature not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER V.

April 30, 1713.

I Have been almoſt every day employ'd in following your advice, and amuſing myſelf in painting, in which I am moſt particularly obliged to Mr. Jervas, who gives me daily inſtructions and examples. As to poetical affairs, I am content at preſent to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer, which is (as the world goes) not very uſual. Cato was not ſo much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and tho' all the fooliſh induſtry poſſible has been uſed to make it thought a party-play, yet what the author once ſaid of another may the moſt properly in the world be apply'd to him on this occaſion,

Envy itſelf is dumb, in wonder loſt,
And Factions ſtrive, who ſhall applaud him moſt.

The numerous and violent claps of the Whig-party on the one ſide of the theatre, were echo'd back by the Tories on the other; while the author ſweated behind the ſcenes with concern to find their applauſe proceeding more from the hand than the head. This

was the caſe too of the prologue writer *, who clapp'd into a ſtanch whig, at almoſt every two li I believe you have heard, that after all the appla of the oppoſite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke ſent Booth, who play'd Cato, into the box, between of the acts, and preſented him with fifty guineas; acknowledgment (as he expreſs'd it) for defend the cauſe of liberty ſo well againſt a Perpetual I tator. The Whigs are unwilling to be diſtanc'd i way, and therefore deſign a preſent to the ſame C very ſpeedily; in the mean time they are getting r dy as good a ſentence as the former on their ſide: betwixt them, 'tis probable that Cato (as Dr. Ga expreſs'd it) may have ſomething to live upon, a he dies. I am

Your, &

LETTER VI.

From Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Eaſthamſtead, Feb. 22, 1714-1

I Am ſenſibly oblig'd, dear Sir, by your kind p ſent of the *Temple of Fame*, into which you are ready enter'd, and I dare propheſy for once (thc I am not much given to it) that you will contir there, with thoſe,

Who, ever new, not ſubject to decays,
Spread and grow brighter with the length of day

* Himſelf.

There was nothing wanting to compleat your obliging remembrance of me, but your accompanying it with your poem; your long abſence being much the ſevereſt part of the winter. I am truly ſorry that your time, which you can employ ſo much better, ſhould be ſpent in the drudgery of correcting the printers; for as to what you have done yourſelf, there will nothing of that nature be neceſſary. I wiſh you could find a few minutes leiſure to let me hear from you ſometimes, and to acquaint me how your Homer draws on towards a publication, and all things relating thereunto.

I intreat you to return my humble ſervice to Mr. Jervas. I ſtill flatter myſelf that he will take an opportunity, in a proper ſeaſon to ſee us, and review his picture, and then to alter ſome things, ſo as to pleaſe himſelf; which I know will not be, till every thing in it is perfect; no more than I can be, till you believe me to be with that ſincerity and eſteem, that I am and will ever continue, your moſt faithful friend.

LETTER VII.

Dec. 16, 1715.

IT was one of the Enigma's of Pythagoras, "When the winds riſe, worſhip the Echo." A modern writer explains this to ſignify, "When po "pular tumults begin, retire to ſolitudes, or ſuch

" places where Echo's are commonly foun
" woods, &c." I am rather of opinion it
interpreted, " When rumours increaſe, a
" there is abundance of noiſe and clamour
" the ſecond report:" This, I think agr
exactly with the echo, and is the more na
plication of the ſymbol. However it be,
theſe Precepts is extremely proper to be fol
this ſeaſon; and I cannot but applaud your r
of continuing in what you call your cave in t
this winter; and preferring the noiſe of bre
to that of breaking ſtateſmen, the rage of
that of parties, the fury and ravage of fic
tempeſts, to the precipitancy of ſome, and th
others, which, I fear, will be our daily pro
London.

I ſincerely wiſh myſelf with you, to con
the wonders of God in the firmament, rat
the madneſs of man on the earth. But I n
ſo much cauſe as now to complain of my
ſtar, that fixes me, at this tumultuous time,
the gingling of rhymes and the meaſuring of
to be almoſt the only trifler in the nation; a
diculous as the poet in Petronius, who whil
reſt in the ſhip were either labouring or pra
life, was ſcratching his head in a little room,
a fine deſcription of the tempeſt.

You tell me, you like the ſound of no a
thoſe of Achilles: for my part I like them
as any other arms. I lifted myſelf in the b

r, and I am no ſooner in war, but, like moſt
olks, I wiſh myſelf out again.

artily join with you in wiſhing Quiet to our
country: Quiet in the ſtate, which, like Cha-
religion, is too much the perfection and hap-
of either, to be broken or violated on any pre-
r proſpect whatſoever. Fire and ſword, and
faggot, are equally my averſion. I can pray
oſite parties, and for oppoſite religions, with
ncerity. I think to be a lover of one's coun-
glorious elogy, but I do not think it ſo great
s to be a lover of mankind.

netimes celebrate you under theſe denomina-
and join your health with that of the whole:
a truly catholic health, which far excels the
arrow-ſpirited, ridiculous healths now in fa-
o this church, or that church. Whatever our
s may ſay, they muſt give us leave at leaſt to
nerouſly. Theſe, dear Sir, are my general
ions; but whenever I pray or wiſh for part-
you are one of the firſt in the thoughts and
ns of

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

From Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Jan. 9, 1715-1

I Should be aſham'd of my long idleneſs, in acknowledging your kind advice about Echo, your moſt ingenious explanation of it relating to pular tumults; which I own to be very uſeful: yet give me leave to tell you, that I keep myſelf a ſhorter receipt of the ſame Pythagoras, which Silence; and this I ſhall obſerve, if not the wh time of his diſcipline, yet at leaſt till your return i this country. I am obliged further to this meth by the moſt ſevere weather I ever felt; when, t I keep as near by the fire-ſide as may be, yet *geli concrevit frigore ſanguis*; and often I apprehend circulation of the blood begins to be ſtopp'd. I h further great loſſes (to a poor farmer) of my p oxen—*Intereunt pecudes, ſtant circumfuſa pruinis C pora magna boum*, &c.

Pray comfort me, if you can, by telling me t your ſecond volume of Homer is not frozen; fo muſt be expreſs'd very poetically, to ſay now, t the preſſes ſweat.

I cannot forbear to add a piece of artifice I h been guilty of, on occaſion of my being obliged congratulate the birth-day of a friend of mine: wh finding I had no materials of my own, I very frank

t him your imitation of Martial's epigram on *An-*
ius Primus *. This has been applauded ſo much,
t I am in danger of commencing Poet, perhaps
reat, (pray deſire my good friend Mr. Rowe to en-
a caveat) provided you will further increaſe my
ck in this bank. In which proceeding I have laid
: foundation of my eſtate, and as honeſtly, as ma-
others have begun theirs. But now being a little
ırful, as young beginners often are, I offer to you
ır I have conceal'd the true author) whether you
ll give me orders to declare who is the father of
is fine child or not? Whatever you determine, my
ıgers, pen and ink are ſo frozen, that I cannot thank
ɔu more at large. You will forgive this and all o-
ıer faults of, Dear Sir,

Your, &c.

* *Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo, &c.*
At length my Friend (while Time with ſtill career
Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth year)
Sees his paſt days ſafe out of fortune's pow'r,
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;
Reviews his life, and in the ſtrict ſurvey
Finds not one moment he could wiſh away,
Pleas'd with the ſeries of each happy day.
Such, ſuch a man extends his life's ſhort ſpace,
And from the goal again renews the race:
For he lives twice, who can at once employ
The preſent well, and ev'n the paſt enjoy.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SEVERAL PERSONS.

From 1711 to 1714.

LETTER I.

To the Hon. J. C. Eſq;

June 15, 1711.

I Send you Dennis's remarks on the * Eſſay; which equally abound in juſt criticiſms and fine railleries. The few obſervations in my hand in the margins, are what a morning's leiſure permitted me to make purely for your peruſal. For I am of opinion that ſuch a critic, as you will find him by the latter part of his Book, is but one way to be properly anſwer'd, and that way I would not take after what he informs me in his preface, that he is at this time perſecuted by fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his

* On Criticiſm.

e had been ſpared in the Eſſay, for that only rea-
I can't conceive what ground he has for ſo exceſ-
a reſentment; nor imagine how theſe * three lines
be called a reflection on his perſon, which only
ibe him ſubject a little to anger on ſome occa-
. I have heard of combatants ſo very furious,
fall down themſelves with that very blow which
deſign'd to lay heavy on their antagoniſts. But
r. Dennis's rage proceeds only from a zeal to
ourage young and unexperienced writers from
ling, he ſhould frighten us with his verſe, not
: for I have often known, that, when all the
epts in the world would not reclaim a ſinner,
very ſad example has done the buſineſs. Yet,
ve this man his due, he has objected to one or
lines with reaſon, and I will alter them in caſe
nother edition; I will make my enemy do me a
neſs where he meant an injury, and ſo ſerve in-
of a friend. What he obſerves at the bottom
age 20 of his reflections, was objected to by
ſelf, and had been mended but for the haſte of
reſs: I confeſs it what the Engliſh call a Bull,
e expreſſion, tho' the ſenſe be manifeſt enough:
Dennis's Bulls are ſeldom in the expreſſion, they
enerally in the ſenſe.
hall certainly never make the leaſt reply to him;
nly becauſe you adviſe me, but becauſe I have

* But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,
And ſtares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.

ever been of opinion, that, if a book can't anſwer for itſelf to the public, 'tis to no ſort of purpoſe for its author to do it. If I am wrong in any ſentiment of that Eſſay, I proteſt ſincerely, I don't deſire all the world ſhould be deceived (which would be of very ill conſequence) merely that I myſelf may be thought right (which is of very little conſequence) I would be the firſt to recant, for the benefit of others, and the glory of myſelf; for (as I take it) when a man owns himſelf to have been in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiſer than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publiſhing that book, which otherwiſe I ſhould never have known; it has been the occaſion of making me friends and open abettors, of ſeveral gentlemen of known ſenſe and wit; and of proving to me what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken ſome notice of by the world, or I ſhould never be attacked thus in particular. I have read that 'twas a cuſtom among the *Romans*, while a General rode in triumph, to have the common ſoldiers in the ſtreets that railed at him and reproached him; to put him in mind, that tho' his ſervices were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

You will ſee by this, that whoever ſets up for wit in theſe days ought to have the conſtancy of a primitive Chriſtian, and be prepared to ſuffer martyrdom in the cauſe of it. But ſure this is the firſt time that a Wit was attacked for his *Religion*, as,

you'll find, I am moſt zealouſly in this treatiſe; and you know, Sir, what alarms I have had from the * oppoſite ſide on this account. Have I not reaſon to cry out with the poor fellow in *Virgil.*

Quid jam miſero mihi denique reſtat?
Cui neque apud Danaos *uſquam locus, et ſuper ipſi*
Dardanidæ *infenſi pœnas cum ſanguine poſcunt!*

'Tis however my happineſs that you, Sir, are impartial,

Jove *was alike to* Latian *and to* Phrygian,
For you well know, that Wit's of no Religion.

The manner in which Mr. D. takes to pieces ſeveral particular lines, detached from their natural places, may ſhew how eaſy it is to a caviller to give a new ſenſe, or a new nonſenſe to any thing. And indeed his conſtructions are not more wreſted from the genuine meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox parts, as they called them.

Our friend the Abbe is not of that ſort, who with the utmoſt candour and freedom has modeſtly told me what others thought, and ſhewn himſelf one (as he very well expreſſes it) rather of a number than a party. The only difference between us in relation to the Monks, is, that he thinks moſt ſorts of learning flouriſhed among them, and I am of opinion, that only ſome ſort of learning was barely kept alive by them: he believes that in the moſt natural and ob-

* See the enſuing Letter.

vious ſenſe, that line (A ſecond deluge learning overrun) will be underſtood of learning in general; and I fancy 'twill be underſtood only (as 'tis meant) of polite learning, criticiſm, poetry, &c. which is the only learning concerned in the ſubject of the Eſſay. It is true, that the monks did preſerve what learning there was, about Nicholas the fifth's time; but thoſe who ſucceeded fell into the depth of barbariſm, or at leaſt ſtood at a ſtay while others aroſe from thence, inſomuch that even Eraſmus and Reuchlin could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly obliged to the Abbe's zeal in my commendation, and goodneſs in not concealing what he thinks my error. And his teſtifying ſome eſteem for the book juſt at a time when his brethren rais'd a clamour againſt it, is an inſtance of great generoſity and candour, which I ſhall ever acknowledge. Your, &c.

LETTER II.

To the ſame.

June 18, 1711.

IN your laſt you informed me of the miſtaken zeal of ſome people, who ſeem to make it no leſs their buſineſs to perſuade men they are erroneous, than doctors do that they are ſick; only that they may magnify their own cure, and triumph over an imaginary diſtemper. The ſimile objected to in my Eſſay,

s wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
e ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.)

oncludes at this ſecond line, where ſtands a
: and what follows *(Meanly they ſeek, &c.)*
ıly of wit (which is meant by that bleſſing,
ſun) for how can the ſun of faith be ſaid to
the ſouthern wits, and to ripen the genius's
ern climates? I fear, theſe gentlemen un-
grammar as little as they do criticiſm: and,
out of good nature to the monks, are will-
:e from them the cenſure of ignorance, and
: to themſelves. The word *they* refers (as,
, I meant, and as I thought every one muſt
wn) to thoſe Critics there ſpoken of, who
ıl to ſome particular ſet of writers, to the
of all others. And the very ſimile itſelf,
:ad, may convince them, that the cenſure
ımning, lies not on our church at all, un-
:all our church *one ſmall ſect:* and the cau-
ls *(by each man)* manifeſtly ſhew it a ge-
:ction on all ſuch (whoever they are) who
thoſe narrow and limited notions of the
the Almighty; which the reformed mini-
preſbyterians are as guilty of as any peo-

:r all, I promiſe you, Sir, if the alteration
: or two will gratify any man of ſound
weak underſtanding. I will (though it were
ther principle than that of common good-

nature) comply with it. And if you pleaſe but to particularize the ſpot where their objection lies (for it is in a very narrow compaſs) that ſtumbling-block, tho' it be but a little pebble, ſhall be removed out of their way. If the heat of theſe good diſputants (who, I am afraid, being bred up to wrangle in the ſchools, cannot get rid of the humour all their lives) ſhould proceed ſo far as to perſonal reflections upon me, I aſſure you, notwithſtanding, I will do or ſay nothing, however provok'd (for ſome people can no more provoke than oblige) that is unbecoming the true character of a Catholic. I will ſet before me the example of that great man, and great ſaint, Eraſmus; who in the midſt of calumny proceeded with all the calmneſs of innocence, and the unrevenging ſpirit of primitive chriſtianity. However, I would adviſe them to ſuffer the mention of him to paſs unregarded, leſt I ſhould be forced to do that for his reputation which I would never do for my own; I mean, to vindicate ſo great a light of our church from the malice of paſt times, and the ignorance of the preſent, in a language which may extend farther than that in which the trifle about criticiſm is written. I wiſh theſe gentlemen would be contented with finding fault with me only, who will ſubmit to them right or wrong, as far as I only am concerned; I have a greater regard to the quiet of mankind than to diſturb it for things of ſo little conſequence as my credit and my ſenſe. A little humility can do a poet no hurt, and a little charity

would do a prieſt none: for as, St Auſtin finely ſays, *Ubi charitas, ibi humilitas, ubi humilitas, ibi pax.*

Your, &c.

LETTER III.

To the ſame.

July 19, 1711.

THE concern which you more than ſeem to be affected with for my reputation, by the ſeveral accounts you have ſo obligingly given of what reports and cenſures the holy Vandals have thought fit to paſs upon me, makes me deſirous of telling ſo good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter; and of ſetting before you, in a clear light, the true ſtate of it.

I have ever believed the beſt piece of ſervice one could do to our religion, was openly to expreſs our deteſtation and ſcorn of all thoſe mean artifices and *piæ fraudes*, which it ſtands ſo little in need of, and which have laid it under ſo great a ſcandal among its enemies.

Nothing has been ſo much a ſcarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and uncharitable aſſertion of an utter impoſſibility of ſalvation to all but ourſelves: invincible ignorance excepted, which indeed ſome people define under ſo great limitations, and with ſuch excluſions, that it ſeems as if that word were rather invented as a ſalvo, or expedient, not to be thought to be bold with the thunderbolts of God

(which are hurled about ſo freely on almoſt all mankind by the hands of eccleſiaſtics) than as a real exception to almoſt univerſal damnation. For beſides the ſmall number of the truly faithful in our Church, we muſt again ſubdivide; the Janſeniſt is damned by the Jeſuit, the Jeſuit by the Janſeniſt, the Scotiſt by the Thomiſt, and ſo forth.

There may be Errors, I grant, but I can't think them of ſuch conſequence as to deſtroy utterly the charity of mankind; the very greateſt bond in which we are ingaged by God to one another, therefore, I own to you, I was glad of any opportunity to expreſs my diſlike of ſo ſhocking a ſentiment as thoſe of the religion I profeſs are commonly charged with; and I hoped, a ſlight inſinuation, introduced ſo eaſily by a caſual ſimilitude only, could never have given offence; but on the contrary muſt needs have done good; in a nation and time, wherein we are the ſmaller party, and conſequently the moſt miſrepreſented, and moſt in need of vindication.

For the ſame reaſon, I took occaſion to mention the ſuperſtition of ſome ages after the ſubverſion of the Roman Empire, which is too manifeſt a truth to be denied, and does in no ſort reflect upon the preſent profeſſors of our faith, who are free from it. Our ſilence in theſe points may, with ſome reaſon, make our adverſaries think we allow and perſiſt in thoſe bigotries; which yet in reality all good and ſenſible men deſpiſe, tho' they are perſuaded not to ſpeak againſt them, I can't tell why, ſince now 'tis

no way the intereſt even of the worſt of our prieſthood (as it might have been then) to have them ſmothered in ſilence: For, as the oppoſite ſects are now prevailing, 'tis too late to hinder our church from being ſlander'd; 'tis our buſineſs now to vindicate ourſelves from being thought abettors of what they charge us with. This can't ſo well be brought about with ſerious faces; we muſt laugh with them at what deſerves it, or be content to be laughed at, with ſuch as deſerve it.

As to particulars: you cannot but have obſerved, that at firſt the whole objection againſt the ſimile of Wit and Faith lay to the word They: when that was beyond contradiction removed (the very grammar ſerving to confute them) then the objection was againſt the ſimile itſelf; or if that ſimile will not be objected to (ſenſe and common reaſon being indeed a little ſtubborn, and not apt to give way to every body) next the mention of Superſtition muſt become a crime; as if Religion and ſhe were ſiſters, or that it were ſcandal upon the family of Chriſt, to ſay a word againſt the devil's baſtard. Afterwards, more miſchief is diſcover'd in a place that ſeemed innocent at firſt, the two lines about *Schiſmatics*. An ordinary man would imagine the author plainly declared againſt thoſe ſchiſmatics, for quitting the true faith out of a contempt of the underſtanding of ſome few of its believers: but theſe believers are called *dull*, and becauſe I ſay that thoſe ſchiſmatics think ſome believers dull, therefore *theſe charitable interpreters* of my meaning will have

it that I think all believers dull. I was lately telling Mr ** theſe objections: who aſſured me I had ſaid nothing which a catholic need to diſown; and I have cauſe to know that gentleman's fault (if he has any) is not want of zeal: He put a notion into my head, which, I confeſs, I can't but acquieſce in; that when a ſet of people are piqued at any truth which they think to their own diſadvantage, their method of revenge on the truth-ſpeaker is to attack his reputation a by-way, and not openly to object to the place they are really galled by: what theſe therefore (in his opinion) are in earneſt angry at, is, that Eraſmus, whom their tribe oppreſſed and perſecuted, ſhould be vindicated after an age of obloquy by one of their own people, willing to utter an honeſt truth in behalf of the dead, whom no man ſure will flatter and to whom few will do juſtice. Others, you know, were as angry that I mentioned Mr. Walſh with honour; who as he never refuſed to any one of merit of any party, the praiſe due to him, ſo honeſtly deſerved it from all others, tho' of ever ſo different intereſts or ſentiments. May I be ever guilty of this ſort of liberty, and latitude of principle! which gives us the hardineſs of ſpeaking well of thoſe whom envy oppreſſes even after death. As I would always ſpeak well of my living friends when they are abſent, nay becauſe they are abſent, ſo would I much more of the dead, in that eternal abſence; and the rather becauſe I expect no thanks for it.

Thus, Sir, you ſee I do in my conſcience perſiſt in what I have written; yet in my friendſhip I will recant and alter whatever you pleaſe, in caſe of a ſecond edition (which I think the book will not ſo ſoon arrive at, for Tonſon's printer told me he drew off a thouſand copies in this firſt impreſſion, and, I fancy, a treatiſe of this nature, which not one gentleman in threeſcore even of a liberal education can underſtand, can hardly exceed the vent of that number.) You ſhall find me a true Trojan in my faith and friendſhip, in both which I will perſevere to the end.

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To my Lord LANSDOWN.

Binfield, Jan. 10, 1712.

I Thank you for having given my poem of Windſor Foreſt its greateſt ornament, that of bearing your name in the front of it. 'Tis one thing when a perſon of true merit permits us to have the honour, of drawing him as like as we can; and another, when we make a fine thing at random, and perſuade the next vain creature we can find that 'tis his own likeneſs; which is the caſe every day of my fellow ſcriblers. Yet my Lord, this honour has given me no more pride than your honours have given you;

but it affords me a great deal of pleaſure, which is much better than a great deal of pride; and it indeed would give me ſome pain, if I was not ſure of one advantage; that whereas others are offended if they have not more than juſtice done them, you would be diſpleaſed if you had ſo much: therefore I may ſafely do you as much injury in my words, as you do yourſelf in your own thoughts. I am ſo vain as to think I have ſhewn you a favour, in ſparing your modeſty, and you cannot but make me ſome return for prejudicing the truth to gratify you: This I beg may be the free correction of theſe verſes, which will have few beauties, but what may be made by your blots. I am in the circumſtance of an ordinary painter drawing Sir Godfrey Kneller, who by a few touches of his own could make the piece very valuable. I might then hope, that many years hence the world might read, in conjunction with your name, that of

Your Lordſhip's, &c.

LETTER V.

The Hon. J. C. to Mr. POPE.

May 23, 1712.

very glad for the ſake of the widow, and for credit of the deceaſed, that * Betterton's re- re fallen into ſuch hands as may render them le to the one; and beneficial to the other. the public acquaintance I long had with that an, I alſo had a ſlender knowledge of his nd capacity by private converſation, and ever t it pity he was neceſſitated by the ſtraitneſs of me, to act (and eſpecially to his lateſt hours) ginary and fictitious part, who was capable of ing a real one, with credit to himſelf, and ad- e to his neighbour.

pe your health permitted you to execute your of giving us an imitation of Pollio; I am ſa- 'twill be doubly divine, and I ſhall long to ſee ever thought church-muſic the moſt raviſhing armonious compoſitions, and muſt alſo believe ſubjects, well handled, the moſt inſpiring of try.

where hangs the *Lock* now? (tho' I know, ther than draw any juſt reflection upon your- the leaſt ſhadow of ill-nature, you would

* ranſlation of ſome part of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, gue's, &c. printed in a Miſcellany with ſome works of e, in 2 Vol. 12° by B. Lintot.

freely have ſuppreſs'd one of the beſt of poems.) I hear no more of it—will it come out in Lintot's Miſcellany or not? I wrote to Lord Petre upon the ſubject of the Lock, ſome time ſince, but have as yet had no anſwer, nor indeed do I know when he'll be in London. I have, ſince I ſaw you, correſponded with Mrs. W. I hope ſhe is now with her Aunt, and that her journey thither was ſomething facilitated by my writing to that lady as preſſingly as poſſible, not to let any thing whatſoever obſtruct it. I ſent her obliging anſwer to the party it moſt concern'd; and when I hear Mrs. W. is certainly there, I will write again to my Lady to urge as much as poſſible the effecting the only thing that in my opinion can make her niece eaſy. I have run out my extent of paper, and am

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

The Anſwer.

May 28, 1712.

IT is not only the diſpoſition I always have of converſing with you, that makes me ſo ſpeedily anſwer your obliging letter, but the apprehenſion left your charitable intent of writing to my Lady A. on Mrs. W.'s affair ſhould be fruſtrated, by the ſhort ſtay ſhe makes there. She went thither on the 25th with that mixture of expectation and anxiety, with

which people uſually go into unknown or half diſcover'd countries, utterly ignorant of the diſpoſitions of the inhabitants, and the treatment they are to meet with. The unfortunate of all people are the moſt unfit to be left alone; yet, we ſee, the world generally takes care they ſhall be ſo: whereas, if we took a conſiderate proſpect of the world, the buſineſs and ſtudy of the happy and eaſy ſhould be to divert and humour, as well as comfort and pity, the diſtreſſed. I cannot therefore excuſe ſome near Allies of mine for their conduct of late towards this Lady, which has given me a great deal of anger as well as ſorrow: all I ſhall ſay to you of them at preſent is, that they have not been my Relations theſe two months. The conſent of opinions in our minds, is certainly a nearer tye than can be contracted by all the blood in our bodies: and I am proud of finding I have ſomething congenial with you. Will you permit me to confeſs to you, that all the favours and kind offices you have ſhewn towards me, have not ſo ſtrongly cemented me yours, as the diſcovery of that generous and manly compaſſion you manifeſted in the caſe of this unhappy Lady? I am afraid to inſinuate to you how much I eſteem you: Flatterers have taken up the ſtyle which was once peculiar to friends, and an honeſt man has now no way left to expreſs himſelf beſides the common one of knaves: ſo that true friends now-a-days differ in their addreſs from flatterers, much as right maſtiffs do from ſpaniels, and ſhow themſelves by a dumb

ſurly ſort of fidelity, rather than by a complaiſan and open kindneſs.—Will you never leave commend ing my poetry? In fair truth, Sir, I like it but to well myſelf already: expoſe me no more, I beg you to the great danger of vanity, (the rock of all men but moſt of young men) and be kindly content fo the future, when you would pleaſe me thoroughly to ſay only you like what I write.

Your &c.

LETTER VII.

Dec. 5, 1712.

YOU have at length complied with the requeſ I have often made you, for you have ſhow me, I muſt confeſs, ſeveral of my faults in the ſligh of thoſe letters. Upon a review of them, I find many things that would give me ſhame, if I were not more deſirous to be thought honeſt than prudent ſo many things freely thrown out, ſuch lengths o unreſerved friendſhip, thoughts juſt warm from th brain without any poliſhing or dreſs, the very di habille of the underſtanding. You have prove yourſelf more tender of another's embryos than th fondeſt mothers are of their own, for you have pre ſerved every thing that I miſcarried of. Since I kno this, I ſhall in one reſpect be more afraid of writin to you than ever, at this careleſs rate, becauſe I fe my evil works may again riſe in judgment again

in another reſpect I ſhall be leſs afraid,
has given me ſuch a proof of the extreme
ce you afford to my ſlighteſt thoughts. The
f theſe letters has been a kind of examina-
conſcience to me; ſo fairly and faithfully
t down in them from time to time the true
iſguiſed ſtate of my mind. But I find, that
ich were intended as ſketches of my friend-
e as imperfect images of it, as the little
es we commonly ſee in black and white do
antiful country; they can repreſent but a
ll part of it, and that deprived of the life
e of nature. I perceive that the more I en-
d to render manifeſt the real affection and
ver had for you, I did but injure it by re-
g leſs and leſs of it: as glaſſes which are
to make an object very clear, generally con-

Yet as when people have a full idea of a
t upon their own knowledge, the leaſt traces
e to refreſh the remembrance, and are not
g on that ſcore; ſo, I hope, the foreknow-
u had of my eſteem for you, is the reaſon
do not diſlike my letters.

will not be of any great ſervice (I find) in
n I mentioned to you: I believe I had better
n a richer man, and plunder your letters
have kept as carefully as I would Letters
ſince they intitle me to what I more value
es of honour.) You have ſome cauſe to ap-
this uſage from me, if what ſome ſay be

true, that I am a great borrower; however I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challenged me for it: and thoſe who ſay it are ſuch, whoſe writings no man ever borrow'd from, ſo have the leaſt reaſon to complain; and whoſe works are granted on all hands to be but too much their own. Another has been pleas'd to declare, that my verſes are corrected by other men: I verily believe theirs were never corrected by any man: but indeed if mine have not, 'twas not my fault; I have endeavour'd my utmoſt that they ſhould. But theſe things are only whiſper'd, and I will not encroach upon Bay's province and *pen whiſpers*, ſo haſten to conclude

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

From my Lord LANSDOWN.

Oct. 21, 1713.

I Am pleas'd beyond meaſure with your deſign of tranſlating Homer. The trials which you have already made and publiſhed on ſome parts of that author have ſhewn that you are equal to ſo great a taſk: and you may therefore depend upon the utmoſt ſervices I can do you in promoting this work, or any thing that may be for your ſervice.

I hope Mr. Stafford, for whom you was pleaſed to concern yourſelf, has had the good effects of the Queen's Grace to him. I had notice the night be-

fore I began my journey, that her Majeſty had not only directed his pardon, but order'd a writ for reverſing his Outlawry.

Your &c.

LETTER IX.

To General ANTHONY HAMILTON *.

Upon his having tranſlated into French Verſe the *Eſſay on Criticiſm.*

October 10, 1713.

IF I could as well expreſs, or (if you will allow me to ſay it) tranſlate the ſentiments of my heart as you have done thoſe of my head, in your excellent verſion of my Eſſay; I ſhould not only appear the beſt writer in the world, but, what I much more deſire to be thought, the moſt your ſervant of any man living. 'Tis an advantage very rarely known, to receive at once a great honour and great improvement. This, Sir, you have afforded me, having at the ſame time made others take my ſenſe, and taught me to underſtand my own; if I may call that my own which is indeed more properly yours. Your verſes are no more a tranſlation of mine, than Virgil's are of Homer's; but are, like his, the juſteſt imitation and the nobleſt Commentary.

In putting me into a French dreſs, you have not only adorned my outſide, but mended my ſhape;

* Author of the Memoirs of the *Count de Grammont*, *Contes*, and other pieces of note in French.

and, if I am now a good figure, I muſt conſider you have naturaliz'd me into a country which is famous for making every man a fine gentleman. It is by your means, that (contrary to moſt young travellers) I am come back much better than I went out.

I cannot but wiſh we had a bill of commerce for tranſlation eſtabliſhed the next parliament; we could not fail of being gainers by that, or of making ourſelves amends for any thing we have loſt by the war. Nay, tho' we ſhould inſiſt upon the demoliſhing of Boileau's works, the French, as long as they have writers of your form, might have as good an equivalent.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our miniſters ought to be, of the terms I have gain'd from abroad; and I deſign, like them, to publiſh ſpeedily to the world the benefits accruing from them; for I cannot reſiſt the temptation of printing your admirable tranſlation here *; to which if you will be ſo obliging to give me leave to prefix your name, it will be the only addition you can make to the honour already done me. I am Your, &c.

* This was never done, for the two printed French verſions are neither of this hand. The one was done by Monſieur Roboton, private Secretary to king George the firſt, printed in quarto at Amſterdam, and at London 1717. The other by the Abbé Reſnel, in octavo, with a large preface and notes, at Paris, 1730.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Mr. STEELE, Mr. ADDISON, Mr. CONGREVE, etc.

From 1712 to 1715.

LETTER I.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

June 1, 1712.

I Am at a ſolitude, an houſe between Hampſtead and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumſtance ſet me a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit exerciſe themſelves. It was ſaid of Sir Charles, who breath'd his laſt in this room,

Sedley *has that prevailing gentle art,*
Which can with a reſiſtleſs charm impart
The looſeſt wiſhes to the chaſteſt heart;

Raiſe ſuch a conflict, kindle ſuch a fire
Between declining Virtue and Deſire,
Till the poor vanquiſh'd Maid diſſolves away
In dreams all night, in ſighs and tears all day.

This was an happy talent to a man of the town, but, I dare ſay, without preſuming to make uncharitable conjectures on the author's preſent condition, he would rather have had it ſaid of him that he pray'd,

Oh thou my voice inſpire,
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

I have turn'd to every verſe and chapter, and think you have preſerv'd the ſublime heavenly ſpirit throughout the whole, eſpecially at—*Hark a glad voice*—and—*The lamb with wolves ſhall graze*—There is but one line which I think below the original,

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

You have expreſs'd it with a good and pious, but not ſo exalted and poetical a ſpirit as the prophet, *The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.* If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphraſe or otherwiſe, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended. Your poem is already better than the Pollio. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER II.

The Anſwer.

June 18, 1712.

)U have oblig'd me with a very kind letter, ›y which I find you ſhift the ſcene of your life ıe town to the country, and enjoy that mix'd hich wiſe men both delight in, and are quali- r. Methinks the moraliſts and philoſophers :nerally run too much into extremes in com- ıg entirely either ſolitude, or public life. In ner, men for the moſt part grow uſeleſs by too eſt, and in the latter are deſtroy'd by too much :ation; as waters lying ſtill, putrify, and are or nothing, and running violently on do but re miſchief in their paſſage to others, and are /'d up and loſt the ſooner themſelves. Thoſe who can be uſeful to all ſtates, ſhould be like treams, that not only glide thro' lonely valleys, eſts amidſt the flocks and the ſhepherds, but pulous towns in their courſe, and are at once ment and ſervice to them. But there are an- ırt of people who ſeem deſign'd for ſolitude, nean, as have more to hide than to ſhow. As own part, I am one of thoſe of whom Seneca *am umbratiles ſunt, ut putent in turbido eſſe in luce eſt*. Some men, like ſome pictures, r for a corner than a full light; and, I believe, have a natural bent to ſolitude (to carry on ner ſimilitude) are like waters, which may

be forced into fountains, and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noiſe, but after all they would run more ſmoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural courſe upon the ground *. The conſideration of this would make me very well contented with the poſſeſſion only of that Quiet which Cowley calls the companion of Obſcurity. But whoever has the Muſes too for his companions, can never be idle enough, to be uneaſy. Thus, Sir, you ſee, I would flatter myſelf into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch juſt now told me, that 'tis in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wiſh for the higheſt caſt, but, if his chance be otherwiſe, he is e'en to play it as well as he can, and to make the beſt of it. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER III.

To Mr. STEELE.

July 15, 1712.

YOU formerly obſerv'd to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the diſparity we often find in him ſick and

* The foregoing Similitudes our Author had put into verſe ſome years before, and inſerted into Mr. Wycherley's poem on *Mix'd Life*. We find them in the verſification very diſtinct from the reſt of that poem. See his poſthumous works, octavo, Page 3 and 4.

well: thus one of an unfortunate conſtitution is perpetually exhibiting a miſerable example of the weakneſs of his mind, and of his body, in their turns: I have had frequent opportunities of late to conſider myſelf in theſe different views, and, I hope, have receiv'd ſome advantage by it, if what Waller ſays be true, that

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.

Then ſurely ſickneſs, contributing no leſs than old age to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the body, may diſcover the inward ſtructure more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines. It gives ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourſelves within, when there is ſo little dependance upon our outworks. Youth at the very beſt is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age: 'tis like a ſtream that nouriſhes a plant upon a bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame time is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me, it has afforded ſeveral proſpects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin,

where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſures. When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcern'd as was that honeſt Hibernian, who being in bed in the great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head, made anſwer, What care I for the houſe? I am only a lodger. I fancy 'tis the beſt time to die when one is in the beſt humour; and ſo exceſſively weak as I now am, I may ſay with conſcience, that I am not at all uneaſy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconſiderable little atom every ſingle man is, with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks, 'tis a ſhame to be concern'd at the removal of ſuch a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the ſun will riſe as bright as ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green, the world will proceed in its old courſe, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt, as they were us'd to do. The memory of man, (as it is elegantly expreſs'd in the Book of Wiſdom) paſſeth away as the remembrance of a gueſt that tarrieth but one day. There are reaſons enough, in the fourth chapter of the ſame book, to make any young man contented with the proſpect of death. "For honourable age is not that which "ſtandeth in length of time, or is meaſur'd by num-

r of years. But wiſdom is the grey hair to
en, and an unſpotted life is old age. He was
ken away ſpeedily, leſt wickedneſs ſhould alter
s underſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoul," &c.

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. STEELE.

Nov. 7, 1712.

Was the other day in company with five or ſix
men of ſome learning; where chancing to men-
the famous verſes which the Emperor Adrian
e on his death-bed, they were all agreed that
s a piece of gaiety unworthy of that prince in
circumſtances. I could not but differ from this
on: methinks it was by no means a gay, but a
ſerious ſoliloquy to his ſoul at the point of its
rture; in which ſenſe I naturally took the verſes
y firſt reading them, when I was very young,
before I knew what interpretation the world ge-
ly put upon them.

Animula vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes comeſque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut ſoles) dabis joca!

" Alas, my ſoul! thou pleaſing companion of thi
" body, thou fleeting thing that art now deſertin
" it! whither art thou flying? to what unknow
" ſcene? all trembling, fearful, and penſive! wha
" now is become of thy former wit and humour
" thou ſhalt jeſt and be gay no more."

I confeſs I cannot apprehend where lies the triflin in all this: 'tis the moſt natural and obvious reflectic imaginable to a dying man: and if we conſider th Emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning th future fate of his ſoul will ſeem ſo far from being th effect of want of thought, that 'twas ſcarce reaſo able he ſhould think otherwiſe; not to mention th here is a plain confeſſion included of his belief in immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagu blandula*, and the reſt, appear not to me as expreſſio of levity, but rather of endearment and concer ſuch as we find in Catullus, and the authors of *Hi deca-ſyllabi* after him, where they are uſed to expr the utmoſt love and tenderneſs for their miſtreſſes. If you think me right in my notion of the laſt wo of Adrian, be pleas'd to inſert it in the Spectator; not, to ſuppreſs it. I am, &c.

ADRIANI morientis Ad ANIMAM,

TRANSLATED.

Ah fleeting Spirit! wand'ring fire,
That long haſt warm'd my tender breaſt,
Muſt thou no more this frame inſpire?
No more a pleaſing chearful gueſt?

Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
To what dark, undiſcover'd ſhore?
Thou ſeem'ſt all trembling, ſhiv'ring, dying,
And Wit and Humour are no more!

LETTER V.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 12, 1712.

I Have read over your Temple of Fame twice, and cannot find any thing amiſs, of weight enough to call a fault, but ſee in it a thouſand thouſand beauties. Mr. Addiſon ſhall ſee it to-morrow: after his verdict of it, I will let you know his thoughts. I deſire you would let me know whether you are at leiſure or not? I have a deſign which I ſhall open a month or two hence, with the aſſiſtance of the few like yourſelf. If your thoughts are unengaged, I ſhall explain myſelf further. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

The Anſwer.

Nov. 16, 1

YOU oblige me by the indulgence yo ſhewn to the poem I ſent you, but will me much more by the kind ſeverity I hope fo you. No errors are ſo trivial, but they deſerv mended. But ſince you ſay you ſee nothin may be call'd a fault, can you but think it ſ I have confin'd the attendance of * Guardian to Heaven's favourites only? I could point ſeveral, but it is my buſineſs to be informed o faults I do not know; and as for thoſe I do, talk of them, but to correct them. You ſp that poem in a ſtyle I neither merit, nor expec I aſſure you, if you freely mark or daſh out, look upon your blots to be its greateſt beaut mean, if Mr. Addiſon and yourſelf ſhould in the whole; otherwiſe the trouble of correc What I would not take, for I was really ſo di of it as to let it lie by me theſe † two years, you now ſee it. I am afraid of nothing ſo m to impoſe any thing on the world which is unv of its acceptance.

* This is not now to be found in the *Temple of Fame* was the Poem here ſpoken of.

† Hence it appears this Poem was writ before the Aut twenty-two years old.

As to the laſt period of your letter, I ſhall be very dy and glad to contribute to any deſign that tends the advantage of mankind, which, I am ſure, all ırs do, I wiſh I had but as much capacity as lei- e, for I am perfectly idle: (a ſign I have not much ɔacity.)

If you will entertain the beſt opinion of me, be :as'd to think me your friend. Aſſure Mr. Ad- on of my moſt faithful ſervice, of every one's eem he muſt be aſſur'd already. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. STEELE.

November 29, 1712.

Am ſorry you publiſhed that notion about Adrian's . verſes as mine: had I imagined you would uſe y name, I ſhould have expreſs'd my ſentiments ith more modeſty and diffidence. I only ſent it to ıve your opinion, and not to publiſh my own, hich I diſtruſted. But I think the ſuppoſition you aw from the notion of Adrian's being addicted to agic, is a little uncharitable, ("that he might fear no ſort of deity, good or bad") ſince in the third :rſe he plainly teſtifies his apprehenſion of a future ate, by being ſolicitous whether his ſoul was going. s to what you mention of his uſing gay and ludi- ous expreſſions, I have own'd my opinion to be,

that the expreſſions are not ſo, but that diminutives are as often, in the Latin tongue, uſed as marks of tenderneſs and concern.

Anima is no more than my ſoul, *animula* has the force of my dear ſoul. To ſay *virgo bella* is not half ſo endearing as *virgunculà bellula*; and had Auguſtus only call'd Horace *lepidum hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleaſant fellow: 'twas the *homunciolum* that expreſs'd the love and tenderneſs that great Emperor had for him. And perhaps I ſhould myſelf be much better pleas'd, if I were told you call'd me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a great genius, or an eminent hand, as Jacob does all his authors. I am your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

From Mr. STEELE.

Dec. 4, 1712.

THIS is to deſire of you that you would pleaſe to make an ode as of a chearful dying ſpirit, that is to ſay the Emperor Adrian's *Animula vagula* put into two or three ſtanza's for muſic. If you comply with this, and ſend me word ſo, you will very particularly oblige your, &c.

LETTER IX.

Do not ſend you word I will do, but have already done the thing you deſire of me. You have it (as wley calls it) juſt warm from the brain. It came me the firſt moment I waked this morning: Yet, ı'll ſee, it was not ſo abſolutely inſpiration, but t I had in my head not only the verſes of Adrian, : the fine fragment of Sappho, &c.

The dying Chriſtian to his SOUL.

ODE.

I.

Vital ſpark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter ſpirit, come away!
What is this abſorbs me quite,
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my ſoul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes: it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

LETTER X.

To Mr. ADDISON.

July 20, 1713.

I Am more joy'd at your return than I ſhould be at that of the ſun, ſo much as I wiſh for him this melancholy wet ſeaſon; but 'tis his fate too, like yours, to be diſpleaſing to Owls and obſcene animals, who cannot bear his luſtre. What put me in mind of theſe night birds was John Dennis, whom, I think, you are beſt revenged upon, as the Sun was in the fable upon thoſe bats and beaſtly-birds abovementioned, only by *ſhining on*. I am ſo far from eſteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your ſhare in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of, Envy and Calumny. To be uncenſured and to be obſcure, is the ſame thing. You may conclude from what I here ſay, that 'twas never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to ſuch a Critic, but only in ſome little

raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him *. But indeed your opinion, that 'tis entirely to be neglected, would have been my own had it been my own caſe: but I felt more warmth here than I did when firſt I ſaw his book againſt myſelf, (tho' indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry.) He has written againſt every thing the world has approv'd theſe many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's diſliking our ſenſe, that it may make us think ſo very well of it, as to become proud and conceited, upon his diſapprobation.

I muſt not here omit to do juſtice to Mr. Gay, whoſe zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the moſt preſſing terms about it, though with that juſt contempt of the Critic that he deſerves. I think in theſe days one honeſt man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when ſo many miſchievous inſects are daily at work to make people of merit ſuſpicious of each other; that they may have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them look'd upon no better than themſelves. I am

Your, &c.

* This relates to the Paper occaſion'd by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, call'd, Dr. Norris's *Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis.*

LETTER XI.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. POPE.

Oct. 26, 1713

I Was extremely glad to receive a letter from yo but more ſo upon reading the contents of The * Work you mention, will I dare ſay, very fi ficiently recommend itſelf when your name appe with the Propoſals: And if you think I can any w contribute to the forwarding of them, you cann lay a greater obligation upon me than, by employi me in ſuch an office. As I have an ambition having it known that you are my friend, I ſhall very proud of ſhewing it by this, or any other i ſtance. I queſtion not but your Tranſlation will e rich our Tongue and do honour to our Countr for I conclude of it already from thoſe performanc with which you have obliged the public. I wou only have you conſider how it may moſt turn your advantage. Excuſe my impertinence in th particular, which proceeds from my zeal for yo eaſe and happineſs. The work would coſt you great deal of Time, and unleſs you undertake will I am afraid, never be executed by any othe at leaſt I know none of this age that is equal to beſides yourſelf.

I am at preſent wholly immerſed in country b ſineſs, and begin to take delight in it. I wiſh I mig

* The tranſlation of the Iliad.

: to ſee you here ſome time, and will not deſpair , when you engage in a work that will require ude and retirement. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER XII.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 2, 1713.

Have received your letter, and am glad to find hat you have laid ſo good a ſcheme for your t undertaking. I queſtion not but the Proſe * require as much care as the Poetry, but the va- will give yourſelf ſome relief, and more plea- to your readers.

ou gave me leave once to take the liberty of a d, in adviſing you not to content yourſelf with half of the Nation for your admirers when you ıt command them all. If I might take the free- to repeat it, I would on this occaſion. I think ıre very happy that you are out of the Fray, and pe all your undertakings will turn to the better unt for it.

ou ſee how I preſume on your friendſhip in tak- all this freedom with you: But I already fancy we have lived many years together in an unre- :d converſation, and that we may do ſo many :, is the ſincere wiſh of

Your, &c.

* The notes to his tranſlation of Homer.

LETTER XIII.

To Mr. ADDISON.

YOUR laſt is the more obliging, as it hin ſome little nicoties in my conduct, which candour and affection prompts you to recomm to me, and which (ſo trivial as things of this na ſeem) are yet of no ſlight conſequence, to pe whom every body talks of and every body a pleaſes. 'Tis a ſort of tax that attends an eſta Parnaſſus, which is often rated much higher in proportion to the ſmall poſſeſſion an author h For indeed an author, who is once come upon town, is enjoy'd without being thanked for the ſure, and ſometimes ill-treated by thoſe very per who firſt debauched him. Yet, to tell you the tom of my heart, I am no way diſpleaſed that I offended the violent of all parties already; an the ſame time I aſſure you conſcientiouſly, I fee the leaſt malevolence or reſentment againſt an thoſe who miſrepreſent me, or are diſſatisfied me. This frame of mind is ſo eaſy, that I am ſectly content with my condition.

As I hope, and would flatter myſelf, that know me and my thoughts ſo entirely as never t miſtaken in either, ſo 'tis a pleaſure to me that gueſs'd ſo right in regard to the author of Guardian you mentioned. But I am ſorry to fi has taken air, that I have ſome hand in thoſe pa

becauſe I writ ſo very few as neither to deſerve the credit of ſuch a report with ſome people, nor the diſrepute of it with others. An honeſt Jacobite ſpoke to me the ſenſe or nonſenſe of the weak part of his party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me, that I writ with Steele, tho' upon never ſo indifferent ſubjects. This, I know, you will laugh at as well as I do; yet I doubt not but many little calumniators and perſons of ſour diſpoſitions will take occaſion hence to beſpatter me. I confeſs I ſcorn narrow ſouls of all parties, and if I renounce my reaſon in religious matters, I'll hardly do it in any other.

I can't imagine whence it comes to paſs that the few Guardians I have written are ſo generally known for mine: that in particular which you mention I never diſcovered to any man but the publiſher, till very lately: yet almoſt every body told me of it.

As to his taking a more politic turn, I cannot any way enter into that ſecret, nor have I been let into it any more than into the reſt of his politics. Tho' 'tis ſaid, he will take into theſe papers alſo ſeveral ſubjects of the politer kind, as before: But, I aſſure you, as to myſelf, I have quite done with them for the future. The little I have done, and the great reſpect I bear Mr. Steele as a man of wit, has rendered me a ſuſpected Whig to ſome of the violent; but (as old Dryden ſaid before me) 'tis not the violent I deſign to pleaſe.

I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas * and the evenings in the converſation of ſuch as I think can moſt improve my mind, of whatever denomination they are. I ever muſt ſet the higheſt value upon men of truly great, that is honeſt principles, with equal capacities. The beſt way I know of overcoming calumny and miſconſtruction, is by a vigorous perſeverance in every thing we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can enſue from it. 'Tis partly from this maxim that I depend upon your friendſhip, becauſe I believe it will do juſtice to my intention in every thing; and give me leave to tell you, that (as the world goes) this is no ſmall aſſurance I repoſe in you. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER XIV.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Dec. 14, 1713.

I Have been lying in wait for my own imagination, this week and more, and watching what thoughts came up in the whirl of the fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling head can produce nothing of that ſort; ſo I muſt e'en be contented with telling you the old ſtory, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience, that na-

* See the Epiſtle to him in verſe, writ about this time.

ture and truth, tho' never ſo low or vulgar, are yet pleaſing when openly and artleſsly repreſented: it would be diverting to me to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconſiſtencies and tautologies juſt as it thought them. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conſcious I write with more unreſervedneſs than ever man wrote, or perhaps talk'd to another. I truſt your good-nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you ſo well, that I would rather you ſhould pardon me than eſteem me; ſince one is an act of goodneſs and benevolence, the other a kind of conſtrained deference.

You can't wonder my thoughts are ſcarce conſiſtent, when I tell you how they are diſtracted. Every hour of my life my mind is ſtrangely divided; this minute perhaps I am above the ſtars, with a thouſand ſyſtems round about me, looking forward into a vaſt abyſs, and loſing my whole comprehenſion in the boundleſs ſpace of Creation, in dialogues with Whiſton and the Aſtronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles groveling with T* in the very centre of nonſenſe: Now I am recreated with the briſk ſallies and quick turns of wit, which Mr. Steele in his livelieſt and freeſt humours darts about him; and now levelling my application to the inſignificant obſervations and quirks of Grammar of C* and D*.

Good God! what an incongruous animal is man how unſettled in his beſt part, his ſoul; and ho changing and variable in his frame of body? th conſtancy of the one ſhook by every notion, th temperament of the other affected by every blaſt c wind! What is he altogether but one mighty incor ſiſtency: ſickneſs and pain is the lot of one half c him; doubt and fear the portion of the other! Wh a buſtle we make about paſſing our time, when a our ſpace is but a point? what aims and ambitio are crowded into this little inſtant of our life, whic (as Shakeſpear finely words it) is rounded with ſleep? Our whole extent of being is no more, the eye of him who gave it, than a ſcarce perceptib moment of duration. Thoſe animals whoſe circle living is limited to three or four hours, as the nat ralifts tell us, are yet as long-lived and poſſeſs wide a ſcene of action as man, if we conſider hi with a view to all Space, and all Eternity. W knows what plots, what atchievements a mite m perform in his kingdom of a grain of duſt, with his life of ſome minutes; and of how much leſs co ſideration than even this, is the life of man in t ſight of God, who is from ever, and for ever?

Who that thinks in this train, but muſt ſee t world, and its contemptible grandeurs, leſſen befo him at every thought? 'Tis enough to make one main ſtupify'd in a poize of inaction, void of all c ſires, of all deſigns, of all friendſhips.

But we muſt return (thro' our very condition of being) to our narrow ſelves, and thoſe things that affect ourſelves: our paſſions, our intereſts flow in upon us, and unphiloſophize us into mere mortals. For my part I never return ſo much into myſelf, as when I think of you, whoſe friendſhip is one of the beſt comforts I have for the inſignificancy of myſelf. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Jan. 30, 1713-14.

YOUR letter found me very buſy in my grand undertaking, to which I muſt wholly give up myſelf for ſome time, unleſs when I ſnatch an hour to pleaſe myſelf with a diſtant converſation with you and a few others, by writing. 'Tis no comfortable proſpect to be reflecting, that ſo long a ſiege as that of Troy lies upon my hands, and the campaigne above half over, before I have made any progreſs. Indeed the Greek fortification upon a nearer approach does not appear ſo formidable as it did, and I am almoſt apt to flatter myſelf, that Homer ſecretly ſeems inclined to a correſpondence with me, in letting me into a good part of his intentions. There are indeed a ſort of underling auxiliars to the difficulty of a work, called Commentators and Cri-

tics, who would frighten many people by their number and bulk, and perplex our progreſs under pretence of fortifying their author. Theſe lie very low in the trenches and ditches they themſelves have digged, encompaſſed with dirt of their own heaping up: but, I think, there may be found a method of coming at the main works by a more ſpeedy and gallant way than by mining under ground, that is, by uſing the poetical engines, wings, and flying over their heads.

While I am engaged in the fight, I find you are concerned how I ſhall be paid, and are ſolicitous that I may not have the ill fate of many diſcarded Generals to be firſt envied and malign'd, then perhaps prais'd, and laſtly neglected. The former (the conſtant attendant upon all great and laudable enterprizes) I have already experienced. Some have ſaid I am not a maſter in the Greek, who either are ſo themſelves or are not: if they are not, they can't tell; and if they are, they can't without having catechiz'd me. But if they can read (for, I know, ſome critics can and others cannot) there are fairly lying before them ſome ſpecimens of my tranſlation from this Author in the Miſcellanies, which they are heartily welcome to. I have met with as much malignity another way, ſome calling me a Tory, becauſe the heads of that party have been diſtinguiſhingly favourable to me; ſome a Whig, becauſe I have been favoured with yours, Mr. Congreve's, and Mr. Cragg's friendſhip, and of late with my

Lord Halifax's patronage. How much more natural a concluſion might be formed, by any good-natured man, that a perſon who has been well uſed by all ſides, has been offenſive to none. This miſerable age is ſo ſunk between animoſities of Party and thoſe of Religion, that I begin to fear, moſt men have Politics enough to make (thro' violence) the beſt ſcheme of government a bad one: and Belief enough to hinder their own ſalvation. I hope for my own part never to have more of either than is conſiſtent with common Juſtice and Charity, and always as much as becomes a Chriſtian and honeſt man. Tho' I find it an unfortunate thing to be bred a Papiſt here, where one is obnoxious to four parts in five as being ſo too much or too little; I ſhall yet be eaſy under both their miſtakes, and be what I more than ſeem to be, for I ſuffer for it. God is my witneſs that I no more envy you Proteſtants your places and poſſeſſions, than I do our Prieſts, their charity or learning. I am ambitious of nothing but the good opinion of good men, on both ſides; for I know that one virtue of a free ſpirit is worth more than all the virtues put together of all the narrow-ſoul'd people in the world. I am

Your, &c.

LETTER XVI.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Oct. 10, 1714.

I Have been acquainted by * one of my friends, who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleas'd to ſpeak of me in a manner which nothing but the real reſpect I have for you can deſerve. May I hope that ſome late malevolencies have loſt their effect? indeed it is neither for me, nor my enemies. to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not? but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has ſo little intereſt in pretending to be ſo? Methinks no man ſhould queſtion the real friendſhip of one who deſires no real ſervice. I am only to get as much from the Whigs, as I got from the Tories, that is to ſay, Civility; being neither ſo proud as to be inſenſible of any good office, nor ſo humble, as not to dare heartily to deſpiſe any man who does me an injuſtice.

I will not value myſelf upon having ever guarded all the degrees of reſpect for you: for (to ſay the truth) all the world ſpeaks well of you, and I ſhould be under a neceſſity of doing the ſame, whether I car'd for you or not.

As to what you have ſaid of me, I ſhall never believe that the author of Cato can ſpeak one thing

* See a letter from Mr. Jervas, and the Anſwer to it. No. 22, 23.

ıd think another. As a proof that I account you ncere, I beg a favour of you: It is, that you would ook over the two firſt books of my tranſlation of lomer, which are in the hands of my Lord Halli- ıx. I am ſenſible how much the reputation of any oetical work will depend upon the character you ive it: 'tis therefore ſome evidence of the truſt I :poſe in your good-will, when I give you this op- ortunity of ſpeaking ill of me with juſtice; and yet xpect you will tell me your trueſt thoughts, at the ame time that you tell others your moſt favourable ines.

I have a farther requeſt, which I muſt preſs with arneſtneſs. My bookſeller is reprinting the Eſſay ın Criticiſm, to which you have done too much hon our in your Spectator of N° 253. The period in hat paper, where you ſay, "I have admitted ſome ' ſtrokes of ill-nature into that Eſſay," is the only ıne I could wiſh omitted of all you have written; ıut I would not deſire it ſhould be ſo, unleſs I had he merit of removing your objection. I beg you ıut to point out thoſe ſtrokes to me, and, you may ɔe aſſured, they ſhall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of ſincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us ɔoth in each other's opinion) give me leave to name another paſſage in the ſame Spectator, which I wiſh you would alter. It is where you mention an obſer- vation upon Homer's Verſes of Siſyphus's Stone, as

* never having been made before by any of the Critics: I happened to find the ſame in Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus's Treatiſe, Περὶ συνθέσεως ὀνομάτων, who treats very largely upon theſe verſes. I know you will think fit to ſoften your expreſſion, when you ſee the paſſage; which you muſt needs have read, though it be ſince ſlipt out of your memory. I am, with the utmoſt eſteem.

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

To the Honourable ———

June 8, 1714.

THE queſtion you aſk in relation to Mr. Addiſon and Philips, I ſhall anſwer in a few words. Mr. Philips did expreſs himſelf with much indignation againſt me one evening at Button's Coffee houſe (as I was told) ſaying, that I was enter'd into a cabal with Dean Swift and others to write againſt the Whig Intereſt, and in particular to undermine his own reputation, and that of his friends Steele and Addiſon: but Mr. Philips never opened his lips to my face, on this or any like occaſion, tho' I was almoſt every night in the ſame room with him, nor ever offer'd me any indecorum. Mr. Addiſon came to me a night or two after Philips had talk'd in this idle manner, and aſſur'd me of his diſbelief of what

* Theſe words are ſince left out in Mr. Tickel's Edition, but were extant in all during Mr. Addiſon's life.

d been ſaid, of the friendſhip we ſhould always aintain, and deſir'd I would ſay nothing further of.

My Lord Hallifax did me the honour to ſtir in is matter, by ſpeaking to ſeveral people to ob-ate a falſe aſperſion, which might have done me ſmall prejudice with one party. However Philips d all he could ſecretly to continue the report with e Hanover Club, and kept in his hands the ſub-riptions paid for me to him, as Secretary to that lub. The heads of it have ſince given him to un-rſtand, that they take it ill; but (upon the terms ought to be with ſuch a man) I would not aſk him r this money, but commiſſion'd one of the Players, is equals to receive it. This is the whole matter; ut as to the ſecret grounds of this malignity, they ill make a very pleaſant hiſtory when we meet. Ir. Congreve and ſome others have been much di-rted with it, and moſt of the gentlemen of the anover Club have made it the ſubject of their ri-icule on their Secretary. It is to this management Philips, that the world owes Mr. Gay's Paſtorals. he ingenious author is extremely your ſervant, and ould have complied with your kind invitation, but at he is juſt now appointed Secretary to my Lord larendon, in his embaſſy to Hanover.

I am ſenſible of the zeal and friendſhip with which, am ſure, you will always defend your friend in his bſence, from all thoſe little tales and calumnies, hich a man of any genius or merit is born to. I all never complain while I am happy in ſuch noble

defenders, and in ſuch contemptible opponents. May their envy and ill-nature ever increaſe, to the glory and pleaſure of thoſe they would injure; may they repreſent me what they will, as long as you think me, what I am,

Your, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

July 13, 1714.

YOU mention the account I gave you ſome time ago of the things which Philips ſaid in his fooliſhneſs: but I can't tell from any thing in your letter, whether you received a long one from me about a fortnight ſince It was principally intended to thank you for the laſt obliging favour you did me; and perhaps for that reaſon you paſs it in ſilence. I there launch'd into ſome account of my temporal affairs, and intend now to give you ſome hints of my ſpiritual. The concluſion of your letter draws this upon you, where you tell me you prayed for me. Your proceeding, Sir, is contrary to that of moſt other friends, who never talk of praying for a man after they have done him a ſervice, but only when they will do him none. Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human ſciences, which. I aſſure you, I am daily more convinced of; and indeed I have, for ſome years paſt, look'd upon all of them no better than amuſements. To make them the ultimate end of our purſuit, is a

miſerable and ſhort ambition, which will drop from us at every little diſappointment here, and even, in caſe of no diſappointments here, will infallibly deſert us hereafter. The utmoſt fame they are capable of beſtowing, is never worth the pains they coſt us, and the time they loſe us. If you attain the top of your deſires that way, all thoſe who envy you will do you harm; and of thoſe who admire you, few will do you good. The unſucceſsful writers are your declared enemies, and probably the ſucceſsful your ſecret ones: for thoſe hate not more to be excelled, than theſe to be rival'd: And at the upſhot, after a life of perpetual application, you reflect that you have been doing nothing for yourſelf, and that the fame or leſs induſtry might have gain'd you a friendſhip that can never deceive or end, a ſatisfaction, which praiſe cannot beſtow nor vanity feel, and a glory, which (tho' in one reſpect like fame, not to be had till after death) yet ſhall be felt and enjoy'd to eternity. Theſe, dear Sir, are unfeignedly my ſentiments, whenever I think at all: for half the things that employ our heads deſerve not the name of thoughts, they are only ſtronger dreams of impreſſions upon the imagination: our ſchemes of government, our ſyſtems of philoſophy, our golden worlds of poetry, are all but ſo many ſhadowy images, and airy proſpects, which ariſe to us but ſo much the livelier and more frequent, as we are more overcaſt with the darkneſs, and diſturbed with the fumes, of human vanity.

The ſame thing that makes old men willing leave this world, makes me willing to leave poe long habit and wearineſs of the ſame track. I mer will work a cure upon me; fifteen thouſ verſes are equivalent to fourſcore years, to make old in rhyme: and I ſhould be ſorry and aſham to go on jingling to the laſt ſtep, like a waggon horſe, in the ſame road, and ſo leave my bell the next ſilly animal that will be proud of th That man makes a mean figure in the eyes of r ſon, who is meaſuring ſyllables and coupling rhym when he ſhould be mending his own ſoul, and curing his own immortality. If I had not this o nion, I ſhould be unworthy even of thoſe ſmall a limited parts which God has given me; and worthy of the friendſhip of ſuch a man as you. I

Your, &

LETTER XIX.

July 25, 171

I Have no better excuſe to offer you, that I ha omitted a taſk naturally ſo pleaſing to me as cc verſing upon paper with you, but that my time a eyes have been wholly employ'd upon Hom whom, I almoſt fear, I ſhall find but one way imitating, which is, in his blindneſs. I am perp tually afflicted with head-achs that very much aff my ſight, and indeed ſince my coming hither I ha

ce paſt an hour agreeably, except that in which ad your letter. I would ſeriouſly have you think, have no man who more truly knows to place a ht value on your friendſhip, than he who leaſt de- es it on all other accounts than his due ſenſe of

But, let me tell you, you can hardly gueſs at a taſk you undertake, when you profeſs your- my friend; there are ſome Tories who will take for a Whig, ſome Whigs who will take you for ory, ſome Proteſtants who will eſteem you a k Papiſt, and ſome Papiſts who will account you leretic.

find by dear experience, we live in an age, re it is criminal to be moderate; and where no man can be allowed to be juſt to all men. The ons of right and wrong are ſo far ſtrain'd, that aps to be in the right ſo very violently, may be vorſe conſequence than to be eaſily and quietly he wrong. I really wiſh all men ſo well, that, n ſatisfied, but few can wiſh me ſo; but if thoſe are ſuch as tell me they do, I am content, for are the beſt people I know. While you believe what I profeſs as to religion, I can bear any thing bigotted may ſay; while Mr. Congreve likes my ry, I can endure Dennis, and a thouſand more him; while the moſt honeſt and moral of each y think me no ill man, I can eaſily bear that the t violent and mad of all parties riſe up to throw at me.

I muſt expect an hundred attacks upon the publication of my Homer. Whoever in our times would be a profeſſor of learning above his fellows, ought at the very firſt to enter the world with the conſtancy and reſolution of a primitive Chriſtian, and be prepared to ſuffer all ſort of public perſecution. It is certainly to be lamented, that if any man does but endeavour to diſtinguiſh himſelf, or gratify others by his ſtudies, he is immediately treated as a common enemy, inſtead of being looked upon as a common friend; and aſſaulted as generally as if his whole deſign were to prejudice the State or ruin the Public. I will venture to ſay, no man ever roſe to any degree of perfection in writing, but thro' obſtinacy, and an inveterate reſolution againſt the ſtream of mankind: So that if the world has received any benefit from the labours of the learned, it was in its own deſpite. For when firſt they eſſay their parts, all people in general are prejudiced againſt new beginners; and when they have got a little above contempt, then ſome particular perſons, who were before unfortunate in their own attempts, are ſworn foes to them, only becauſe they ſucceed.—Upon the whole, one may ſay of the beſt writers, that they pay a ſevere fine for their fame, which it is always in the power of the moſt worthleſs part of mankind to levy upon them when they pleaſe.

I am, &c.

LETTER XX.

To Mr. JERVAS.

July 28, 1714.

.m juſt enter'd upon the old way of life again, leep and muſing. It is my employment to re- the old of paſt ages to the preſent, as it is yours anſmit the young of the preſent, to the future. i copying the great maſter in one art, with the love and diligence with which the Painters after will copy you in another.

hus, I ſhould begin my epiſtle to you, if it were dicatory one. But as it is a friendly letter, you o find nothing mention'd in your own praiſe but t one only in the world is witneſs to, your parti- good-natur'd offices to me.

am cut out from any thing but common acknow- ements, or common diſcourſe: The firſt you ld take ill, though I told but half what I ought: ſhort the laſt only remains.

nd as for the laſt, what can you expect from an who has not talk'd theſe five days? who is drawing his thoughts as far as he can, from all preſent world, its cuſtoms, and its manners, to ully poſſeſs'd and abſorpt in the paſt? When ple talk of going to Church, I think of ſacrifices libations; when I ſee the parſon, I addreſs him hryſes prieſt of Apollo; and inſtead of the 's prayer, I begin,

God of the ſilver Bow, &c.

While you in the world are concern'd about the Proteſtant Succeſſion, I conſider only how Menelaus may recover Helen, and the Trojan war be put to a ſpeedy concluſion. I never inquire if the queen be well or not, but heartily wiſh to be at Hector's funeral. The only things I regard in this life, are whether my friends are well? whether my Tranſlation go well on? whether Dennis be writing criticiſms? whether any body will anſwer him, ſince I don't? and whether Lintot be not yet broke?

I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

To the ſame.

Aug. 16, 1714.

I Thank you for your good offices, which are numberleſs. Homer advances ſo faſt, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to appear in, like a modiſh modern author,

Picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't.

I have the greateſt proof in nature at preſent of the amuſing power of Poetry, for it takes me up ſo entirely, that I ſcarce ſee what paſſes under my noſe, and hear nothing that is ſaid about me. To follow poetry as one ought, one muſt forget father and mo-

ther, and cleave to it alone. My Reverie has been ſo deep, that I have ſcarce had an interval to think myſelf uneaſy in the want of your company. I now and then juſt miſs you as I ſtep into bed; this minute indeed I want extremely to ſee you, the next I ſhall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy, or the recovery of Briſeis.

I fancy no friendſhip is ſo likely to prove laſting as ours, becauſe, I am pretty ſure, there never was a friendſhip of ſo eaſy a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what Vanity we have expects its gratification from other people. It is not I, that am to tell you what an Artiſt you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a Poet I am; but 'tis from the world abroad we hope, (piouſly hope) to hear theſe things. At home we follow our buſineſs, when we have any; and think and talk moſt of each other when we have none. 'Tis not unlike the happy friendſhip of a ſtay'd man and his wife, who are ſeldom ſo fond as to hinder the buſineſs of the houſe from going on all day, or ſo indolent as not to find conſolation in each other every evening. Thus well-meaning couples hold in amity to the laſt, by not expecting too much from human nature; while romantic friendſhips, like violent loves, begin with diſquiets, proceed to jealouſies, and conclude in animoſities. I have lived to ſee the fierce advancement, the ſudden turn, and the abrupt period, of three or four of theſe enormous friendſhips, and am perfectly convinced of the truth

of a maxim we once agreed in, that nothing hinde the conſtant agreement of people who live togeth but merely vanity; a ſecret inſiſting upon what th think their dignity of merit. and an inward expec tion of ſuch an Over-meaſure of deference and rega as anſwers to their own extravagant falſe ſcale; a which no body can pay, becauſe none but themſelv can tell, exactly, to what pitch it amounts.

I am, &c

LETTER XXII.

Mr. JERVAS to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 20, 1714

I Have a particular to tell you at this time, whi pleaſes me ſo much, that you muſt expect a m than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know could keep you in ſuſpenſe for twenty lines, bu will tell you directly, that Mr. Addiſon and I h had a converſation, that it would have been wo your while to have been placed behind the wainſ or behind ſome half-length picture to have he He aſſur'd me, that he would make uſe not only his intereſt. but of his art to do you ſome ſervi he did not mean his art of poetry, but his ar Court; and he is ſenſible that nothing can ha better air for himſelf than moving in your favo eſpecially ſince inſinuations were ſpread, that he

not care you ſhould proſper too much as a poet. He proteſts that it ſhall not be his fault, if there is not the beſt intelligence in the world, and the moſt hearty friendſhip, &c. He owns, he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy, during the heat of the animoſity; but now all is ſafe, and you are eſcap'd even in his opinion. I promis'd in your name like a good Godfather, not that you ſhould renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend merely for his own ſake; therefore prepare yourſelf for ſome civilities.

I have done Homer's head, ſhadow'd and heighten'd carefully; and I incloſe the out line of the ſame ſize, that you may determine whether you would have it ſo large, or reduced to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the ſquare of the Buſto? perhaps there is ſomething more ſolemn in the image itſelf, if I can get it well perform'd.

If I have been inſtrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addiſon together with all ſincerity, I value myſelf upon it as an acceptable piece of ſervice to ſuch a one as I know you to be.

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. POPE's Anſwer.

Aug. 27, 1

I Am juſt arrived from Oxford, very well di and entertain'd there. Every one is much cern'd for the Queen's death. No panegyricks yet for the King.

I admire your whig principles of reſiſtan coedingly, in the ſpirit of the Barcelonians: in your wiſh for them. Mr. Addiſon's verſes c berty, in his letter from Italy, would be a good of prayer in my opinion, *O Liberty! thou G heavenly bright*, &c.

What you mention of the friendly office yo deavour'd to do betwixt Mr. Addiſon and me ſerves acknowledgments on my part. You roughly know my regard to his character, an propenſity to teſtify it by all ways in my p You as thoroughly know the ſcandalous meann that proceeding which was uſed by Philips, to a man I ſo highly value, ſuſpect my diſpoſitior ward him. But as, after all, Mr. Addiſon m the judge in what regards himſelf, and has ſeen be no very juſt one to me; ſo, I muſt own to y expect nothing but civility from him, how muc ever I wiſh for his friendſhip. As for any offic real kindneſs or ſervice which it is in his power

e, I ſhould be aſhamed to receive them from any
an who had no better opinion of my Morals, than
think me a Party-man; nor of my Temper, than
believe me capable of maligning, or envying an-
her's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to
nvince him as to both, to ſhew him the ſhallow
epths of theſe half-witted creatures who miſ-in-
rm'd him, and to prove that I am incapable of en-
eavouring to leſſen a perſon whom I would be proud
imitate, and therefore aſham'd to flatter. In a
ord, Mr. Addiſon is ſure of my reſpect at all times,
nd of my real friendſhip whenever he ſhall think
t to know me for what I am.

For all that paſs'd betwixt Dr. Swift and me, you
now the whole (without reſerve) of our correſ-
ondence. The engagements I had to him were ſuch
s the actual ſervices he had done me, in relation to
he ſubſcription for Homer obliged me to. I muſt
ave leave to be grateful to him, and to any one
who ſerves me, let him be never ſo obnoxious to
ny party: nor did the Tory-party ever put me to
he hardſhip of aſking this leave, which is the great-
ſt obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater
om the Whig-party than the ſame liberty.—A
urſe on the word Party, which I have been forc'd
o uſe ſo often in this period! I wiſh the preſent
eign may put an end to the diſtinction, that there
ay be no other for the future than that of Honeſt
nd Knave, Fool and Man of ſenſe; theſe two ſorts

muſt always be enemies; but for the reſt, m people do as you and I, believe what they p and be friends.

I am,

LETTER XXIV.

To the Earl of HALLIFAX.

MY LORD, Dec. 1, 1

I Am obliged to you both for the favours you done me, and for thoſe you intend me. I d neither your will nor your memory, when it is good; and if ever I become troubleſome or ſ tous, it muſt not be out of expectation, but o gratitude. Your Lordſhip may either cauſe live agreeably in the town, or contentedly i country, which is really all the difference I ſe tween an eaſy fortune and a ſmall one. It is in a high ſtrain of generoſity in you, to think of ing me eaſy all my life, only becauſe I have be happy as to divert you ſome few hours: but may have leave to add, it is becauſe you think no enemy to my native country, there will ap a better reaſon; for I muſt of conſequence be much (as I ſincerely am)

Yours, &c

* LETTER XXV.

Dr. PARNELLE to Mr. POPE.

I Am writing you a long letter, but all the tediouſneſs I feel in it is, that it makes me during the time think more intently of my being far from you. I fancy, if I were with you, I could remove ſome of the uneaſineſs which you may have felt from the oppoſition of the world, and which you ſhould be aſhamed to feel, ſince it is but the teſtimony which one part of it gives you that your merit is unqueſtionable. What would you have otherwiſe, from ignorance, envy, or thoſe tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in mankind, that when our ambition is unable to attain its end, it is not only wearied, but exaſperated too at the vanity of its labours; then we ſpeak ill of happier ſtudies, and ſighing condemn the excellence which we find above our reach.—

My † Zoilus, which you us'd to write about, I finiſh'd laſt ſpring, and left in town. I waited till I came up to ſend it you, but not arriving here before your book was out, imagin'd it a loſt piece of labour. If you will ſtill have it, you need only write me word.

* This, and the three Extracts following, concerning the Tranſlation of the firſt Iliad, ſet on foot by Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Pope has omitted in his firſt Edition.

† *Printed for B. Lintot,* 1715. 8°, and afterwards added to the 2 *edition of his poems.*

I have here ſeen the Firſt Book of Homer *, whic came out at a time when it could not but appear as kind of ſetting up againſt you. My opinion is, tha you may, if you pleaſe, give them thanks who wri it. Neither the numbers nor the ſpirit have an equa maſtery with yours; but what ſurprizes me more is that a ſcholar being concerned, there ſhould happen to be ſome miſtakes in the author's ſenſe; ſuch as putting the light of Pallas's eyes into the eyes of Achilles, making the taunt of Achilles to Agamemnon (that he ſhould have ſpoils when Troy ſhould be taken) to be a cool and ſerious propoſal; the tranſlating what you call *Ablution* by the word *offal*, and ſo leaving Water out of the right of luſtration, &c. but you muſt have taken notice of all this before. I write not to inform you, but to ſhew I always have you at heart.

I am, &c.

Extract from a LETTER of the Rev. Dr. BERKLEY, Dean of London-derry.

July, 7, 1715.

——Some days ago, three or four gentlemen and myſelf, exerting that right which all readers pretend to over authors, ſat in judgment upon the two new Tranſlations of the firſt Iliad. Without partiality to

* Written by Mr. Addiſon, and publiſhed in the name of Mr. Tickell.

my country-men, I aſſure you, they all gave the preference where it was due; being unanimouſly of opinion, that yours was equally juſt to the ſenſe with Mr. ——'s, and without compariſon more eaſy, more poetical, and more ſublime. But I will ſay no more on ſuch a thread-bare ſubject, as your late performance is at this time.

I am, &c.

Extract from a LETTER of
Mr. GAY to Mr. POPE.

July 8, 1715.

—— I have juſt ſet down Sir Samuel Garth at the Opera. He bid me tell you, that every body is pleas'd with your tranſlation, but a few at Button's; and that Sir Richard Steele told him, that Mr. Addiſon ſaid the other tranſlation was the beſt that ever was in any language *. He treated me with extreme civility, and out of kindneſs gave me a ſqueeze by the fore finger.—I am inform'd that at Button's your character is made very free with as to Morals, &c. and Mr. Addiſon ſays, that your tranſlation and Tickell's are both very well done, but that the latter has more of Homer.

I am, &c.

* Sir Richard Steele afterwards, in his Preface to an Edition of the Drummer, a Comedy by Mr. Addiſon, ſhews it to be his opinion, that "Mr. Addiſon himſelf was the perſon who tranſlated this book."

Extract from a LETTER of Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Mr. POPE.

July 9, 1715.

——I congratulate you upon Mr. T*'s firſt book. It does not indeed want its merit; but I was ſtrangely diſappointed in my expectation of a tranſlation nicely true to the Original; whereas in thoſe parts where the greateſt exactneſs ſeems to be demanded, he has been the leaſt careful, I mean the hiſtory of ancient ceremonies and rites, &c. in which you have with great judgment been exact.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. POPE to the Hon. JAMES CRAGGS, Eſq;

July 15, 1715.

I Lay hold of the opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of Shrewſbury, to aſſure you of the continuance of that eſteem and affection I have long borne you, and the memory of ſo many agreeable converſations as we have paſs'd together. I wiſh it were a compliment to ſay, ſuch converſations as are not to be found on this ſide of the water: for the Spirit of diſſention is gone forth among us: nor is it a wonder that Button's is no longer Button's, when old England is no longer old England, that region

of hoſpitality, ſociety, and good humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, tho' they gain as little by politics as they do by their wit. We talk much of fine ſenſe, refin'd ſenſe, and exalted ſenſe; but for uſe and happineſs, give me a little common ſenſe. I ſay this in regard to ſome gentlemen, profeſs'd Wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make Poetry of conſequence at this time of day, in the midſt of this raging fit of Politicks. For they tell me, the buſy part of the nation are not more divided about Whig and Tory, than theſe idle fellows of the feather about Mr. T*'s and my Tranſlation. I (like the Tories) have the town in general, that is, the mob, on my ſide; but it is uſual with the ſmaller party to make up in induſtry what they want in number, and that is the caſe with the little ſenate of Cato. However, if our principles be well conſidered, I muſt appear a brave Whig, and Mr. T. a rank Tory; I tranſlated Homer for the public in general, he to gratify the inordinate deſires of one man only. We have, it ſeems, a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and has his mutes too, a ſet of nodders, winkers, and whiſperers, whoſe buſineſs is to ſtrangle all other offspring of wit in their birth. The new tranſlator of Homer is the humbleſt ſlave he has, that is to ſay, his firſt Miniſter; let him receive the honours he gives me, but receive them with fear and trembling; let him be proud of the approbation of his abſolute Lord, I appeal to the people, as my right-

ful judges and maſters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceeding from the ſmall Court-faction at Button's. But after all I have ſaid of this great man, there is no rupture between us. We are each of us ſo civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged: And I, for my part, treat with him, as we do with the Grand Monarch; who has too many great qualities not to be reſpected, though we know he watches any occaſion to oppreſs us.

When I talk of Homer, I muſt not forget the early preſent you made me of Monſieur de la Motte's book: And I can't conclude this letter without telling you a melancholy piece of news, which affects our very entrails, L* is dead, and ſoupes are no more! You ſee I write in the old familiar way. "This is not to the miniſter, but to the friend *." However it is ſome mark of uncommon regard to the miniſter that I ſteal an expreſſion from a Secretary of State.

I am, &c.

* Alluding to St. John's Letter to Prior, publiſhed in the *Report of the Secret Committee.*

LETTER XXVII.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

Jan. 16, 1714-15.

METhinks when I write to you, I am making a confeſſion; I have got (I can't tell how) ſuch uſtom of throwing myſelf out upon paper without erve. You were not miſtaken in what you judged my temper of mind when I writ laſt. My faults l not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no diſ- iſe to me that they will not: the cleanneſs and rity of one's mind is never better proved, than in covering its own fault at firſt view; as when a am ſhews the dirt at its bottom, its ſhews alſo transparency of the water.

My ſpleen was not occaſioned, however, by any ng an abuſive angry critic could write of me. I e very kindly your heroic manner of congratula- n upon this ſcandal; for I think nothing more nourable, than to be involved in the ſame fate with the great and the good that ever lived; that is, be envied and cenſured by bad writers.

You do no more than anſwer my expectation of u, in declaring how well you take my freedom, ſometimes neglecting, as I do, to reply to your ters ſo ſoon as I ought. Thoſe who have a right e of the ſubſtantial part of friendſhip, can wave ceremonial: a friend is the only one that will ır the omiſſion; and one may find who is not ſo, the very trial of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate
my Homer, the care is over with me: the wor
muſt be the judge, and I ſhall be the firſt to conſe
to the juſtice of its judgment, whatever it be. I a
not ſo arrant an Author as even to deſire, that i
am in the wrong, all mankind ſhould be ſo.

I am mightily pleaſed with a ſaying of Monſi
Tourreil: "When a man writes, he ought to a
"mate himſelf with the thoughts of pleaſing all
"world: but he is to renounce that deſire or ho
"the very moment the book goes out of his hand

I write this from Binfield, whither I came yeſt
day, having paſs'd a few days in my way with
Lord Bolingbroke; I go to London in three d
time, and will not fail to pay a viſit to Mr. M—
whom I ſaw not long ſince at my Lord Halifa
I hoped from thence he had ſome hopes of adv
tage from the preſent adminiſtration: for few peo
(I think) but I, pay reſpects to great men with
any proſpects. I am in the faireſt way in the wo
of being not worth a groat, being born both a
piſt and a Poet. This puts me in mind of re-
knowledging your continued endeavours to enr
me. But, I can tell you, 'tis to no purpoſe,
without the *Opes, æquum mi animum ipſe parabo.*

LETTER XXVIII.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

March 19, 1714-15.

THE Farce of the What-d'ye call it * has occaſioned many different ſpeculations in the town. Some look'd upon it as a mere jeſt upon the Tragic poets, others as a ſatire upon the late War. Mr. Cromwell hearing none of the words, and ſeeing the action to be tragical, was much aſtoniſhed to find the audience laugh; and ſays the Prince and Princeſs muſt doubtleſs be under no leſs amazement on the ſame account. Several templars and others of the more vociferous kind of critics, went with a reſolution to hiſs, and confeſs'd they were forced to laugh ſo much, that they forgot the deſign they came with. The Court in general has in a very particular manner come into the jeſt, and the three firſt nights (notwithſtanding two of them were court-nights) were diſtinguiſhed by very full audiences of the firſt Quality. The common people of the pit and gallery received it at firſt with great gravity and ſedateneſs, ſome few with tears; but after the third day they alſo took the hint, and have ever ſince been very loud in their claps. There are ſtill ſome ſober men who cannot be of the general opinion; but the laughers are ſo much the majority, that one or two critics ſeem determined to undeceive the town.

* Written by Gay.

at their proper coſt, by writing grave diſſertations againſt it: to encourage them in which laudable deſign, it is reſolved a Preface ſhall be prefix'd to the Farce, in vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

Yeſterday Mr. Steele's affair was decided: I am ſorry I can be of no other opinion than yours, as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not only been puniſhed by others, but ſuffered much even from his own party in the point of character, nor (I believe) received any amends in that of intereſt, as yet, whatever may be his proſpects for the future.

This Gentleman, among a thouſand others, is a great inſtance of the fate of all who are carried away by party-ſpirit, of any ſide. I wiſh all violence may ſucceed as ill: but am really amazed that ſo much of that ſour and pernicious quality ſhould be joined with ſo much natural good humour, as I think, Mr. Steele is poſſeſſed of.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

April 7, 1715.

MR. Pope is going to Mr. Jervas's, where Mr. Addiſon is ſitting for his picture; in the mean time amidſt clouds of Tobacco at a coffee-houſe I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at

Will's; Morrice has quitted for a coffee-houſe in the ity, and Titcomb is reſtored, to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a great loſs for a perſon to onverſe with upon the fathers and church-hiſtory; ne knowledge I gain from him, is entirely in paint-ng and poetry; and Mr. Pope owes all his ſkill in ſtronomy to him and Mr. Whiſton, ſo celebrated of ite for his diſcovery of the longitude in an extra-rdinary copy of verſes *. Mr. Rowe's Jane Gray to be play'd in Eaſter week, when Mrs. Oldfield is o perſonate a character directly oppoſite to female ature; for what woman ever deſpiſed Sovereignty? You know Chaucer has a tale where a knight ſaves is head by diſcovering it was the thing which all omen moſt coveted. Mr. Pope's Homer is retard-d by the great rains that have fallen of late, which auſes the ſheets to be long a drying: this gives Mr. intot great uneaſineſs, who is now endeavouring to orrupt the Curate of his pariſh to pray for fair eather, that his work may go on. There is a ſix-enny Criticiſm lately publiſhed upon the tragedy of ne What-d'ye-call-it, wherein he with much judgment nd learning calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a nave. His grand charge is againſt the Pilgrim's rogreſs being read, which he ſays, is directly le-ell'd at Cato's reading Plato; to back this cenſure, e goes on to tell you, that the Pilgrim's Progreſs

* Call'd, *An Ode on the Longitude*, in Swift and Pope's Miſ-llanies.

being mentioned to be the eighth edition, makes the reflection evident, the Tragedy of Cato having juſt eight times (as he quaintly expreſſes it) viſited the preſs. He has alſo endeavoured to ſhow, that every particular paſſage of the play alludes to ſome fine part of tragedy, which he ſays, I have injudiciouſly and profanely abuſed *. Sir Samuel Garth's poem upon my Lord Clare's houſe, I believe, will be publiſh'd in the Eaſter-week.

Thus far Mr. Gay, who has in his letter foreſtall'd all the ſubjects of diverſion; unleſs it ſhould be one to you to ſay, that I ſit up till two a clock over Burgundy and Champagne; and am become ſo much a rake, that I ſhall be aſhamed in a ſhort time to be thought to do any ſort of buſineſs. I fear I muſt get the gout by drinking; purely for a faſhionable pretence to ſit ſtill long enough to tranſlate four books of Homer. I hope you'll by that time be up again, and I may ſucceed to the bed and couch of my predeceſſor: pray cauſe the ſtuffing to be repaired, and the crutches ſhorten'd for me. The calamity of your gout is what all your friends, that is to ſay, all that know you, muſt ſhare in; we deſire you in your turn to condole with us, who are under a perſecution, and much afflicted with a diſtemper which proves mortal to many poets, a Criticiſm. We have indeed ſome relieving intervals of laughter (as you

* This curious piece was intitled, a compleat Key to the What-d'ye-call-it, written by one Griffin a Player, aſſiſted by Lewis Theobald.

now there are in ſome diſeaſes) and it is the opi-ions of divers good gueſſers, that the laſt fit will not e more violent than advantageous; for poets aſ-il'd by critics, are like men bitten by Tarantula's, ey dance on ſo much the faſter.

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath play'd the precurſor to e coming of Homer, in a treatiſe call'd Homer-les. He has ſince riſen very much in his criticiſms, nd, after aſſaulting Homer, made a daring attack pon the * What-d'ye-call-it. Yet there is not a Pro-lamation iſſued for the burning of Homer and the ope by the common hangman; nor is the What-'ye-call-it yet ſilenced by the Lord Chamberlain.

Your &c.

LETTER XXX.

Mr. CONGREVE to Mr. POPE.

May 6.

I Have the pleaſure of your very kind letter. I have always been obliged to you for your friendſhip nd concern for me, and am more affected with it, an I will take upon me to expreſs in this letter. I o aſſure you there is no return wanting on my part, nd am very ſorry I had not the good luck to ſee the ean before I left the town: it is a great pleaſure to e, and not a little vanity to think that he miſſes e. As to my health, which you are ſo kind to

* In one of his papers call'd *The Grumbler*.

enquire after, it is not worſe than in London: I am almoſt afraid yet to ſay that it is better, for I cannot reaſonably expect much effect from theſe waters in ſo ſhort a time; but in the main they ſeem to agree with me. Here is not one creature that I know, which, next to the few I would chuſe, contributes very much to my ſatisfaction. At the ſame time that I regret the want of your converſation, I pleaſe myſelf with thinking that you are where you firſt ought to be, and engaged where you cannot do too much. Pray give my humble ſervice, and beſt wiſhes to your good mother. I am ſorry you don't tell me how Mr. Gay does in his health; I ſhould have been glad to have heard he was better. My young Amanuenſis, as you call him, I am afraid will prove but a wooden one: and you know *ex quovis ligno*, &c. You will pardon Mrs. R——'s pedantry, and believe me to be

Your &c.

P. S. By the incloſed you will ſee I am like to be impreſs'd, and enroll'd in the liſt of Mr. Curll's Authors; but, I thank God! I ſhall have your company. I believe it high time you ſhould think of adminiſtering another Emetic.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SEVERAL PERSONS.

From 1714 to 1721.

LETTER I.

The Rev. Dean BERKLEY to Mr. POPE.

Leghorn, May 1, 1714.

AS I take ingratitude to be a greater crime than impertinence, I chuſe rather to run the riſque of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainment you juſt now gave me. I have accidentally met with your Rape of the Lock here, having never ſeen it before. Style, painting, judgment, ſpirit, I had already admired in other of your writings; but in this I am charm'd with the magic of your invention, with all thoſe images, alluſions, and inexplicable beauties, which you raiſe ſo ſurpriſingly, and

at the ſame time ſo naturally, out of a trifle. yet I cannot ſay that I was more pleas'd with reading of it, than I am with the pretext it g me to renew in your thoughts, the remembranc one who values no happineſs beyond the friend of men of wit, learning, and good-nature.

I remember to have heard you mention ſome l form'd deſign of coming to Italy. What migh not expect from a muſe that ſings ſo well in bleak climate of England, if ſhe felt the ſame w ſun and breathed the ſame air with Virgil Horace?

There are here an incredible number of P that have all the inclination, but want the gen or perhaps the art of the Ancients. Some am them, who underſtand Engliſh, begin to reliſh Authors; and I am informed, that at Florence t have tranſlated Milton into Italian verſe. If who knows ſo well how to write like the old L poets, came among them, it would probably l means to retrieve them from their cold, trivial c ceits, to an imitation of their predeceſſors.

As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleaſure, have all different views in travelling; I know whether it might not be worth a Poet's while to vel, in order to ſtore his mind with ſtrong image Nature.

Green fields and groves, flowery meadows purling ſtreams are no where in ſuch perfection a England: but if you would know lightſome d

warm ſuns, and blue ſkies, you muſt come to Italy; and to enable a man to deſcribe rocks and precipices, it is abſolutely neceſſary that he paſs the Alps.

You will eaſily perceive that it is ſelf-intereſt makes me ſo fond of giving advice to one who has no need of it. If you came into theſe parts I ſhould fly to ſee you. I am here (by the favour of my good friend the Dean of St. Patrick's) in quality of Chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough; who about three months ſince left the greateſt part of his family in this town. God knows how long we ſhall ſtay here.

I am, Your, &c.

LETTER II.

Mr. POPE to Mr. JERVAS in Ireland.

July 9, 1716.

THO', as you rightly remark, I pay my tax but once in half a year, yet you ſhall ſee by this letter upon the neck of my laſt, that I pay a double tax, as we non-jurors ought to do. Your acquaintance on this ſide of the ſea are under terrible apprehenſions from your long ſtay in Ireland, that you may grow too polite for them; for we think (ſince the great ſucceſs of ſuch a play as the Non-juror) that politeneſs is gone over the water. But others are of opinion it has been longer among you, and was introduced much about the ſame time with Frogs, and with equal ſucceſs. Poor poetry! the little that is left of it here longs to croſs the ſeas,

and leave Euſden in full and peaceable poſſeſſion of the Britiſh laurel: and we begin to wiſh you had the ſinging of our poets, as well as the croaking of our frogs, to yourſelves, *in ſæcula ſæculorum*. It would be well in exchange, if Parnelle, and two or three more of your Swans would come hither, eſpecially that Swan, who, like a true modern one, does not ſing at all, Dr. Swift. I am (like the reſt of the world) a ſufferer by his idleneſs. Indeed I hate that any man ſhould be idle, while I muſt tranſlate and comment; and I may the more ſincerely wiſh for good poetry from others, becauſe I am become a perſon out of the queſtion; for a Tranſlator is no more a poet, than a Taylor is a man.

You are, doubtleſs, perſuaded of the validity of that famous verſe,

'Tis Expectation makes a Bleſſing dear:

but why would you make your friends fonder of you than they are? There is no manner of need of it. We begin to expect you no more than Anti-chriſt; a man that hath abſented himſelf ſo long from his friends ought to be put into the Gazette.

Every body here has great need of you. Many faces have dieu for want of your pencil, and blooming Ladies have wither'd in expecting your return. Even Frank and Betty (that conſtant pair) cannot conſole themſelves for your abſence; I fancy they will be forced to make their own picture in a pretty *babe*, before you come home: 'twill be a noble

ſubject for a family piece. Come then, and having peopled Ireland with a world of beautiful ſhadows, come to us, and ſee with that eye (which, like the eye of the world, creates beauties by looking on them) ſee, I ſay, how England has alter'd the airs of all its heads in your abſence: and with what ſneaking city attitudes our moſt celebrated perſonages appear, in the mere mortal works of our painters.

Mr. Forteſcue is much yours; Gay commemorates you; and laſtly (to climb by juſt ſteps and degrees) my Lord Burlington deſires you may be put in mind of him. His gardens flouriſh, his ſtructures riſe, his pictures arrive, and (what is far more valuable than all) his own good qualities daily extend themſelves to all about him: of whom I the meaneſt (next to ſome Italian Fidlers, and Engliſh Bricklayers) am a living inſtance. Adieu.

LETTER III.

To the ſame.

Nov. 14, 1716.

IF I had not done my utmoſt to lead my life ſo pleaſantly as to forget all misfortunes, I ſhould tell you I reckoned your abſence no ſmall one; but I hope you have alſo had many good and pleaſant reaſons to forget your friends on this ſide the world. If a wiſh could tranſport me to you and your preſent

ſent companions, I could do the ſame. Dr. Swift, I believe, is a very good landlord, and a cheerful hoſt at his own table: I ſuppoſe he has perfectly learnt himſelf, what he has taught ſo many others, *rupta non inſanire lagena:* elſe he would not make a proper hoſt for your humble ſervant, who (you know) tho' he drinks a glaſs as ſeldom as any man, contrives to break one as often. But 'tis a conſolation to me, that I can do this, and many other enormities, under my own roof.

But that you and I are upon equal terms, in all friendly lazineſs, and have taken an inviolable oath to each other, always to do what we will; I ſhould reproach you for ſo long a ſilence. The beſt amends you can make for ſaying nothing to me is by ſaying all the good you can of me, which is, that I heartily love and eſteem the Dean and Dr. Parnelle.

Gay is yours and theirs, His ſpirit is awakened very much in the cauſe of the Dean, which has broke forth in a courageous couplet or two upon Sir Richard Blackmore: He has printed it with his name to it, and bravely aſſigns no other reaſon, than that the ſaid Sir Richard has abuſed Dr. Swift. I have alſo ſuffered in the like cauſe, and ſhall ſuffer more: unleſs Parnelle ſends me his Zoilus and Bookworm (which the Biſhop of Clogher, I hear greatly extols) it will be ſhortly *concurrere Bellum atque Virum*—I love you all, as much as I deſpiſe moſt wits in this dull country. Ireland has turned the tables upon England; and if I have no poetical friend in

y own nation, I'll be as proud as Scipio, and ſay ince I am reduced to ſkin and bone) *Ingrata patria i oſſa quidem habeas.*

LETTER IV.

To the ſame.

Nov. 29, 1716.

THAT you have not heard from me of late, aſcribe not to the uſual lazineſs of your cor-ſpondent, but to a ramble to Oxford, where your ame is mentioned with honour, even in a land owing with Tories. I had the good fortune there be often in the converſation of Doctor Clarke: le entertain'd me with ſeveral drawings, and parti-ularly with the original deſigns of Inigo Jones's Whitehall. I there ſaw and reverenced ſome of our firſt pieces; which future painters are to look on as we Poets do on the Culex of Virgil and atrachom. of Homer.

Having named this latter piece, give me leave to k what is become of Dr. Parnelle and his frogs *? *blituſque meorum, obliviſcendus et illis*, might be Ho-ce's wiſh, but will never be mine while I have ſuch *eorums* as Dr. Parnelle and Dr. Swift. I hope the pring will reſtore you to us, and with you all the eauties and colours of nature. Not but I congra-ulate you on the pleaſure you muſt take in being

* He tranſlated the Batrachom. of Homer, which is printed nongſt his Poems.

admir'd in your own country, which ſo ſeldom happens to Prophets and Poets: but in this you have the advantage of Poets; you are maſter of an art that muſt proſper and grow rich, as long as people love, or are proud of themſelves, or their own perſons. However, you have ſtay'd long enough, methinks, to have painted all the numberleſs Hiſtories of old Ogygia. If you have begun to be hiſtorical, I recommend to your hand the ſtory which every pious Iriſhman ought to begin with, that of St. Patrick; to the end you may be obliged (as Dr P. was, when he tranſlated the Batrachomuomachia) to come into England, to copy the Frogs, and ſuch other vermine as were never ſeen in that land ſince the time of that confeſſor.

I long to ſee you a Hiſtory-painter. You have already done enough for the private, do ſomething for the public; and be not confined, like the reſt, to draw only ſuch ſilly ſtories as our own faces tell of us. The Ancients too expect you ſhould do them right; thoſe Statues from whtch you learned your beautiful and noble Ideas, demand it as a piece of gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all nations, in the account you intend to write of their Characters. I hope you think more warmly than ever of that deſign.

As to your enquiry about your houſe, when I come within the walls, they put me in mind of thoſe *of Carthage*, where your friend, like the wandering *Trojan*,

num Pictura paſcit inani.

pacious manſion, like a Turkiſh Caravan-
ertains the vagabonds with only bare lodg-
ile the family very ill, keep bad hours, and
your pictures about the town. See what it
a poet in your houſe! Frank indeed does
in ſuch a circumſtance; for, conſidering
wild beaſt in it, he conſtantly keeps the
n'd: Every time it is open'd, the links
ruſty hinges roar. The houſe ſeems ſo
at you are its ſupport, that it is ready to
our abſence; but I ſtill truſt myſelf under
s depending that Providence will preſerve
Raphael's, Titian's, and Guido's, as are
your Cabinet. Surely the ſins of one Poet
be ſo heavy, as to bring an old houſe
heads of ſo many painters. In a word,
is falling; but what of that? I am only

LETTER V.

Ion. Mr. CRAGGS to Mr. POPE.

Paris, Sept. 2, 1716.

poſt brought me the favour of your letter
ie 10th Aug. O. S. It would be taking
upon me to decide, that it was a witty
ever pretend to more judgment than to

ding to the ſtory of the Iriſhman.

know what pleaſes me, and can aſſure you, it was a very agreeable one. The proof I can give you of my ſincerity in this opinion is, that I hope and deſire you would not ſtop at this, but continue more of them.

I am in a place where pleaſure is continually flowing. The Princes ſet the example, and the ſubjects follow at a diſtance. The Ladies are of all parties *, by which means the converſation of the men is very much ſoftened and faſhioned from thoſe blunt diſputes on Politics, and rough jeſts, we are ſo guilty of; while the freedom of the women takes away all formality and conſtraint. I muſt own, at the ſame time, theſe beauties are a little too artificial for my taſte: you have ſeen a French picture, the Original is more painted, and ſuch a cruſt of powder and eſſence in their hair, that you can ſee no difference between black and red. By diſuſing Stays and indulging themſelves at table, they run out of all ſhape; but as to that, they may give a good reaſon, they prefer conveniency to Parade, and are, by this means, as ready, as they are generally willing, to be charitable.

I am ſupriz'd to find I have wrote ſo much ſcandal; I fancy I am either ſetting up for a wit, or imagine I muſt write in this ſtyle to a wit; I hope you'll prove a good natur'd one, and not only let me hear from you ſometimes, but forgive the ſmall encouragement you meet with. I won't trouble

* *i. e.* In all companies.

ıyſelf to finiſh finely; a true compliment is better ıan a good one, and I can aſſure you without any, ıat I am very ſincerely,

Sir, Yours, &c.

LETTER VI.

To Mr. FENTON.

SIR, May 5.

I Had not omitted anſwering yours of the 18th of laſt month, but out of a deſire to give you ſome :ertain and ſatisfactary account, which way, and at vhat time, you might take your journey. I am now :ommiſſioned to tell you, that Mr. Craggs will ex-)ect you on the riſing of the parliament, which will)e as ſoon as he can receive you in the manner he vould receive a man *de belles Lettres*, that, is, in tran- quillity and full leiſure. I dare ſay your way of life which, in my taſte, will be the beſt in the world, ınd with one of the beſt men in the world) muſt)rove highly to your contentment. And, I muſt ıdd it will be ſtill the more a joy to me, as I ſhall ·eap a peculiar advantage from the good I ſhall have lone in bringing you together, by ſeeing it in my own neighbourhood. Mr. Craggs has taken a houſe cloſe)y mine, whither he propoſes to come in three vecks: In the mean time I heartily invite you to live with me; where a frugal and philoſophical diet, for a time, may give you a higher reliſh of that ele- ;ant *way of life* you will enter into after. I deſire

to know by the firſt poſt how ſoon I may hope you?

I am a little ſcandalized at your complaint t your time lies heavy on your hands, when the Mı have put ſo many good materials into your head employ them. As to your queſtion, What I am ing? I anſwer, Juſt what I have been doing ſo years, my duty; ſecondly, relieving myſelf with ceſſary amuſements, or exerciſes, which ſhall ſe me inſtead of phyſic as long as they can; third reading till I am tired; and laſtly, writing wher have no other thing in the world to do, or no frie to entertain in company.

My mother is, I thank God, the eaſier, if not t better, for my cares; and I am the happier in t regard, as well as in the conſciouſneſs of doing ı beſt. My next felicity is in retaining the good o nion of honeſt men, who think me not quite un ſerving of it; and in finding no injuries from oth hurt me, as long as I know myſelf. I will add t ſincerity with which I act towards ingenious and u deſigning men, and which makes me always (ev by a natural bond) their friend; therefore belie me very affectionately

Your, &

LETTER VII.

Rev. Dean BERKLEY*, to Mr. POPE.

Naples, Oct. 22. N. S. 1717.

'Have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you . with a letter but was diſcouraged for want of mething that I could think worth ſending fifteen ındred miles. Italy is ſuch an exhauſted ſubject, at, I dare ſay, you'd eaſily forgive my ſaying no- ing of it; and the imagination of a Poet is a thing nice and delicate, that it is no eaſy matter to find ıt images capable of giving pleaſure to one of the w, who (in any age) have come up to that cha- cter. I am nevertheleſs lately returned from an and, where I paſſed three or four months; which, ere it ſet out in its true colours, might, methinks, nuſe you agreeably enough for a minute or two. he iſland Inarime is an epitome of the whole earth, ntaining within the compaſs of eighteen miles, a onderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruit- l plains, and barren mountains, all thrown toge- er in a moſt romantic confuſion. The air is in e hotteſt ſeaſon conſtantly refreſhed by cool breezes om the ſea. The vales produce excellent wheat ıd Indian corn, but are moſtly covered with vine- rds, intermix'd with fruit-trees. Beſides the com- on kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c. they

* Afterwards Biſhop of Cloyne in Ireland, Author of the Dia- ues of Hylas and Philonous, the Minute-Philoſopher, &c.

produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranate
water-melons, and many other fruits unkn
our climates, which lie every where open
paſſenger. The hills are the greater part c
to the top with vines, ſome with cheſnut
and others with thickets of myrtle and le
The fields in the northern ſide are divided by
rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets
the beauty of this landſcape, which is like
off by the variety of ſome barren ſpots, and
rocks. But that which crowns the ſcene is a
mountain, riſing out of the middle of the
(once a terrible Vulcano, by the ancients called
Epomeus) its lower parts are adorned with
and other fruits; the middle affords paſture to
of goats and ſheep; and the top is a ſandy
rock, from which you have the fineſt proſpect
world, ſurveying at one view, beſides ſevera
ſmall iſlands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy
three hundred miles in length, from the prom
of Antium to the cape of Palinurus: the great
of which hath been ſung by Homer and Vi
making a conſiderable part of the travels a
ventures of their two Heroes. The iſlands
Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with
Cumæ, Monte iſeno, the habitations of Ci
Syrens, and the Læſtrigones, the bay of Nap
promontory of Minerva, and the whole Com
felice, make but a part of this noble land
which would demand an imagination as war

bers as flowing as your own, to deſcribe it. The
bitants of this delicious iſle, as they are with-
iches and honours, ſo are they without the vices
follies that attend them; and were they but as
h ſtrangers to revenge, as they are to avarice
ambition, they might in fact anſwer the poeti-
notions of the golden age. But they have got,
alloy to their happineſs, an ill habit of mur-
ng one another on ſlight offences. We had an
nce of this the ſecond night after our arrival, a
h of eighteen being ſhot dead by our door: and
by the ſole ſecret of minding our own buſineſs,
found a means of living ſecurely among theſe
gerous people. Would you know how we paſs
ime at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the
tion of our neighbours: beſides the gaiety of
Churches (where folks go to ſee what they call
bella Devotione (i. e. a ſort of religious Opera)
make fireworks almoſt every week, out of de-
on; the ſtreets are often hung with arras, out of
tion; and (what is ſtill more ſtrange) the ladies
e gentlemen to their houſes and treat them with
c and ſweetmeats, out of devotion; in a word,
it not for this devotion of its inhabitants,
les would have little elſe to recommend it, be-
the air and ſituation. Learning is in no very
ing ſtate here, as indeed no where elſe in Italy;
ever, among many pretenders, ſome men of taſte
o be met with. A friend of mine told me not
ſince, that being to viſit Salvini at Florence, he

found him reading your Homer: he liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the verſion, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphraſe; which ſhews him not to be ſufficiently acquainted with our language. I wiſh you health to go on with that noble work, and when you have that, I need not wiſh you ſucceſs. You will do me the juſtice to believe, that whatever relates to your welfare is ſincerely wiſhed by

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. POPE to ***

Dec. 12, 1718.

THE old project of a Window in the boſom, to render the Soul of man viſible, is what every honeſt friend has manifold reaſon to wiſh for; yet even that would not do in our caſe while you are ſo far ſeparated from me, and ſo long. I begin to fear you'll die in Ireland, and that Denunciation will be fulfilled upon you, *Hibernus es, et in Hiberniam reverteris.* I ſhould be apt to think you in Sancho's caſe; ſome Duke has made you Governor of an iſland, or wet place, and you are adminiſtring laws to the wild Iriſh. But I muſt own, when you talk of Building and Planting, you touch my ſtring; and I am as apt to pardon you, as the fellow that

ıght himſelf Jupiter would have pardon'd the
:r madman who call'd himſelf his brother Nep-
:. Alas, Sir, do you know whom you talk to?
that has been a Poet, was degraded to a Tran-
ır, and at laſt, thro' mere dulneſs, is turned an
hitect. You know Martial's cenſure, *Præconem*
o vel Architectum. However, I have one way
to plan, to elevate, and to ſurprize (as Bays
); the next news you may expect to hear, is that
ı in debt.

'he hiſtory of my Tranſplantation and ſettlement
:h you deſire, would require a volume, were I
ıumerate the many projects, difficulties, viciſſi-
s, and various fates attending that important part
ıy life: much more ſhould I deſcribe the many
ıghts, Elevations, Profiles, Perſpectives, &c. of
y Palace and Garden propos'd, intended, and hap-
raiſed, by the ſtrength of that faculty wherein
reat Genius's excel, Imagination. At laſt, the
s and fate have fix'd me on the borders of the
mes, in the diſtricts of Richmond and Twicken-
: It is here I have paſſed an entire year of my
without any fix'd abode in London, or more
caſting a tranſitory glance (for a day or two at
in a month) on the pomps of the Town. It
re I hope to receive you, Sir, returned from
ıizing the Ireland of this age. For you my ſtruc-
riſe; for you my Colonades extend their wings;
ou my groves aſpire, and roſes bloom. And, to
uth, I hope poſterity (which, no doubt, will be

made acquainted with all theſe things) will look upon it as one of the principal motives of my Architecture, that it was a manſion prepar'd to receive you, againſt your own ſhould fall to duſt, which is deſtin'd to be the tomb of poor Frank and Betty, and the immortal monument of the Fidelity of two ſuch Servants, who have excell'd in conſtancy the very Rats of your family.

What more can I tell you of myſelf? ſo much, and yet all put together ſo little, that I ſcarce care or know, how to do it. But the very reaſons that are againſt putting it upon paper, are as ſtrong for telling it you in perſon; and I am uneaſy to be ſo long denied the ſatisfaction of it.

At preſent I conſider you bound in by the Iriſh Sea, like the ghoſts in Virgil,

Triſti palus inamabilis unda
Alligat, et novies Styx circumfuſa coërcet!

and I can't expreſs how I long to renew our old intercourſe and converſation, our morning conferences in bed in the ſame room, our evening walks in the park, our amuſing voyages on the water, our philoſophical ſuppers, our lectures, our diſſertations, our gravities, our reveries, our fooleries, our what not? —This awakens the memory of ſome of thoſe who have made a part in all theſe. Poor Parnelle, Garth, Rowe! You juſtly reprove me for not ſpeaking of the death of the laſt: Parnelle was too much in my mind, to whoſe memory I am erecting the beſt Mo-

nument I can. What he gave me to publiſh was but a ſmall part of what he left behind him; but it was the beſt, and I will not make it worſe by enlarging it. I'd fain know if he be buried at Cheſter, or Dublin; and what care has been, or is to be taken for his Monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my devoirs to Mr. Rowe; I am writing this very day his epitaph for Weſtminſter-Abbey.—After theſe, the beſt natur'd of men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the trueſt concern for his loſs. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a Saint or a philoſopher famous. But ill tongues, and worſe hearts have branded even his laſt moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with Irreligion. You muſt have heard many tales on this ſubject; but if ever there was a good Chriſtian, without knowing himſelf to be ſo, it was Dr. Garth.

Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. ****.

Sept. 17.

THE gaiety of your letter proves you not ſo ſtudious of Wealth as many of your profeſſion are, ſince you can derive matter of mirth from want of buſineſs. You are none of thoſe Lawyers who deſerve the motto of the devil, *Circuit quærens quem*

devoret. But your *Circuit* will at leaſt pr
one of the greateſt of temporal bleſſing
What an advantageous circumſtance is i
that loves rambling ſo well, to be a grave
able rambler? while (like your fellow
the Sun) you travel the round of the eart
hold all the iniquities under the heavens i
much a ſuperior genius to me in rambling;
a Pigeon (to which I would ſooner comp
yer than to a Hawk) can fly ſome hundr
at a pitch; I, like a poor ſquirrel, am c
in motion indeed, but it is about a ca
foot: my little excurſions are but like thoſe
keeper, who walks every day a mile or
his own door, but minds his buſineſs all
Your letter of the Cauſe lately before yo
not but communicate to ſome ladies o
quaintance. I am of opinion, if you c
correſpondence of the ſame ſort during
Circuit, it could not fail to pleaſe the
than half the novels they read; there wo
them what they love above all things, a n
union of Truth and Scandal. I aſſure yo
affords nothing equal to it: it is on the co
of *grave and ſad* men, Mr. Baron S, Lord
tice A, Judge P, and Counſellor B, who h
pimple on the tip of his noſe, but think
ſiſtent with his gravity to wear a patch
ſtanding the precedent of an eminent judg

dear Sir,

LETTER X.

the Earl of BURLINGTON.

ORD,

ır Mare could ſpeak, ſhe would give an ac-
t of what extraordinary company ſhe had on
; which ſince ſhe cannot do, I will.

the enterprizing Mr. Lintot, the redoubt-
l of Mr. Tonſon, who, mounted on a ſtone-
› diſagreeable companion to your Lordſhip's
'ertook me in Windſor foreſt. He ſaid, he
deſign'd for Oxford, the ſeat of the Muſes,
ld, as my bookſeller, by all means, accom-
thither.

l him where he got his horſe? He anſwer'd,
it of his Publiſher: "For that rogue my
r (ſaid he) diſappointed me: I hoped to put
ı good-humour by a treat at the tavern, of
vn fricaſſee of rabbits, which coſt two ſhil-
with two quarts of wine, beſides my con-
ion. I thought myſelf cockſure of his horſe,
he readily promis'd me, but ſaid that Mr.
›n had juſt ſuch another deſign of going to
›ridge, expecting there the copy of a new
›f Horace from Dr.——, and if Mr. Tonſon
he was pre-ingaged to attend him, being to
the printing of the ſaid copy.

in ſhort, I borrow'd this ſtonehorſe of my
ſher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a

" debt; he lent me too the pretty boy you
" me: he was a ſmutty dog yeſterday, an
" near two hours to waſh the ink off his f
" the Devil is a fair condition'd Devil and
" ward in his Catechiſe: if you have any m
" he ſhall carry them."

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be n
ſo gave the boy a ſmall bag, containing th
and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in a
proceeded on the road, with my man be
courteous ſtationer beſide, and the aforeſ
behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner, " Nc
" them! what if they ſhould put it into th
" paper, how you and I went together to
" what would I care? If I ſhould go d
" Suſſex, they would ſay I was gone to the
" But what of that? If my ſon were but big
" to go on with the buſineſs, by G--d I wo
" as good company as old Jacob."

Hereupon I enquir'd of his ſon. " The
" he) has fine parts, but is ſomewhat fickl
" as you are—I ſpare for nothing in his E
" at Weſtminſter. Pray don't you think W
" ſter to be the beſt ſchool in England? mo
" late Miniſtry came out of it, ſo did man
" Miniſtry; I hope the boy will make his fo

Don't you deſign to let him paſs a year at
" To what purpoſe? (ſaid he) the Univer

but make Pedants, and I intend to breed him a 'man of buſineſs."

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I obſerv'd he ſate unaſy on his ſaddle, for which I expreſſed ſome ſolitude: Nothing, ſays he, I can bear it well enough: but ſince we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleaſant for you to reſt a-while under the woods. When we were alighted, "See here, 'what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my 'pocket! what if you amus'd yourſelf in turning 'an ode, till we mount again? Lord! if you 'pleas'd, what a clever Miſcellany might you make 'at leiſure hours." Perhaps, I may, ſaid I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy, a round trott very much awakens my ſpirits: then jog on pace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence enſued for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugg'd the reins, ſtop'd ſhort, and broke out, 'Well, Sir, how far have you gone? I anſwer'd, 'Seven miles. Z—ds, Sir, ſaid Lintot, I thought 'you had done ſeven ſtanza's. Oldſworth, in a 'ramble round Wimbleton hill, would tranſlate a 'whole ode in half this time. I'll ſay that for 'Oldſworth (tho' I loſt by his Timothy's) he tran-'ſlates an ode of Horace the quickeſt of any man 'in England. I remember Dr. King would write 'verſes in a tavern three hours after he could not 'ſpeak: and there's Sir Richard, in that rumbling 'old chariot of his, between Fleetditch and St. 'Giles's pound, ſhall make you half a Job."

Pray Mr. Lintot (ſaid I) now you talk of
ſlators, what is your method of managing t
" Sir, (reply'd he) thoſe are the ſaddeſt pa
" rogues in the world: in a hungry fit, they'll
" they underſtand all the languages in the uni
" I have known one of them take down a
" book upon my counter and cry, Ay, this i
" brew, I muſt read it from the latter end.
" G—d I can never be ſure in theſe fellows,
" neither underſtand Greek, Latin, French, n
" lian myſelf. But this is my way; I agre
" them for ten ſhillings per ſheet, with a p
" that I will have their doings corrected by w
" pleaſe; ſo by one or other they are led at
" the true ſenſe of an author; my judgment
" the negative to all my tranſlators." But h
you ſecure thoſe correctors may not impoſe
you? " Why I get any civil gentleman, (eſpe
" any Scotchman) that comes into my ſhop, t
" the original to me in Engliſh; by this I
" whether my firſt tranſlator be deficient, and
" ther my corrector merits his money or not?
" I'll tell you what happened to me laſt m
" I bargain'd with S* for a new verſion of Luc
" to publiſh againſt Tonſon's; agreeing to p
" author ſo many ſhillings at his producing ſo
" lines. He made a great progreſs in a very
" time, and I gave it to the corrector to co
" with the Latin; but he went directly to Cr
" tranſlation, and found it the ſame word for

" all but the firſt page. Now, what d'ye think I " did? I arreſted the tranſlator for a cheat; nay, " and I ſtopt the corrector's pay too, upon this " proof that he had made uſe of Creech inſtead of " the original."

Pray tell me next how you deal with the Critics? " Sir (ſaid he) nothing more eaſy. I can ſilence " the moſt formidable of them: the rich ones for a " ſheet a piece of the blotted manuſcript, which " coſts me nothing; they'll go about with it to their " acquaintance and pretend they had it from the " author, who ſubmitted to their correction: this " has given ſome of them ſuch an air, that in time " they come to be conſulted with, and dedicated to " as the top Critics of the town.—As for the poor " critics, I'll give you one inſtance of my manage- " ment, by which you may gueſs at the reſt. A lean " man, that look'd like a very good ſcholar, came " to me t'other day; he turn'd over your Homer, " ſhook his head, ſhrug'd up his ſhoulders, and " piſh'd at every line of it: One would wonder (ſays " he) at the ſtrange preſumption of ſome men; " Homer is no ſuch eaſy taſk, that every ſtripling " every verſifier—He was going on, when my wife " call'd to dinner: Sir, ſaid I, will you pleaſe to " eat a piece of beef with me? Mr. Lintot, ſaid, " he, I am ſorry you ſhould be at the expence of " this great book, I am really concern'd on your " account—Sir, I am much oblig'd to you: if you " can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a

" ſlice of pudding—Mr. Lintot, I do not ſay but " Mr. Pope, if he would condeſcend to adviſe with " men of learning—Sir the pudding is upon the " table, if you pleaſe to go in— My critic complies, " he comes to a taſte of your poetry, and tells me " in the ſame breath, that the book is commend- " able, and the pudding excellent.

" Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot) in return to " the frankneſs I have ſhewn, pray tell me, Is it " the opinion of your friends at court that my Lord " Landſdown will be brought to the bar or not?" I told him, I heard he would not, and I hop'd it, my Lord being one, I had particular obligations to. " That may be (reply'd Mr. Lintot) but by G—d " if he is not, I ſhall loſe the printing of a very " good Trial."

Theſe, my Lord, are a few traits by which you may diſcern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have choſen for the ſubject of a letter. I dropt him as ſoon as I got to Oxford, and paid a viſit to my Lord Carleton at Middleton.

The converſations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the Pleaſures from them only to be equal'd when I meet your Lordſhip. I hope in a few days to caſt myſelf from your horſe at your feet.

I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

(In anſwer to a Letter in which he incloſed the Deſcription of Buckingham-houſe, written by him to the D. of Sh.)

PLINY was one of thoſe few authors who had a warm houſe over his head, nay two houſes as appears by two of his epiſtles. I believe, if any of his contemporary authors durſt have inform'd the public where they lodged, we ſhould have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited, as thoſe of Fleet-ſtreet; but 'tis dangerous to let creditors into ſuch a ſecret, therefore we may preſume that then, as well as now-a-days, nobody knew where they lived but their bookſellers.

It ſeems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all: he firſt introduc'd himſelf to Auguſtus by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit tota*— an obſervation which probably he had not made, unleſs he had lain all night in the ſtreet.

Where Juvenal lived we cannot affirm; but in one of his ſatyrs he complains of the exceſſive price of lodgings; neither do I believe he would have talk'd ſo feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bedfellow in it.

I believe, with all the oſtentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his houſes for your Grace's one; which is a country-houſe in the ſummer, and a town-houſe in the win-

ter, and muſt be owned to be the propereſt habitation for a wiſe man, who ſees all the world change every ſeaſon without ever changing himſelf.

I have been reading the deſcription of Pliny's houſe with an eye to yours, but finding they will bear no compariſon, will try if it can be match'd by the large country ſeat I inhabit at preſent, and ſee what figure it may make by the help of a florid deſcription.

You muſt expect nothing regular in my deſcription, any more than in the houſe; the whole vaſt edifice is ſo disjointed, and the ſeveral parts of it ſo detach'd one from the other, and yet ſo joining again, one cannot tell how, that, in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, where the cottages having taken a country-dance together, had been all out, and ſtood ſtone-ſtill with amazement ever ſince.

You muſt excuſe me, if I ſay nothing of the Front; indeed I don't know which it is. A ſtranger would be grievouſly diſappointed, who endeavour'd to get into this houſe the right way. One would reaſonably expect after the entry through the Porch to be let into the hall: alas nothing leſs! you find yourſelf in the houſe of office. From the parlour you think to ſtep into the drawing-room, but upon opening the iron-nail'd door, you are convinc'd by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of duſt in your eyes, that it is the Pigeon-houſe. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like thoſe of the

Ancients, continually ſmoaking, but it is with the ſteams of the adjoining kitchin.

The great hall within is high and ſpacious, flank'd on one ſide with a very long table, a true image of ancient hoſpitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monſtrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbuſſes, and a ruſty matchlock muſquet or two, which we were inform'd had ſerv'd in the civil wars. Here is one vaſt arch'd window beautifully darken'd with divers ſcutcheons of painted glaſs: one ſhining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preſerves the memory of a Knight whoſe iron armour is long ſince periſh'd with ruſt, and whoſe alabaſter noſe is moulder'd from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor in another piece owes more to that ſingle pane than to all the glaſſes ſhe ever conſulted in her life. After this, who can ſay that glaſs is frail, when it is not half ſo frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I can't but ſigh to think that the moſt authentic record of ſo ancient a family ſhould lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a ſtone. In former days there have din'd in this hall garter'd Knights, and courtly Dames, attended by uſhers, ſewers, and ſeneſchals; and yet it was but laſt night, that an owl flew hither and miſtook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threſhold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-belly'd virginal, a couple of cripled velvet chairs, with two or three mill-dew'd pictures of

mouldy anceſtors, who look as diſmally as if they came freſh from hell with all their brimſtone about them; theſe are carefully ſet at the farther corner, for the windows being every where broken, make it ſo convenient a place to dry poppies and muſtard ſeed, that the room is appropriated to that uſe.

Next this parlour, as I ſaid before, lies the pigeon houſe, by the ſide of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and t'other into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a ſmall hole call'd the chaplain's ſtudy: then follow a brew-houſe, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great ſtairs, under which is the dairy; a little farther on the right the ſervant's hall, and by the ſide of it up ſix ſteps, the old lady's cloſet for her private devotions; which has a lettice into the hall, intended (as we imagine) that at the ſame time as ſhe pray'd, ſhe might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground floor in all twenty ſix apartments, among which I muſt not forget a chamber which has in it a large Antiquity of timber, that ſeems to have been either a bedſtead, or a cyder-preſs.

The kitchen is built in form of the Rotunda, being one vaſt vault to the top of the Houſe; where one aperture ſerves to let out the ſmoke, and let in the light. By the blackneſs of the walls, the circular fires, vaſt cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made ſuch

an impreſſion on the country people, that they believe the Witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the Devil treats them with infernal veniſon, a roaſted Tiger ſtuff'd with ten-penny nails.

Above ſtairs we have a number of rooms: you never paſs out of one into another but by the aſcent or deſcent of two or three ſtairs. Our beſt room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a Band-box. In moſt of theſe rooms there are hangings of the fineſt work in the world, that is to ſay, thoſe which Arachne ſpins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miſerable ſcene of naked walls, flaw'd cielings, broken windows, and ruſty locks. The roof is ſo decay'd, that after a favourable ſhower we may expect a crop of muſhrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as thoſe to the cabbins of Packet boats. Theſe rooms have for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whoſe very age renders them worthy of this Seat, for the very rats of this venerable houſe are grey: ſince theſe have not yet quitted it, we hope at leaſt that this ancient manſion may not fall during the ſmall remnant theſe poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a ſmall ſubſiſtence left them in the few remaining books of the Library.'

We had never ſeen half what I had deſcribed, but for a ſtarch'd grey headed Steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks

like an old family picture walk'd out of its frame. He entertain'd us as we paſs'd from room to room with ſeveral relations of the family; but his obſervations were particularly curious when we came to the cellar: he inform'd us where ſtood the triple rows of butts of ſack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toaſts in a morning; he pointed to the ſtands that ſupported the iron-hoop'd hogſheads of ſtrong beer; then ſtepping to a corner, he lugg'd out the tatter'd fragments of an unframed picture; "This (ſays he, with tears) was poor Sir Thomas! once maſter of all this drink. He had "two ſons, poor young maſters! who never arrived "to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this "very room, and never went out on their own legs." He could not paſs by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to ſhow us the Arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the Tower by dark winding ſtone ſteps, which landed us into ſeveral little rooms one above another. One of theſe was nail'd up, and our guide whiſper'd to us as a ſecret the occaſion of it: It ſeems the courſe of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago, by a freak of the lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring Prior, ever ſince which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-Chamber. The ghoſt of lady Frances is ſuppoſed to walk there, and ſome prying maids of the family report that they have ſeen a lady in a fardingale through the key-

hole; but this matter is huſht up, and the ſervants are forbid to talk of it.

I muſt needs have tired you by this long deſcription: but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preſerve the memory of that, which itſelf muſt ſoon fall into duſt, nay perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old houſe the ſame kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his laſt extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted ſtudy, where no one that paſſes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even thoſe who would dine with us dare not ſtay under our roof! Any one that ſees it will own I could not have choſen a more likely place to converſe with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your Grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I ſhall have the ſenſe to endeavour to converſe with the beſt of them, and ſhall therefore as ſoon as poſſible tell you in perſon how much I am, &c.

LETTER XII.

The D. of BUCKINGHAM to Mr. POPE.

YOU deſire my opinion as to the late diſpute in France concerning Homer: And I think it excuſable (at an age alas! of not much pleaſure) to amuſe myſelf a little in taking notice of a contro-

verſy, than which nothing is at preſent more remarkable (even in a nation who value themſelves ſo much upon the Belles Lettres) both on account of the illuſtrious ſubject of it, and of the two perſons ingaged in the quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the Lyric kind of Poetry, even in the opinion of his very-adverſary. The other a Lady (and of more value for being ſo) not only of great Learning, but with a Genius admirably turn'd to that ſort of it which moſt becomes her Sex for ſoftneſs, genteelneſs, and promoting of virtue; and ſuch as (one would think) is not ſo liable as other parts of ſcholarſhip, to rough diſputes, or violent animoſity.

Yet it has ſo happen'd, that no writers, even about Divinity itſelf, have been more outrageous or uncharitable than theſe two polite authors; by ſuffering their judgments to be a little warped (if I may uſe that expreſſion) by the heat of their eager inclinations, to attack or defend ſo great an Author under debate. I wiſh for the ſake of the public, which is now ſo well entertained by their quarrel, it may not end at laſt in their agreeing to blame a third man who is ſo preſumptuous as to cenſure both, if they ſhould chance to hear it.

To begin with matter of fact. M. D'Acier has well judg'd, that the beſt of all Poets certainly deſerved a better tranſlation, at leaſt into French proſe, becauſe to ſee it done in verſe was deſpair'd of: I believe indeed from a defect in that language, inc-

pable of mounting to any degree of excellence ſuitable to ſo very great an undertaking.

She has not only perform'd this taſk as well as proſe can do it, (which is indeed but as the wrong ſide of tapeſtry is able to repreſent the right *) ſhe has added to it alſo many learned and uſeful annotations. With all which ſhe moſt obligingly delighted not only her own ſex, but moſt of ours, ignorant of the Greek, and conſequently her adverſary himſelf, who frankly acknowledges that ignorance.

'Tis no wonder therefore, if, in doing this, ſhe is grown ſo enamour'd of that unſpeakably-charming Author, as to have a kind of horror at the leaſt mention of a man bold enough to blame him.

Now as to M. de la Motte, he being already deſervedly famous for all ſorts of Lyric poetry, was ſo far introduced by her into thoſe beauties of the Epic kind (tho' but in that way of tranſlation) as not to reſiſt the pleaſure and hope of reputation, by attempting that in verſe, which had been applauded ſo much for the difficulty of doing it even in proſe; knowing how this, well executed, muſt extremely tranſcend the other.

But, as great Poets are a little apt to think they have an ancient right of being excus'd for vanity on all occaſions, he was not content to out-do M. D'Acier, but endeavour'd to out-do Homer himſelf, and all that ever in any age or nation went before him in

* *A thought of* Cervantes.

the ſame enterprize; by leaving out, altering, o adding whatever he thought beſt.

Againſt this preſumptuous attempt, Homer ha been in all times ſo well defended, as not to nee my ſmall aſſiſtance; yet I muſt needs ſay, his ex cellencies are ſuch, that for their ſakes he deſerves much gentler touch for his ſeeming errors. Thei if M. de la Motte had tranſlated as well as the reſt with an apology for having retained them only ou of meer veneration; his judgment, in my opinion would have appear'd much greater than by the bei of his alterations, though I admit them to be writ ten very finely. I join with M. de la Motte in won dering at ſome odd things in Homer, but 'tis chiefly becauſe of his ſublime ones, I was about to ſay hi divine ones, which almoſt ſurprize me at finding hin any where in the fallible condition of human nature

And now we are wondering, I am in a difficult to gueſs what can be the reaſon of theſe exception againſt Homer, from one who has himſelf tran ſlated him, contrary to the general cuſtom of tran ſlators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mea to be ſingular, in getting above the title of a Tran ſlator, tho' ſufficiently honourable in this caſe. Fo ſuch an ambition no body has leſs occaſion, tha one who is ſo fine a Poet in other kinds; and wh muſt have too much wit to believe, any alteration c another can entitle him to the denomination of a *Epic Poet* himſelf: tho' no man in this age ſeem more capable of being a good one, if the Frenc

tongue would bear it. Yet in his tranſlation he has done too well, to leave any doubt (with all his faults) that her's can be ever parallel'd with it.

Beſides he could not be ignorant, that finding faults is the moſt eaſy and vulgar part of a critic; whereas nothing ſhews ſo much ſkill and taſte both, as the being thoroughly ſenſible of the ſublimeſt excellencies.

What can we ſay in excuſe of all this? *Humanum eſt errare:* Since as good a Poet as, I believe, the French language is capable of, and as ſharp a Critic as any nation can produce, has by too much cenſuring Homer ſubjected a tranſlation to cenſure, that would have otherwiſe ſtood the teſt of the ſevereſt adverſary.

But ſince he would needs chuſe that wrong way of criticiſm, I wonder he miſs'd a ſtone ſo eaſy to be thrown againſt Homer, not for his filling the Iliad with ſo much ſlaughter (for that is to be excuſed, ſince a War is not capable of being deſcribed without it) but with ſo many various particulars of wounds and horror, as ſhew the writer (I am afraid) ſo delighted that way himſelf, as not the leaſt to doubt his reader being ſo alſo. Like Spanioletta, whoſe diſmal pictures are the more diſagreeable for being always ſo very movingly painted. Even Hector's laſt parting from his ſon and Andromache hardly makes us amends for his body's being dragg'd thrice round the town. M. de la Motte in his ſtrongeſt objection about that diſmal combat, has ſufficient

cauſe to blame his inraged adverſary; who here gives an inſtance that it is impoſſible to be violent without committing ſome miſtake; her paſſion for Homer blinding her too much to perceive the very groſſeſt of his failings. By which warning I am become a little more capable of impartiality, though in a diſpute about that very Poet for whom I have the greateſt veneration.

M. D'Acier might have conſider'd a little, that whatever were the motives of M. de la Motte to ſo bold a proceeding, it could not darken that fame which I am ſure ſhe thinks ſhines ſecurely even after the vain attempts of Plato himſelf againſt it: caus'd only perhaps by a like reaſon with that of Madam D'Acier's anger againſt M. de la Motte, namely, the finding that in proſe his genius (great as it was) could not be capable of the ſublime heights of poetry, which therefore he baniſhed out of his commonwealth.

Nor were theſe objections to Homer any more leſſening of her merit in tranſlating him as well as that way is capable of, viz. fully, plainly, and elegantly, than the moſt admirable verſes can be any diſparagement to as excellent proſe.

The beſt excuſe for all this violence is, its being in a cauſe which gives a kind of reputation even to ſuffering, notwithſtanding ever ſo ill a management of it.

The worſt of defending even Homer in ſuch a paſſionate manner, is its being more a proof of her

weakneſs, than of his being liable to none. For what is it can excuſe Homer any more than Hector, for flying at the firſt ſight of Achilles? whoſe terrible aſpect ſure needed not ſuch an inexcuſable fright to ſet it off; and methinks all that account of Minerva's reſtoring his dart to Achilles, comes a little too late, for excuſing Hector's ſo terrible apprehenſion at the very firſt.

LETTER XIII.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Sept. 1, 1718.

I Am much honour'd by your Grace's compliance with my requeſt, in giving me your opinion of the French diſpute concerning Homer. And I ſhall keep my word, in fairly telling wherein I diſagree from you. It is but in two or three very ſmall points, not ſo much of the diſpute, as of the parties concern'd in it. I cannot think quite ſo highly of the Lady's learning, tho' I reſpect it very much. It is great complaiſance in that polite nation, to allow her to be a Critic of equal rank with her huſband. To inſtance no further, his remarks on Horace ſhew more good Senſe, Penetration, and a better Taſte of his author, and thoſe upon Ariſtotle's Art of poetry more Skill and Science, than any of her's on any author whatever *. In truth, they are much

* This is a juſt Character of that excellent Critic's writings.

more ſlight, dwell more in generals, and are, beſides, for the moſt part leſs her own; of which her Remarks upon Homer are an example, where Euſtathius is tranſcribed ten times for once that he is quoted: Nor is there at all more depth of learning in thoſe upon Terence, Plautus, (or where they were moſt wanted) upon Ariſtophanes, only the Greek ſcholia upon the latter are ſome of the beſt extant.

Your Grace will believe me, that I did not ſearch to find defects in a Lady; my employment upon the Iliad forced me to ſee them; yet I have had ſo much of the French complaiſance as to conceal her thefts; for wherever I have found her notes to be wholly another's (which is the caſe in ſome hundreds) I have barely quoted the true Proprietor without obſerving upon it. If Madam D'Acier has ever ſeen my obſervations, ſhe will be ſenſible of this conduct, but what effect it may have upon a Lady, I will not anſwer for.

In the next place, as to M. de la Motte, I think your Grace hardly does him right, in ſuppoſing he could have no Idea of the beauties of Homer's Epic Poetry, but what he learn'd from Madam D'Acier's Proſe-tranſlation. There had been a very elegant Proſe-tranſlation before, that of Monſieur de la Valterie; ſo elegant, that the ſtyle of it was evidently the original and model of the famous Telemaque. Your Grace very juſtly animadverts againſt the too great diſpoſition of finding faults, in the one,

and of confeſſing none in the other. But doubtleſs, as to Violence, the Lady has infinitely the better of the Gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, diſpaſſionate, or ſenſible, than M. de la Motte's manner of managing the diſpute: and ſo much as I ſee your Grace admires the beauty of his verſe (in which you have the ſuffrage too of the Archbiſhop of Cambray) I will venture to ſay, his proſe is full as good. I think therefore when you ſay, no diſputants even in Divinity could be more outragious and uncharitable than theſe two authors, you are a little too hard upon M. de la Motte. Not but that (with your Grace) I doubt as little of the zeal of Commentators as of the zeal of Divines, and am as ready to believe of the paſſions and pride of mankind in general, that (did but the ſame intereſts go along with them) they would carry the learned world to as violent extremes, animoſities, and even perſecutions, about variety of opinions in Criticiſm, as ever they did about Religion: and that, in defect of Scripture to quarrel upon, we ſhould have French, Italian, and Dutch Commentators ready to burn one another about Homer, Virgil, Terence, and Horace.

I do not wonder your Grace is ſhock'd at the flight of Hector upon the firſt appearance of Achilles in the twenty-ſecond Iliad. However (to ſhew myſelf a true Commentator, if not a true Critic) I will endeavour to excuſe, if not to defend it in my Notes on that book. And to ſave myſelf what

trouble I can, inſtead of doing it in this letter, I will draw up the ſubſtance of what I have to ſay for it in a ſeparate paper, which I'll ſhew your Grace when next we meet. I will only deſire you to allow me, that Hector was in an abſolute certainty of death, and depreſs'd over and above with the conſcience of being in an ill cauſe. If your heart be ſo great, as not to grant the firſt of theſe will ſink the ſpirit of a Hero, you'll at leaſt be ſo good, as to allow the ſecond may. But, I can tell your Grace, no leſs a Hero than my Lord Peterborow, when a perſon complimented him for never being afraid, made this anſwer; "Sir, ſhew me a danger that I think an "imminent and real one, and I promiſe you I'll be "as much afraid as any of you."

I am your Grace's, &c.

LETTER XIV.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

I Am extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old diſtreſſed courtier, commonly the moſt deſpiſeable thing in the world. This blow has ſo rous'd *Scriblerus* that he has recover'd his ſenſes, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolickſome and gay he is turn'd grave and moroſe. His lucubrations lie neglected among old newspapers, cafes, petitions, and abundance of unan-

ſwerable letters. I wiſh to God they had been among the papers of a noble Lord ſealed up. Then might Scriblerus have paſs'd for the Pretender, and it would have been a moſt excellent and laborious work for the Flying Poſt or ſome ſuch author to have allegoriz'd all his adventures into a plot, and found out myſteries ſomewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's office is now the ſecond door on the left hand in Dover-ſtreet, where he will be glad to ſee Dr. Parnelle, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can ſtill afford a half pint of claret. It is with ſome pleaſure that he contemplates the world ſtill buſy, and all mankind at work, for him. I have ſeen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble ſpirit, and tho' like a man knock'd down, you may behold him ſtill with a ſtern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adverſaries. I will add no more, being in haſte, only that I will never forgive you if you don't uſe my aforeſaid houſe in Dover-ſtreet with the ſame freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendſhip was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, ſo I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckon'd amongſt the number of your friends and humble ſervants.

LETTER XV.

To Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Sept. 10.

I Am glad your Travels delighted you; improve you, I am ſure, they could not; you are not ſo much a youth as that, tho' you run about with a King of ſixteen, and (what makes him ſtill more a child) a King of Frenchmen. My own time has been more melancholy, ſpent in an attendance upon death, which has ſeized one of our family: my mother is ſomething better, though at her advanced age every day is a climacteric. There was joined to this an indiſpoſition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a ſlight one compared with my mother's, becauſe my life is not of half the conſequence to any body that her's is to me. All theſe incidents have hinder'd my more ſpeedy reply to your obliging letter.

The article you enquire of, is of as little concern to me as you deſire it ſhould; namely, the railing papers about the Odyſſey. If the book has merit, it will extinguiſh all ſuch naſty ſcandal; as the Sun puts an end to ſtinks, merely by coming out.

I wiſh I had nothing to trouble me more; an honeſt mind is not in the power of any diſhoneſt one. To break its peace, there muſt be ſome guilt or conſciouſneſs, which is inconſiſtent with its own principles. Not but malice and injuſtice have their

day, like ſome poor ſhort-lived vermine that die in ſhooting their own ſtings. Falſhood is Folly (ſays Homer) and liars and calumniators at laſt hurt none but themſelves, even in this world: in the next, 'tis charity to ſay, God have mercy on them! they were the devil's vicegerents upon earth, who is the father of lies, and, I fear, has a right to diſpoſe of his children.

I've had an occaſion to make theſe reflections of late more juſtly than from any thing that concerns my writings, for it is one that concerns my morals, and (which I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good character of another very innocent perſon, who I'm ſure ſhares your friendſhip no leſs than I do. No creature has better natural diſpoſitions, or would act more rightly or reaſonably in every duty, did ſhe act by herſelf, or from herſelf; but you know it is the misfortune of that family to be governed like a ſhip, I mean the Head guided by the Tail, and that by every wind that blows in it.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. POPE to the Earl of OXFORD.

MY LORD, Oct. 21, 1721.

YOUR Lordſhip may be ſurprized at the liberty I take in writing to you: tho' you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with ſome others who better deſerved it. I hope you will not wonder I am ſtill deſirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful ſervant; but, I own, I have an ambition yet farther, to have others think me ſo, which is the occaſion I give your Lordſhip the trouble of this. Poor Parnelle, before he died, left me the charge of publiſhing theſe few remains of his: I have a ſtrong deſire to make them, their author, and their publiſher, more conſiderable, by addreſſing and dedicating them all to you. There is a pleaſure in bearing teſtimony to truth, and a vanity perhaps, which at leaſt is as excuſable as any vanity can be. I beg you, my Lord, to allow me to gratify it in prefixing this paper of honeſt verſes to the book. I ſend the book itſelf, which, I dare ſay, you'll receive more ſatisfaction in peruſing, than you can from any thing written upon the ſubject of yourſelf. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt, whether you will care for ſuch an addition to it. All I ſhall ſay for it is, that 'tis the only dedication I ever writ, and ſhall be the only one, whether you accept of it

or not: for I will not bow the knee to a leſs man than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to ſee no greater in my time.

After all, if your Lordſhip will tell my Lord Harley that I muſt not do this, you may depend upon a ſuppreſſion of theſe verſes (the only copy whereof I ſend you) but you never ſhall ſuppreſs that great, ſincere, and entire reſpect, with which I am always,

My Lord,

Your, &c.

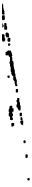
LETTER XVII.

The Earl of OXFORD to Mr. POPE.

SIR, Brampton-Caſtle, Nov. 6, 1721.

I Received your packet, which could not but give me great pleaſure, to ſee you preſerve an old friend in your memory; for it muſt needs be very agreeable to be remember'd by thoſe we highly value. But then how much ſhame did it cauſe me, when I read your very fine verſes inclos'd? my mind reproach'd me how far ſhort I came of what your great friendſhip and delicate pen would partially deſcribe me. You aſk my conſent to publiſh it: to what ſtreights doth this reduce me? I look back indeed to thoſe evenings I have uſefully and pleaſantly ſpent, with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnelle, Dean Swift, the Doctor, &c. I ſhould be glad the world knew

You admitted me to your friendſhip, and ſince your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren ſubject. I return you an exact copy of the verſes, that I may keep the Original, as a teſtimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope very ſpeedily to embrace you in London, and to aſſure you of the particular eſteem and friendſhip wherewith I am

Your, &c.

OXFORD.